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COCKTAIL CONTINENTALE

≈ Bruce Reynolds

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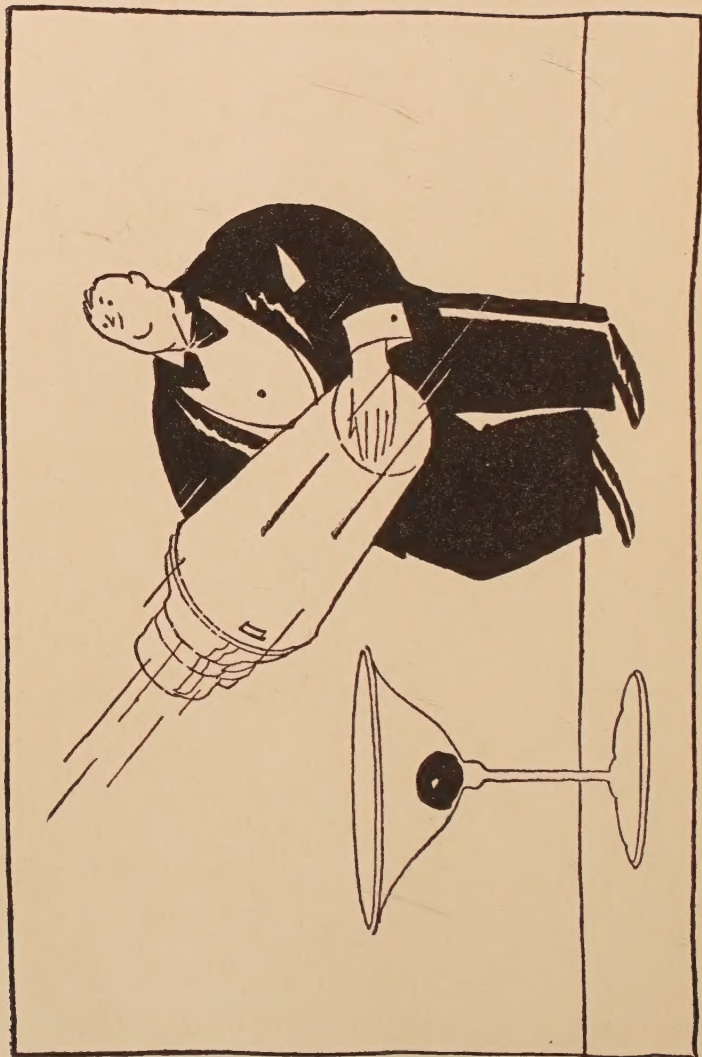
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A COCKTAIL CONTINENTALE



Preparing for the Journey.

A COCKTAIL CONTINENTALE

BY
BRUCE REYNOLDS

CONCOCTED IN 24 COUNTRIES
SERVED IN 38 SIPS AND
A KICK GUARANTEED

A TRAVEL TALE THAT READS LIKE LIGHTNING

NEW YORK
GEORGE SULLY & COMPANY

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GEORGE SULLY & COMPANY

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To
CHARLES V. BOSSERT

A COCKTAIL CONTINENTALE

HOW TO SHAKE IT AND TAKE IT

A COCKTAIL not concocted for Sister Fannie Flaxseed to serve on Sunday morning to her Bible Class. Nor yet, a cocktail to cause nice old ladies to flush and faint—old gentlemen to want monkey glands—or Sub Debs to sneak into the bathroom and gurgel down guiltily behind locked doors.

It is not Paregoric. It is not Bootleg, and there is in it nothing to produce either a jag or a jolt.

But this "cocktail" has a kick. The "kick" is the *adventure* that is in it—and the way it is served. It is a cocktail of Travel—of a flight o'er the seas. It bubbles and fizzes with characters and incidents and fun and frolic and stories and stunts—not to be found in other recordings of globe trotting—

It is a cocktail of exceeding originality, mixed in the mind of one who refuses to be serious or circumspect or dignified or literary or careful of his "P's and Q's."

Some, it may shock—some it may startle—some it may

amuse. Many will find in it many inaccuracies. Many will overlook the inaccuracies and not be disturbed by them.

It is a cocktail that will have a smack, both for those who have "been over" and those who have not.

So now for the Shaker——

I pour one for you——

I pour one for myself——

I pledge this "cocktail" to your entertainment.

Cheerio!

THE AUTHOR.

A guide will meet you at every Station. He will offer to show you everything you ought to see. You tell him you want to see everything you ought NOT to see——

AND YOU WILL ENJOY EUROPE.

"YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN"

IT is a grand and glorious feeling—to have been nowhere and seen nothing. The prize dumbbell of the crowd. In conversation, about as important as a freckle on a gnat's knee. As useful as a glass eye at a keyhole. And so green, you thought buttermilk came from butterflies.

All you know about "Traveling abroad," the night boat to Boston——

And all you have seen of the Atlantic Ocean, the few hunks of it around Atlantic City.

Now suppose it so happened that you were seated one evening around a table in a New York Club—with a group of Pals—— And they were bubbling and fizzing and raving and rapturing about London and Paris and Deauville and Nice and Monte Carlo and Venice and Madrid.

And you just sat there and squirmed and fidgeted until you couldn't stand it any longer——

And you blew out a fuse——

Just bounced up and shouted——

"The next boat that sails I am going over and tear Paris to pieces."

Four days later, you were riding the bounding billows.

And Paris was seen and Paris was torn to pieces.

And not only Paris.

Before you could be stopped, you went half way around the world. You traveled through twenty-four different

countries, visited forty different cities, and have a Passport that ought to go into a Museum. You just got started rolling and couldn't stop. Rolled to Spain, to Greece, to Egypt, to Turkey, to Algiers, to Morocco. Crossed the Suez Canal. Traveled three Seas. Tore through three Continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa.

You had no plans, no itinerary—no restraint, no "Follow the man from Cooks."

Just made up the trip as you went along and never knew "where to" next, until you got there.

There is no "Kick" about doing Europe, the way nice roly, spectacled Mrs. Pettingill does it. Oh dear me! Everything all nice and orderly and according to Hoyle. Itinerary all made out. The precise time of arrival and departure of trains. The carefully chosen Hotels. The Guide to meet her at every station. What she should see at every stop all written down. Just what every little item would cost. All the Baedeker Guide Books and the exact Boat she would come back on. Fine! The way to see Europe—you don't think. Not for you.

Not the way you did it. You didn't "Travel." You "Stumbled." You hopped, skipped and jumped through Europe. You went only to see Paris and London. No plans beyond that. No Guides to meet you. Not a thought as to What to see—Where to stop—Where to go next—What boat to come back on—or anything else about any place or anything or any condition or any consequence.

But Sister Pettingill never saw in those same cities all that you saw, or had the excitement, or the adventures or made the mistakes or used up the Bromo, or had the fun and the frolic and the gasps and the dazzle, and the fast,

furious day and night life that you had. Nothing more could possibly be rammed, crammed, jammed into twenty-four hours of a day.

You played and you jazzed all night and behaved not at all. This story wouldn't have the pep, if you left anything out. It isn't your disposition to behave. You get more out of life, being yourself and acting "natural." And you have no dignity. You don't believe in dignity and you don't get on with those who have dignity. Your way is the happy-go-lucky, lickety-split and devil-may-care way. You laugh; you clown your way through life. You could have a marvelous time reading tombstones in a cemetery at midnight. "Here lies the body of Sunny Jim. He tried to teach a Ford to swim." You can find laughs anywhere, if you just look for them. And you can also find gloom. There is plenty of life and you want plenty, and if the day comes when you cannot get it, you might blow out the gas. And now that everybody understands you, on with the Dance. Let Joy be unrefined.

We will follow you now and take a joy-ride; and a dizzy one. Over three Continents—Europe, Asia and Africa. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Bavaria, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Serbia, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers and Morocco.

You kissed the Pope's ring. Kissed the Blarney Stone. Kissed the side-walk a couple of times. Saw the Kaiser. Rode a camel over the Sahara Desert to the Pyramids. Saw the belongings of King Tut. Rode a donkey through the hills of Judea. (And ruined the Donkey.) Saw the spot

where Moses was found in the bullrushes. Saw the Manger and the tomb of Christ. Drank from the River Jordan. Stood on the Mount of Olives from which Christ ascended to Heaven. Climbed the Jungfrau Mountain in Switzerland (in six inches of snow, with white spats on). Saw where William Tell shot the apple off his son's head. Saw the Prince of Wales having a highball in a London Night Club. Had your picture taken in front of Buckingham Palace. Was held a Prisoner on a Greek ship. Had a fight with a Taxi Driver in Budapest. Went into the toughest dives in Paris. Saw Dark Diamond win the Grand Prix at Deauville. Saw Jack Horner win the Grand National at Liverpool. Met Georges Carpentier at Trouville. Saw Romerio, the French Champion, fight in Paris. And Curley and Scott, the British Champions, fight in London. Played roulette in a private salon at Monte Carlo. Took an aëroplane flight from Zurich to Vienna. Another from Paris to London. Stood in the room where Louis XV made love to Madame Du Barry. Saw the cot Napoleon died on. Stood on the spot where he met his “Waterloo.” Went through all the Royal Palaces. Rode up and down the Riff Coast and heard the Guns booming in Morocco. Jumped up and down on the beds and sat in the throne chairs of the Emperor of Austria, the Ex-Kaiser, and King Midas, on the Island of Crete. Sat in the old Theatre of Bacchus in Athens. Wore pajamas into the dining-room at the Lido, Venice. Supped with Pearl White. Cocktailed with Peggy O'Neill. Had a drink back stage with the Dolly Sisters. Saw the innermost secrets of the Streets of Cairo. Had your belongings stolen in the HOLY City. Went to a Masque Ball in Biarritz as a “Poached Egg on Toast.”

Stood on the Rock of Gibraltar (without permission from the Prudential Life Insurance Company). Called on the King of Spain and went all through his Palace. Missed boats and trains nineteen or twenty times (there was a reason); and woke up on boats and trains that you couldn't remember getting on. Sat at a table next to the Psah of Persia. Went through the Peace Palace at the Hague. Stood on the Rostrum from which Brutus delivered his famous oration (and thought of Fred Lewis). Saw the spot where Cæsar seized her. Led the great Marathon Runners on a motorcycle in Athens. Bet on a dog race in Edinburgh. Went through the Guinness brewery in Dublin, and it took an entire regiment of Irish Hussars to get you out. Lunched with monkeys in Algiers and ate snails from a push cart in Brussels.

Everywhere, life at its peak. Ever did Excitement call to you with an insistent voice. And ever did you answer it. What Park is to Tilford and Hart is to Shafner and Marx, "excitement" is to you. You board the Ship that carries you over. You see beautiful Goddesses file past you in a glittering galaxy. You look them over. You sigh. You murmur—— "Come on Eve—do your stuff. Toss me the Apple!

"Tis Midnight, the hour of love."

You take the finest, most palatial boat. The glorious *Paris*, of the *French Line*. A floating Hotel Plaza. Marvellous hospitality. Exquisite food. The captain and the Steward sitting up nights, concocting new joy stunts. Jazz band. Dances. Teas. Bridge-s, Parties, Confetti, Fizz. And girls, girls, *gorgeous* girls. Not a dull moment on the *Paris*. (Oh, if you ever go over, go on the French Line.

The very first dinner, you get yourself a Goddess from Boston. And the next dinner, you and the Goddess are missing. A cozy table for two, in a cozy corner. And after dinner, a dance and the "Pool Auction" in the Smoking Room. Then if you are not sleepy, you get a "gang" and a cocktail shaker and a phonograph and all go down into your cabin and make merry 'till Dawn. And every day and every night you do the same thing.

And bring along your own cocktail shaker. A big one. 3 or 4 stories high. Have it built by the Fuller Construction Company. And that "shaker," in 3 shakes of a Lamb's tail, will shake you up the merriest gang on the ship. And those "Stewed-eo" Parties are the *real* parties.

Next day and every day, you sleep till lunch time. And it is a mistake even on Land, to get up in the morning. Because by lying in bed you save 50 cents breakfast money. \$3.50 a week. \$14.00 a month. \$168.00 a year. And this amount at compound interest for 40 years, give you a principal, which invested in Government Bonds, yields you more than a sufficient income for old age. And as Hill Joseph once remarked to Oscar Shaw, "Early to bed and early to rise, and your Sweetie goes out with other guys."

When you do get up and out and take a trot around the deck, you meet some nice old Ladies who know all about the "disgraceful goings on" the night before and they shoot black looks at you. Those good souls who work crossword puzzles and crochet mufflers. You know the kind. Their adenoids bother them or their livers are on the rampage or something. What you drink hurts their stomachs. And the nice old men with them, who wear knickers, carry Kodaks and talk Westminster Abbey. They just sit there,

glare at the other passengers and "dish the dirt." You happen to be next to one and she leans over and says to you,—
 "There goes that bobbed haired blonde again. You can't tell me that a girl like that, wearing all those furs and diamonds, is not good for nothing." And you speak right up and say, "Well, if she had been *bad* for nothing, she wouldn't be wearing furs and diamonds." And after that the nice old Lady trembles like the Fender on a Ford every time she sees you and you are about as welcome as a Pole Cat at the Queen's Garden Party.

And so it goes. The merry old ship life—just what you, yourself, are smart enough to make it. The moonlight and the vamps and the vows, which mean nothing after the boat lands. "Off with the old and on with the new." The sailor has a girl in every Port. You have one on every *Davenport*. And there is nothing in that old Bromide—"Pay attention to your Books and make a name for yourself." It is "Pay attention to your *looks* and make a *Dame* for yourself." And you will meet a flock of them. Many with Packard bodies and Ford brains. But treat them all alike. Just tell them you are crazy about them. And they will believe you, proving thereby, that they are crazier than you are. Just Find 'em, Fondle 'em and Fool 'em.

Now—the first sight of land. About the ship, gulls circle and yodel. And the thrill of that first glimpse of the velvety green Coast of Ireland. Correctly named, the "Emerald Isle." No green as green or as beautiful as that great, green sod of Queenstown.

"Queenstown!" Church spires, picturesque old buildings, rolling farms, boats in the harbor. Marvelously quaint.

Out comes a Tug, bringing some great characters. Native Irish. Comical men and women. Out to sell you everything from a Cork newspaper to an Irish Lace shawl. And the brogue and the blarney and the laughs. Marvelous!

Next day, Liverpool! Through the customs and onto the boat train. For London! You rub your eyes. Such a train. The coaches, smaller than American coaches and painted every color of the Rainbow. The engine doesn't look as if it could pull a baby buggy. But inside—Ah! Like a drawing-room. Private salon compartment. Large upholstered chairs with table in center. Ring for the waiter. Scotch and soda, cocktails, champagne and tea. And how the time does fly. Such luxury. And if you travel first class (you may be the only one crazy enough to travel first class), 10 to 1 you have the entire compartment to yourself. Pull the blinds down, lock the door, go to sleep, slip off your coat, eat onions, throw banana skins on the floor, make love (if possible) or do anything you like. You never see the conductor (they call themselves “Guards”). When he does come, a respectful knock. And so you ride to London.

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A COCKTAIL CONTINENTALE



SIP NUMBER 1

NOW some excitement—if it is your first visit to London. A different world. You gurgle and swallow and out pop your eyes. You land, a big, wide-eyed boob in a panama hat (because it was summer time when you left New York), but in London only the dray horses wear Panama hats. Therefore, you become chief laugh-

maker for the porters and the cabbies. You stand out like tan shoes on a pallbearer. Into a cab you duck and order yourself driven to the first first-class hat shop in Piccadilly. And until you have purchased a hat in London, you don't know what hat-buying is.

You enter. There approaches a gorgeous gentleman in frock coat and spats. Like a member of Parliament, he bows. "I want a hat," you say. One quick rubber at the Panama, and he knows you haven't come in for a lawnmower. "Very good, sir." And the way he rolls out that "Very." Does he ask "What size?" He does not. He measures your head. A funny wire device. He goes downstairs and stays ten minutes. He returns with a hat and adjusts it on your head. You look at it. It won't do. Doesn't come down far enough over your ears. You tell him so, and he says, "Very good, sir, I shall fetch another." And this time he goes downstairs and stays another ten minutes and fetches another and fits that on. Again you say it won't do and he says, "Very good, sir, I shall fetch another." And this time you haven't the nerve to say it won't do. And you buy it and swagger back out into Piccadilly, thinking you are one of the Boys, and that no one would possibly spot you for an American. Ha! They hear you coming before you turn the corner. And open your mouth and you fairly scream the Star Spangled Banner. As regards Great Britain, you speak a Foreign language. And now you look around. London, a great, big, marvelous, interesting, fashionable, high-brow, man-sized town and you have gone goofy over it.

The shops, the smartest; the atmosphere the most metropolitan and the dressing ultra (not the women, but the

men). Even office Porters wear high silk hats and monocles. So many monocles, you think nothing of it. But that first one you saw! It did knock you cold.

Now you want to telephone one of those "Back Stage" Dolls. In your brain, a party is brewing. Try and find the telephone. Stop a passerby. He has no idea where you can find one. Ask a "Bobby." He tells you to "keep right on walking, about six blocks straight away. Three to the right. Four to the left. Then straight away for seven blocks more, and then you come to the Carleton Hotel (made famous by Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin's Honeymoon), and there is a tel-c-phone there, sir." Telephones in London, as scarce as hair on a billiard ball. Not in corner drug stores and smoke-shops and soda fountains as in America. Only in Hotels, Branch Post Offices and Railway Stations. And the telephone service in London. Terrible! If you lived in London, you would invent a patent slug. Used same as an English Penny. Only after you got the sixth wrong number, your slug would explode and blow up the telephone.

And the London Subways. Talk about New York Subways. Why, there have been people down in those London Subways for years who haven't found their way out yet. Thousands of them are missing every year. In New York the subway signifies the *increasing* population. In London, the *decreasing* population.

But how it rains in London. "No—it really doesn't matter—the Rain," says a British Johnnie.

"You—old Chappy, can make hay while the Sun shines, hic—I will make—love when it rains."

Pretty good, too. Eh! What?

Now try to get a drink in London. Stop some passerby and inquire, "Where can I find a Bar?" And he replies "I beg paw-den." And you repeat. And he repeats. Then it dawns upon him. You are looking for a "Pub." You thank him and find the "Pub." Quite by habit, you say, "Give me a Scotch Highball." The stately lady in black satin and brilliantined hair behind the bar (there are no gentlemen behind the bar in London—all out in front) says also, "I beg paw-den." And you repeat it and she repeats it and finally you say "Whiskey," and she smiles and says, "A little Johnnie, sir, and a Baby Polly?" Which translated means "A small Johnnie Walker Whiskey with a split of Apollinaris." And don't ask for beer. Mercy no! Vulgar! It is a bottle of Bass, a "alf and alf," a pint of Guinness or a "Bitter." Beer! Never!

A great life this. You are having a marvelous time. The parties; the flats; the stunts; the laughs. Up in Soho where the peppy "low-browed" dance clubs and cabarets are. All the night life you want and in the daytime, the cute "Pubs." "Pubs" everywhere. But the ruling on them is most funny. They don't open mornings until 11:30. Close at 3. Open again at 5:30. Close again at 11:30.

But charming, these London Pubs. Politness, exquisite. You raise your hat to the Bar-maid. Greet her with all the deference paid your Grandmother (and she is far from being a Grandmother). You bow and thank her for your change and she bows and thanks you. Raise your hat again when you leave. And the gorgeous little tid-bits of food, about these Pub Counters. Steak and Lark pies; dainty sandwiches and sweets and pastries. And four separate entrances to each "Pub." First, second and third class and

another one marked "Bottles and Jugs." Little stalls, they are. You pay according to the "class" you stand in. In the first class-stall you pay more, but liquor and service just the same. Only difference is in the class of your fellow drinkers. Just as many women drinking in the "Pubs" as men. Right at the bar. And go easy when you strike up a "Pub" conversation. And it is you who does start it. No man ever speaks to you first, in London. And don't laugh. You have seen the English Johnnie burlesqued on the New York stage and he had you screaming with his broad "A's" and "Haw Haw's" and nasal stuttering. Well, over here everyone talks that way everywhere, and it is all on the level and you have to have your handkerchief always ready to shove down your throat. It is a battle to hold in the laughs. Extraordinary, the things they say and the way they say them. You hear an Englishman say to an American girl. "Oh, I say, my dear, we just must have a Rendezvous. You look so horribly stunning ye know." And you laugh and think of the way they say it in New York. "Listen Baby—you just knock my eye out. And for God to give all the good looks to just one Kid, isn't fair. Meet me to-morrow and we'll tear a herring together." But occasionally these chaps become angry and speak quite harshly. Oh, yes, indeed. You hear two of them distinctly out of humor. But not like your way of scrapping in America. One doesn't call the other a "dirty so and so," and the other call him a "double dirty so and so" back. Oh, no! Not these two British Chaps. One storming at the other, says, "I don't think you are reasonable quite." And the other just purple by this time and boiling over, replies, "I am reasonable. I am reasonable fully. By Jove, I am."

Next you feel romantic or theatre-y or something and want to get dolled up. You stop a passerby. Inquire the location of the nearest barber shop. He stares. Not the slightest spark of understanding. "A barber shop?" "A barber shop?" He never heard of a barber shop. You nervously stutter out your ambition to be shaved, and then it comes out. A barber shop in London is a "Gentlemen's Toilet Parlour," and that is precisely the way the sign reads on the front of it. After the shave, the gorgeous barber gentleman in London wants to plaster and anoint you with every lotion, every toilet water, dandruff cure, cold cream and red, white and green gravy that was ever heard of. You thank him and say "No." And he thanks you for saying "No," just as he would for saying "Yes."

Now the English money. No adding machine, expert accountant, memory marvel or fortune teller can help you one little particle with English money. Memorizing an Erie Time Table is easier.

A kind Britisher gently explains. You are so taken up with his accent, that the explanation, you pay no attention to. English money, divided into pounds, shillings and pence. That is all. Just pounds, shillings and pence. And the pence as big as biscuits. (And only a very strong person can carry a dollar's worth.) And the Pound Notes look like United Cigar Coupons. You say it over and over again. "Pounds—Shillings—and Pence." Fine! But now go out and try to buy something. You say, "How much?" "Four and Six, sir," the reply. "Four and Six what?" "Four Shillings and Six Pence." You get that down pat, and feel real snorty over it. But wait. What is this other strange talk? About "Tuppence," "Thruppence," "Thru-

penny bit," "Bob," "Quid," "Sovereign?" And they told you that all the money they had was, "Pounds, Shillings and Pence." Like fun. What's the use? Just carry the money in your hand. Let them help themselves. It is easier and less of a strain on the brain.

Now, try to cross the street. The traffic all goes to the left. Never to the right as in America. And does this keep you jumping sideways? And you could stay in London a year (if you lived that long and didn't get bumped off by a Taxi)—and never become accustomed to it. You stand on a corner and wait for a bus. Ah! Here it comes, but it is on the other side of the street. You take a flying leap for it. Land on an elevated slab. Take another leap and land on another slab. By the time you take the fifth leap for the fifth slab, the Bus is out of sight. They call these slabs "Refuges." Ha! Very appropriate. A hop, skip and a jump to a "Refuge." Gets to be a game, bye and bye.

And the buses! You never saw so many buses and such buses. Look like Barnum Circus wagons. And they have a funny "up and down" bell on the back, with a knob on it. A sign says—"Please strike the bell gently." (Oh Mercy! "Strike" it.) These Busses flash by like fireflies, and all on the "wrong" side of the street. And are they gay? Just *plastered* with signs in every colored ink. Telling you to "Eat this" and "Drink that" and "Wear the Other." The entire landscape blazes with posters. And how wonderfully complete are the appointments on a London bus. A canvas flap on every seat. It rains. You pull up the flap, make yourself a little tent and crouch down under it. And does it rain? Rains ten minutes. Stops ten. Rains ten more. Stops ten more. And this practically all day, every day.

The bird who wrote that song, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," never lived in London.

The Prince of Wales comes back from his triumphal tour of six months in Africa. The entire city is in gala attire and gay mood. And Oh Boy—you have an invitation. You view the great home-coming Pageant from the apartment window of the World's Darling, Pearl White. And there you sit, right out in front, sipping good Scotch and enjoying charming company. "Here comes the Prince." King George and the Duke of York sit with him. Led by the Horse Guards. A great sight. A great welcome home to the world's most popular Prince.

Then behind the great Cavalcade of Horse Guards, the Prince made his way to Buckingham Palace.

You pay a visit to the Prince's Home, York House. Stand outside and look at it. Your guide tells you that the interior is as unassuming as the exterior. And ah! He says also, that the Guards hear the Prince practising on his Saxophone quite late at night. And how he loves Jazz bands and the Night Clubs of London. His particular favorite, the Embassy Club. There he goes one night as "Mr. Potter." Another night as "Mr. Pettingil." Another night as "Mr. Windsor." And when he is introduced by any of these names, that name he is called throughout the night. Everybody knows who he is, of course, but it would be the grossest breach of etiquette to betray that they knew. In this way, the Prince can go about and enjoy himself.

The Prince is going to have an Exclusive Dance Club of his own. It is to be called "The Chester Club." The club commands the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and it is not improbable that when weather permits the opening of win-

dows and doors, the syncopated refrain of American Jazz may be wafted to the sacred precincts of the King and Queen.

And next, a "ripping" evening with Peggy O'Neill. She, who pals with Royalty. To Ciro's and the Embassy Club. Veah-ry, veah-ry saucy places. Where one meets all the Princes, Lords, Dukes and Earls; actresses, society lights and "would be's" of London. And these clubs have an atmosphere of elegance and dignity and an "inner-shrine" feeling that New York Supper Clubs lack. Everything subdued and au fait.

One doesn't sit next to any "Gutter and Yegg" men in these places.

And Sunday morning you hear strange talk about "Rotten Row." And you find out that "Rotten Row" is a Promenade in Hyde Park. The Johnnies strut up and down in Toppers and Tails.

And you, too, must have this personal "scenery" to strut "Rotten Row." A 2 gallon hat that comes down over your ears and a Tail coat. If it is your first visit to a London Tailor, you have much to learn. First he gets out the entire bolt of cloth, ripples it off and drapes it over your shoulder; standing off to study the effect. It must match your hair, eyes and complexion; harmonize with the wart on your nose and the pitch of your left ear. And when the cloth you do not want, is finally selected, the coat is made up but only a little of it first. You try that on and they make up a little more and you try that on. And someday if your health holds out and you can stand the exercise, you get the Coat. Then with the white spats and the "2 gallon lid" and the stick, you are ready for either

"Rotten Row" or a cocktail with Wales. And nobody gives you a tumble in your masquerade, because they are all dressed the same way themselves. But in New York, appear in that make-up on Sunday morning around Tirty-toid Street and Toid Avonyuh and some frolicsome young person would chase you into a sewer.

You meet an English friend and he says to you, "Beg paw-den old snapper, but just now I bumped into a countryman of yours and very properly I said, 'I'm sorry,' and he looked at me and mumbled, 'So's your Father.' I say, old Top, what did he mean by that?"

And you drop into a movie, a cinema. And isn't this cute? They divide the lower floor into sections of 5 rows each, and for each 5 rows, they charge a different price. The first 5 rows are the cheapest. As you go back, they get more and more expensive. Then in the middle of a Film, they suddenly stop it and serve tea. Girls come down the aisles and you get an entire outfit for your lap. Tray, teapot, cup and saucer, cream and sugar. Then they start the Film again. But stop it once more and this time, the girls go up and down calling "Ices please. Ices please." That means ice cream. Not a cone or a brick, but real ice-cream. In a saucer, with a spoon. Do you think an Englishman would eat ice-cream without a spoon? Don't be silly!

And from ice cream, you hop to doughnuts. You sit in the dressing room of a celebrated American actress and she tells you of how the Prince and Princess Arthur of Con-naught come and sit in that same chair and eat doughnuts. Doughnuts that her mother bakes and sends over from New York. And next day, to Simpson's. You order Roast beef and a tea-wagon backs up. Attended by a chef in high

white bonnet. You look and see half a cow. And you point to the cut you want. Then comes a procession of wagons and your dinner is dumped off, bit by bit. What Food! Luscious.

Now you take another trot around the spiffy London streets. A surprise, a thrill, a novelty every step you take. Up the Haymarket to Piccadilly Circus. Through Regent Street to Oxford Circus. Down Bond Street and through Piccadilly proper, and that is some gala Promenade. All the smart shops and Tea places. The most glittering in the world. A marvelous promenade. And those windows flashing all their beautiful things at you. How they tease and coax you inside.

And you see a Prize fight advertised at The Royal Albert Hall. You are told you must put on your "soup and fish" or in other words, your open-faced Hart, Shaffner and Marx. Every man there is dressed in his evening clothes, some even in Tail coats. The big event. The British heavy-weight championship. Frank Goddard, present champion, versus Phil Scott. Goddard couldn't fight a paralyzed blind man. Jackie Coogan could whip him. Scott taps him with his Lip Stick and Goddard goes to sleep. These English fights are funny. No referee in the ring. And no one allowed to speak during a fight. A ladylike tea party. And you see 2 more battles. At the National Sporting Club. Johnnie Curley, British Lightweight Champion fights Harry Corbett. For the Lonsdale belt. This, a very formal occasion. All the Dukes and Lords are there, from the Earl of Halitosis down. Not a word permitted to be spoken during these rounds. How different in New York. Can't you hear those Gallery Gods at Madison Square Garden holler:—"Sock him in the

Kisser you big bum." And "Bum" in England means something altogether different. And this man Curley, if he hit a cow, it would rain chip beef for a month. Zowie—what a wallop.

You go to the Savoy for dinner and to dance. You get the dinner, but there is some doubt about the dance. Because in all the world, no prices as high as Savoy prices. They come and take all the money you have, then your watch and chain, next your pearl studs and your sweetie's rings, and you think they are coming back to take your clothes, which of course would mean no dancing that night. 6 boxes of Aspirin tablets couldn't cure the headache you get from a Savoy dinner check. But 3 Bands, the smartest people and the oldest vintage champagne.

Sunday morning. You go to "Petticoat Lane." Down Liverpool Street way. The London Jews. For blocks and blocks they have a market on the sidewalk. Sell you anything from a trained flea to an aëroplane. To see them rare back and shout their Ballyhoo is a convulsion. Frank Alworth couldn't do it better. They fit clothes on you right in the middle of the street. Guaranteed 5 Guinea value for "2 Pound-ten."

Then to "Strutton Ground" market. Here, a little Pub, noted for its "Mug of Ale and a Welsh Rarebit." A woman is arrested for cruelty to animals. She is cruel to eels. She slits them before she kills them. You faint over this and wander along and come across a "cat and dog" meat store. A perfect Butcher Shop, but only meat for cats and dogs.

You lunch at Ye Old Cock Tavern, Fleet Street. Founded 1549. Here they say Doctor Samuel Johnson sat on the

same bench you did. Curried Lobster after Dr. Johnson's own recipe.

Across the street, another of Dr. Johnson's haunts. The Cheshire Cheese.

Now the Theatres. Up around the Haymarket, Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue. About 20 of them. Playing high-class attractions. And you, with letters back stage. Ha!

You notice a long line of people out in front of each theatre. Many sitting on camp stools. You inquire the reason. Waiting for the Theatre to open, 6 hours from now, to get seats in the Pit. The Pit is the rear of the orchestra. But not sold in advance. This crowd out in front is called the "Queu." And there is a troupe of Tramp Musicians who perform at no other time but for these Queus. One recites Kipling, another sings, another plays. Their stunts relieve the monotony and they get a good collection. The Ticket Office is called "The Booking Hall." And all smoke as they sit in their seats. And more women than men.

And you keep strolling along and you notice some other funny things. An undertaker is a "Funeral Furnisher." A sign says, "Eat More Bananas." Evidently the recent terrible shortage in America 2 years ago never affected England. A sign on a Double decked Street car, "Standing on top saloon, penalty 40 shillings." Sign in front of Pub, "Bass in brilliant condition."

You pass a shop window full of neckwear. You see a tie you like. A polka dot tie. (The kind they say has been shot full of holes.) And you step inside. Another Lord Ethelbert in frock and spats gives you a Head Waiter bow. "A tie," you say, "black polka dot." Lord Ethelbert

only stares. You repeat, shifting to the other foot, "A black polka dot tie." "Ah!" says he, "Beg paw-den, sir, now I understand, sir, a spotted tie you mean, sir." And you, not at all peeved, but just for a gag, reach across the counter, take hold of Ethelbert's tie, and say, "No, a polka dot. If I wanted a spotted tie, I would ask for one like yours, with soup on it." And, the poor dear, if it were not for his smelling salts, would have fainted.

And next day in another shop, an Englishman was buying a tie—(a scarf, beg paw-den), and he asked for a brown one. And the *Clark* brought out a hundred and ten brown ones and the Chappie adjusting his monocle and looking them all over exclaimed, that he was "veh-ry, veh-ry sorry but none are a *definite* enough brown."

You want to buy some shirts a la William Gaxton who sets the fashion for New York. The clerk asks you to please step into the "fitting room." And the size marked on a shirt is not the size of it, but the size of the collar you should wear on it. And all shirts go on over the head. A coat shirt is vulgar. And you have a heck of a time getting clothes in London. You, the cute little Cherub. Breaking every scale you get on and popping out more and more every day. When you want a suit of clothes over here they have to send for an Engineer and a surveyor and lay you off in lots. The only thing you can get ready-made, is shoe-strings. You can hang three good sized pianos on where you stick out in front. And there is *no* bath tub, bed or theatre seat in Europe big enough or strong enough for you. You meet a Geneologist who wants to look up your Family tree but after he has looked it up you have to pay him too much Hush Money to keep quiet about it. For a 10 pound note,

he will tell you that it was your Great-Grandfather who had the *only* room and bath on the Mayflower.

You ask a clerk if you may use the phone. "Sorry, Sir," he says, "but the other Ladies and Gentlemen of the establishment are having Tea in the immediate proximity of the tel-e-phone, and I am afraid not, sir."

You go to the famous Kit Kat Club, frequented by the Prince of Wales. And you have a friend who wants to go with you but he has no Opera Hat. You ask a bellboy the nearest hat shop. He takes you to the Hotel checkroom. The porter there takes a squint and goes away and comes back with a hat. He adjusts it on your friend's head and it fits. He sells it to you for a 10 bob note. A \$10.00 hat. You learn that every smart Hotel checkroom has a pile of these hats. Not bought to sell but left by young bloods coming in to dance, then getting stewed and going away and forgetting their hats. This *Kit Kat Club* is just a Broadway Night Club; only made exclusive by a compulsory membership. And you see all the best people at their worst. To-night, a Paris Dressmaker, has a fashion show with about 30 mannequins strutting up and down. Also some familiar Broadway entertainers. And next week, Paul Whiteman. You see Eton-cropped women in men's dinner jackets. Shirt, collar, and tie. Very "lotti twoi." Stores display a sign—"Ladies evening suits."

You go thru the Royal Mews, the Kings private stables. See the State Coach and the gold trimmed and jewel-studded harness. The Grooms, in full livery; yellow pants and patent leather boots. Their sons and daughters, playing tennis in the courtyard.

You note how polite the Taxi Drivers are. They raise

their hats and thank you kindly, for a sixpence tip. And the cabs are roomy and all painted black. In New York there are no new Taxicab Companies springing up because they have run out of colors. Not in London does it ever happen that: "She stepped into a yellow taxi and stepped out black and blue."

You go and listen over a Radio and hear Schenectady. The Announcer calls it "She-nec-TA-Dy." But these London Radio Announcers get right down to business. No levity. Not a wasted word. You would think you were in church and they were leading you in Prayer.

And now thru Limehouse. You go with a Police Sergeant thru Houndsditch to Bishopsgate, where women strip to the waist and fight like men. And so tough, every time somebody expectorates, the sidewalk cracks. Once a policeman arrested a pickpocket. A Limehouse gang threw him into a horse trough. Here you see the home of the London Chinaman and his white wife. White girls eating with young Chinese sheiks in cake eater clothes and patent leather hair. Dark and narrow, the streets. Only one street lamp to a block. In a Chinese house, you see real Mah Jong played. They bang the tiles down on the table and yell after every play. Charley Brown's the most notorious dive in Limehouse. A tiny Barroom with a 10 foot square dance space. And the koochy-like dancing. Churning 'round and 'round like bees in a honey comb. Tough babies, these. Then to the famous Dirty Dick's. A dingy building standing here for centuries. And reeking with filth as well as tradition. The story goes that Dirty Dick was to be married. The wedding feast was set and the guests assembled. The Bride failed to appear. Dick never got over it and lived, a recluse,

in filth. The wedding feast is still here, exactly as it was set and left, but now covered with Muck, yellow and decayed. And Dirty Dick in his old age collected stray dogs and cats. He kept them and starved them and mounted their carcasses over his Bar and over the walls. These same skeletons in mazes of cobwebs are here to-day. You gaze at them as you sip the rare old Port for which this place is noted.

Now you go to the great horse race of the year. "The Grand National." At Liverpool. A private train. The very last whisper in luxury. A Grandstand that spraddles out as far as the eye can reach and looks like the world's Fair. A quarter of a million people. And to get in costs \$15.00. The Prince of Wales has the earache and cannot come. But Prince Henry is there. And Prince Arthur of Connaught. And the Crown Prince of Japan. And you walk up and down before them and wish like the deuce you could crash into the party. And those Beauteous Buds with them. My!

The race is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A steeplechase. 30 horses start. 14 finish. Several jockeys injured. Those who backed Jack Horner in a double combination with King of Clubs, winner of the previous Lincolnshire Handicap, won \$17,500 for \$2.50. The bookies are lined up 20 and 30 in a row, standing on boxes. Hollering "As low as you like. As high as you like."

Three Bobbies lead off some pickpockets.

In Liverpool, you visit Bear's Paw Inn. A Historic old Tavern and Grill. Saddles of southdown mutton. Ripe old Stiltons. Rare old Ports and Burgundies.

Now to Westminster Abbey. And there, just one gasp after another, because you go into Westminster Abbey and

walk all over the tombs of England's Kings and celebrities. They are buried under the flooring right under your feet. You just tread over them like you were strolling in the Park. You have the feeling that you are pushing up their noses or kicking them in the shins. An astounding experience. You look down, see an inscription on a floor tile and come to your senses with a start. You are walking over what was once the Royal person of King Henry VII and his wife Elizabeth of York (1509). It doesn't seem very respectful. This shuffling over old Royalty.

The *Guild Hall*, the historic Civic Palace of the Old City; the great Reception and Banquet Hall, where the Lord Mayor takes office. The *Tower of London*, commenced by William the Conqueror (1078) and used as a fortress, palace, prison and place of torture and execution. Here, the Crown Jewels of England; the Crown and Robes worn by the present Royal family. The blazing crowns, scepters and swords. The Imperial State Crown of King George, said to contain 3,200 diamonds and pearls, and weighing two and one-half pounds. The Crown, surmounted by a diamond maltese cross with the center diamond, the famous "Star of Africa" weighing 516½ karats. And here also are the crowns of Queen Mary and the state swords.

Then through the Tower, the Traitor's Gate, Bloody Tower, Beauchamp Tower, etc. Here among many others, was beheaded Anne Boleyn (1536) and Lady Jane Grey (1554). In the Bloody Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned 12 years and here he began his "History of the World."

St. Paul's Cathedral. Here lie the bodies of Field Mar-

shall, Lord Roberts (1914). Lord Nelson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and the Duke of Wellington.

The National Galleries (world famed paintings). The London Museum, British Museum, Temple Bar, Houses of Parliament, Tate Gallery, River Thames and the Cenotaph. The great Obelisk representing the Imperial Grave of all dead British soldiers of the late war. When passing it, every man of every nationality doffs his hat.

A stroll out to Buckingham Palace through Hyde Park and Mayfair. The Homes of the élite. The home of Doctor Hodgson Chappell Fowler, London's greatest Surgeon, and Bunnie Fowler, his wife, England's foremost actress. Chesterfield House, home of Princess Mary and her husband, Lord Lascelles, who, incidentally, had all his great Fortune unexpectedly willed to him by a distant relative.

And apropos of wills, there comes to mind another will. A will left by an old Horse-breeder, a quaint character down in Kentucky. And drawn up by that great New York Attorney Jerry F. Katz. "To my wife I leave her "Boy Friend" and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was. To my son I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For 35 years he has thought the pleasure was mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me for the past ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was South. To my chauffeur I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job. To my partner I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man at once if he expects to do any business."

Now to Scotland Yard. The famous London Detective Headquarters. Then Buckingham Palace. In the heart of fashionable London. Here to see the changing of the Palace Guard. Most colorful and impressive.

The great Boat Race. On the Thames. Oxford versus Cambridge. You motor out to the Cambridge enclosure. A point between Chiswick and Hammersmith. A gala scene. In the river, every conceivable kind of yacht and pleasure craft, gaily bedecked and laden with Rooters. A huge refreshment tent. Chap on opposite bank plays Jazz on a cornet. Police boats regulating traffic on the river. Here they come, the two crews. Every lad straining every muscle to win. Like a streak the shells go by. But the Oxford crew cracks and Cambridge wins.

To *Windsor Castle*. Stokes Poges, Eton College and Hampton Court. Windsor Castle one of the most magnificent and ancient in England. The part-year home of the present Royal Family. Residence is taken up here at Easter-tide. Windsor Castle built by William the Conqueror, 1068. Here Anne Boleyn was convicted. The graves of King Edward and Queen Alexandria.

Enroute, you pass marvelous old English Taverns. 300 years old. Still handing out the "Alf and Alf." "The Three Magpies," "Peggy Bedford's," "Star and Garter." And "King's Arms." The most delicious architecture.

Eton. Most historic of all schools. A father goes to enroll his son. "How old is your boy?" asks the Headmaster. "A week old," replies the Father. And that is how hard it is to break into Eton. Enrollments now up to 1940. The ambition of every Parent, an "Eton Boy," and Eton has carved upon its walls some illustrious names. These names

carved by the boys themselves with their own knives. 3000 of them and dating back four hundred years and more. On walls, ceilings and rafters. A great sight to see these lads, as young as 15, in frock coats and silk hats. Eton was opened in 1440. And the same old whipping block, there to-day. Unruly boys, still given the Birch.

To Stokes Poges, the old church built in 1230. William Penn worshipped here. The grave of Thomas Gray. In this Churchyard, he wrote the "Elegy."

Hampton Court. Another great Palace, built by Cardinal Woolsey and what a foxy old Boy Scout he was. Henry VIII was King. He saw Hampton Court and wanted it. Decided to take it away from Woolsey. But Woolsey heard about it first. Hitched up his horses and raced to the King and there made an elaborate speech, telling the King that he, Woolsey, built the Palace for him as a surprise and wouldn't he do him the honor to accept it as a gift. The old furniture, still in place. Wonderful grounds leading into Bushey Park, swarming with deer. They come to the roadside and eat out of your hand.

Stratford on Avon, the Shakespeare Country. You go into the house in which Shakespeare lived, and the house in which he died. His school and his church. His desk, his tea-kettle, his ring and his mouse trap. And on the walls of his study, written in their own handwriting, hundreds of names of visitors. Among those still visible to the eye—Thomas Carlyle, Sir Walter Scott, Browning, Tennyson, Lord Byron and Thackeray. Each a visitor to this room and each inscribing his name. Shakespeare's grave is in the old Church with the famous epitaph, whimsically written by himself:—

“Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

The *Anne Hathaway* Cottage at Shottery. Home of Shakespeare's wife. The fireside bench upon which he courted Anne. The old bed with the rush mattress. A glorious cottage with thatched roof.

The home of *Marie Correlli*. She recently died here, carrying a secret to the grave. Her real name never known.

The home of *John Harvard*, founder of Harvard University.

The ruins of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The great Shakespeare Birthday Festival now in progress, presenting all of Shakespeare's plays. And speaking of Shakespeare, if there is such a thing as re-incarnation and the old Bard could come back to earth to-day, wouldn't it be a great idea to get hold of him and take him to see some modern Dramatic Classic like "Sex" or "The Shanghai Gesture." Then to hear what he would have to say.

Two Jewish gentlemen were discussing Re-incarnation. "Sure I believe in it," said one. "Didn't Bismarck come back as a Herring. And didn't Napoleon come back as a cake." "Well, I want to come back as a cake, too," said his friend. "I want to come back as a cake of soap in Kay Hawley's bath tub."

Warwick Castle. In the center of a great, high walled Park and now leased to a New Yorker. Imagine it leased to Harry Thaw with Tex Guinan as Hostess. George Olsen's Band and the entire Lambs Club as Guests. How

many months would it take you to get over a week-end like that?

Kenilworth. The historic ruins of this once great old Castle. Devastated by Oliver Cromwell, but formerly the scene of the great social events of England. An old actor shows you through and describes all the old pomp and splendor of Kenilworth in true Shakesperean voice and style.

Now you come back to London and take a farewell ride down Parliament Street on a bus. You pass the magnificent Parliament Buildings; hear Big Ben strike the hour. The Government Buildings.

Downing Street, No. 10, Home of the Prime Minister. A simple mansion of dull brown brick. Barracks of the famed Horse Guards, the Personal Cavalry troop of the Royal family. Their uniforms and trappings, the utmost in pomp and color.

See the mounting of these Royal Guards any morning at 11 o'clock.

The Race Courses about London. The famous Epsom Derby.

And Ascot Week, attended by the King and Queen and all high British Society. Beautiful gowns and jewels. Men in frock attire with high gray hats.

And the Queen's Garden Parties. At one party the ex-Queen of Greece, Queen of Roumania, Queen of Belgium and the ex-Queen of Portugal.

And the presentations at Court. Four courts, held each year. The Mall lined with automobiles; a brilliant sight. The women in trains and wearing the "Three Feathers" in their hair. (The Queen invited you, but you had an appointment with Mildred Mayer Joseph and had to miss it.)

And the London Opera season is brilliant. Covent Garden, a dazzling sight. The night that Jeritza appeared in Tosca. The King and Queen in the Royal Box.

In August, the shooting season, in Scotland. The King and Queen go to Balmoral Castle, followed by London Society. Many Americans have leased shooting boxes there this season. And many the week-end party. You know—those nice chummy little occasions where you go for a week-end and come back with both ends weak.

And that reminds you of several Past Purple Periods and Parties. Somewhat, as follows—

“There are all kinds of week-end guests:

Those who come Friday morning and go home Tuesday afternoon.

Those who come Friday afternoon and go home Monday morning.

Those who come Saturday afternoon and go home Sunday night.

Those who come Saturday night and go home drunk.”

And so it goes—

Marvelous London. To know London, come and spend a year. You are now off to Paris.

And such a trip to Paris. A whale of an adventure, this. You hear about aéroplanes to Paris. Great! Here you go, for the plane. And like a huge bird, it is. Of aluminum. Inside, a luxurious compartment. Upholstered seats. Every modern appointment. Drinks served en route.

8 hours you are cutting down to 2. Over the English Channel in 14 minutes. The only way to travel. As cozy as the old family rocker. No vibration. Just a straight, smooth flight over a charted course. And the great speed.

You embark at Croyden, the London flying field. And there you see thousands of people. Ye Gods! You knew you were "a great little Guy," but a crowd like this to turn out to see you, it is really too much. 2 minutes later you find out they are there to greet Alan Cobham, home from his flight from South Africa.

You are sailing over house tops and church steeples and fields and rivers. An attendant gives you a shot of cognac. Marvelous! A thrilling novelty, this gliding across an azure sky; plowing through fleecy clouds; and flirting with that merry little gentleman who sits in the Sun and winks at you. A fellow passenger is shouting a story. About a Scotchman. The Scotchman and his wife wanted to take an airplane ride, but demurred at paying \$1 a minute for the fun. The aviator agreed to take them up for nothing provided the Scot would promise to pay \$1 for every word he uttered, while aloft. O.K. Up they went. The aviator treated them to loop-the-loops, tail spins, nose dives, everything. The Scot said not a word. They landed. Said the aviator, chagrined: "Well, sir, you win. You didn't say a word." Replied the Scot: "Yes, but I had an awful time keeping quiet when my wife fell out."

And so it went. Thrills, novelties, gasps, laughs and then—land.

And now—

Hold your breath—

You are going down, down, down—

Y-e-s—(gulp—swallow)—

It is—

It *really* is—

P-a-r-i-s.



SIP NUMBER 2

AT last! Paris! After all these years of longing. You pinch yourself. But it is true. You are honest-to-goodness here.

And you want to see Paris, top to bottom. Inside out. And all at once. You can't wait a second. A guide meets you. Offers to show you all you ought to see. Ha!

You tell him you want to see all you ought *not* to see. Your first glimpse, bewildering. You are dizzy. Your taxi whirls you past a panorama of quaintness, charm; vibrant, colorful life. In a month, you could *not* see a thousandth part of Paris yet you try to see it all that first night.

You go to *Ciro's* for dinner. At 9 o'clock. Everybody who is anybody goes to *Ciro's*. At *Ciro's* you see the *smart* people of the world. Diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs and gowns that cost a year's salary. 4 waiters dance attendance upon each couple. Service so exquisite, you want to take all the waiters back home with you. And all the stunts. Pancakes brought onto the table rolled up in jelly and brandy poured over them and set afire. A flame of some kind burning on every table. Makes you think all the cooking is done by the waiters in the dining-room. And a gorgeous room. At one end a high screen of palms and plants. You decide that this is where the waiters hide and shoot the customers who do not properly tip. You survey the crowd. There is the famous E. Ray Goetz, and the internationally famous Prince of Good Fellows and Oil Billionaire, Fay T. Chew. And still further over, the "Duchess de Broadbottom." And just as you take a quiet rubber at the Duchess, just plastered with jewels, she haughtily sweeps you with her lorgnette and you spill a fork full of curry over your gleaming shirt front. And this service stripe you carry throughout the night.

A big potatoe chip man from Saratoga orders a cream puff. One waiter brings it. Another, a pot of chocolate to pour over it. Another, a spoon to eat it with. And you see all this fancy service and toss off another Martel and wish they would send you in a laundress for your shirt.

Over there, you see a Dowager, with a face wrinkled like a Pomeranian, but coy as a debutante. She is out to-night with a Broadway Cookie-Pusher and he is making beaucoup hay while the sun shines. The sun, the Dowager's diamond stomacher, as big as a plate. They dance every dance. And you are just sure that he runs baby ribbon through his B.V.D's and carries a sachet bag.

Over there, a swagger girl, wearing a monocle and a fresh orchid on her shoulder. You glance around and up goes the Duchess's lorgnette again. You can't help wishing you had the nerve to go over and give her a good spanking with that lorgnette. But don't get chesty. Chances are she thinks you are that footman she had once, who slipped away with the diamond wrist watch. Anyhow, her arm will be in a sling to-morrow for all that heavy lorgnette work.

Now, the music. "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." It is striking twelve. You want your check. The French waiter calls it "L'Addition," pronounced thru the nose with a couple of wheezes. But now a glittering individual appears in gold turban and robe of many colors. He is a Turkish *colored* gentleman. He brings you Turkish Coffee, salaaming to the floor and slipping into your hand, a tiny white elephant. Overcome, you give him a 5 franc tip. Bang! He bounces his head on the table and kisses your hand. You shudder at what might have happened if you had given him 10 francs. And 20 francs. Horrors! But a darn good idea. You decide to go back to New York and get the Elephant privileges at Childs.

Now, the check, and when they bring you to—and bring you two more—you find yourself going on a merry pilgrim-

age to a place called "The Florida." Smartest of all Midnight dancing palaces. Floor of squares of colored glass with lights shining through. Couples dancing the Charleston together. They give away big dolls. And more balloons and little cotton balls to throw at each other. Champagne here, 150 francs. Top price in Paris. But fruit is going up. A pear and a banana, \$2.00. Two bands here. Dancing continuous. And oh, you have an adventure. You don't go to the next place alone. And the next place is "*Florence's*". And if you go to Paris and don't go to "*Florence's*," you are paralyzed in both feet and have crêpe on your brain. "*Florence's*" is to the jaded sight see-er, what a soul kiss is to a spinster. An early morning place, entirely of cullud folks. And they sure can fix up a rip-snotin', raring, tearing, hotsy-totsy time, honey boy.

Chicken Maryland between dances and the "colored Frisco," a hot Charleston Dancer and Florence, herself crooning, "I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight." "Frisco" comes over to your table, puts out his hand and tells you, you are shaking hands with the colored boy "Who entertains all Paris." And then he rares and tears and opens up a Charleston Contest among the audience. The smartest girls and men in evening dress get up, under the pepping influence of various and sundry beverages, fling all dignity out the window and at 6 o'clock in the morning, "Charleston" themselves all over the place. And whistle and stamp and yell for more.

At 7 o'clock you call a colored Garcon and he comes and says, "Wee Mon Sewer," and you mumble, "Waffles." (That's all you can do—mumble.) And at the sound of "Waffles," his eyes dance and he bounces up and hits the

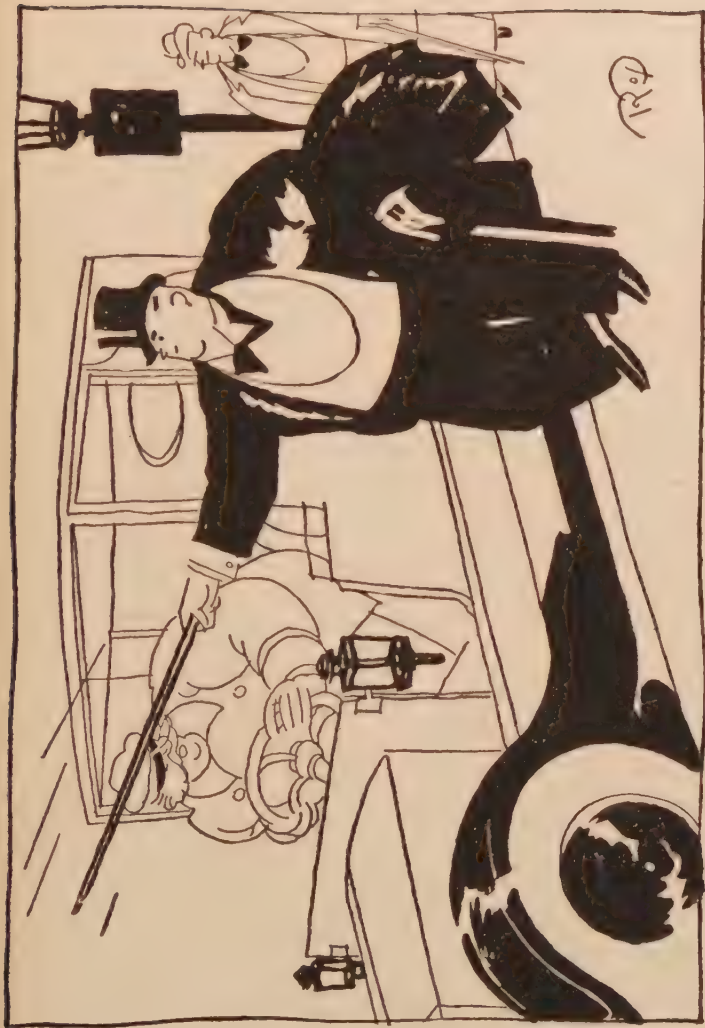
ceiling and breathlessly murmurs that he "Wishes to Gawd, they did have waffles." Then it comes out. They have tried all over Paris to get waffle irons, but the French don't know what they are. And there's a tip to you, Mr. or Mrs. Reader. If you ever go to Paris and want to be "Lionized" to the North Star, take Florence a waffle iron. And own the place.

A gorgeously nutty lark, this. And to hear these Dusky Dukes *parlez vous* to the customers. You'll be screaming for weeks. A real Hotsy Totsy place is Florence's. And they strut their stuff 'till long after milk is delivered along Fifth Avenue.

And the merry, merry slugging fests, the customers put on. On this night, a Battle by the Argentines. One of them flirts with another one's girl. Zowie! A luscious sock on the nose. Another sock and the whole gang jumps in and they fight all over the place. A whistle blows. 3,000 gendarmes rush in. Everybody hiding under tables—you included. The gendarmes give the joint a good old-fashioned Broadway Bum's Rush and peace and quiet dwelleth once more. A good scrap can be seen most every pretty night.

And the next night, you make a dash for Montmartre. Haven of naughty sights and popping corks and wild night life and *ze sly coquette*. The moment of moments. Your pulse is pounding now. Life is at a dizzy tempo. Into the whirlpool of frolic. And without a guide. The only way to have adventures and really see Paris. Go it alone.

You see a cabaret. Drop in. Stay fifteen minutes and move on to another. And just as safe as in your Grand-mother's arms.



You hail a Taxi and say "Show me the wild women."

"The Rat Mort" (The "Dead Rat"). A place Roger Ferger helped to make famous. They hand you a funny paper hat and a rattle. Girls have no backs in their dresses and wear their pearls behind, down to their hips.

You risk a dance. A dainty little French Coquette, with a saucy pug nose and a permanent marcel. ("But Brethren and Sisteren, what we need in this here town is less permanent waves and more permanent wives.") You spin around famously together. She babbles in French and you order a bottle of champagne. A special gentleman brings the cooler. A pushcart backs up. Eight different brands of wine. You make your selection. The great ceremony continues. The bottle is placed tenderly into the cooler. It is spun about among the ice cubes, like a top. A towel is wrapped around both the bottle and the cooler. And just as you look over at the Doll and say "Ah," smacking your lips in ravenous anticipation, the gorgeous gentleman walks away. All right. Another dance, and you take your seat. Eyes blinking at the cooler and again you say "Ah," and rub your palms. And he approaches you once more, bows, removes the cloth, pats the bottle, twirls it around some more and just when your agony becomes unendurable, he decides that still it is not sufficiently iced; puts the cloth around again and walks away and leaves you flat. But bye and bye, your wish comes true and you get it. And it goes bubbling down. And another. And another. And it is so cheap and so beautiful that you would bathe in it, only the bubbles hurt your skin. Next you throw confetti, jiggle your rattle, dance some more and toss ze Bebe 100 francs for her "time" (to be a gentleman).

And now up and out. This time to the Rue Pigalle. Number 14. Ah, in the pulsating, pleasure pavilion of a handsome New York actor, *Cliff Thompson*. He comes over to Paris on a visit. He annexes a miniature saloon and stays. Everyone sits in cozy corners and there are Ukeleles to pick up and strum and you go down into the cellar and bring up your own food and you buy drinks for everyone in the place.

Then you and the Tails and the Topper jaunt jauntily on. A Sidewalk table. A vera, vera preety Bebe makes ze naughty eyes. You sit down and then, because you look like another Yank, who "played House" with her, during the War, she wants you to buy her a Rosary. You buy it. She kisses the Cross and wafts a Prayer to that other big Romeo, across the seas. And you get up, and away from there, before this Bebe asks you to take her over to Rome to have the Rosary blessed by the Pope.

Now to the *Lapin Agile*. In here, an old man, who looks like Santa Claus. Long white beard. And a red cloth about his head. "Santa Claus" plays the guitar and his guests clap hands and chant and drink cherry brandy. Then they all double up with laughter and roll all over the place. The merry old monarch is telling them naughty stories. In French.

La Petite Chaumière. Young Men, who dress as young women and the entertainment they give, is the biggest Wow in Paris.

The *Capitol* for Breakfast. After every Night Place has closed. Here at 7 o'clock Lord and Lady Stoopentakit sway back and forth, and try to gargle onion soup with one motion, and keep it off their fronts with another.

The "*Brick Top*," another Colored Cabaret. All "Dinges" from Harlem. And getting a big play. Prima Donnas that resemble a Maple Nut Sundae. No "color line" here. The smartest "whites" in Paris come and dance with them. Lots of "Pep."

Come on Adventure. More! More! Your blood sizzles. You want to kick a hole in the sky and bite the stars. You must move.

The Cafe Bruant. Waitresses in Hunt Costume. Red breeches and patent leather boots. And red table cloths. Odd cartoons painted on walls. A la William Spencer Wright. Drinks flying thru the air. That accordean music. Oo la la! The dreamy dance music of the world. A weird effect. Absolutely fascinating for dancing. The Tango, the most popular of all dances. They encore it a dozen times. A girl sings, "What'll I do," in French. You are the only American and you are discovered. The pianist gets your eye and very lightly on the keys, you hear, "Old Kentucky Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Four O'Clock in the Morning." He winks and smiles. He gets a tip which he deserves.

"The Boule Noir." Here, decidedly intimate. No tables. Patrons seated on long benches drinking beer and singing with the entertainers. A big chap in red shirt and black velvet Tam-o-shanter, strides up and down, leading the mischief. All the songs, off color. Everyone laughing at you. They know you are not getting a word of it. Several young ladies, ever co coyly, smile. You grin back and send them a drink. They come over and purr their thanks in French. All the French you know, you learned off Perfume bottles.

All you can say is, "Oh, Chevrolet de Cadillac" or "Bon Soir, how is your old Pom de terre this evening."

La Paradis. A real racket here. Things you never saw before. Black men dancing with French girls. Black women dancing with white men. Leader of orchestra singing thru megaphone. That haunting accordean again. More girls pouring down the stairs. More Gitz Rice music. Men dancing with their hats on. A French soldier dances by. Black man walks about the tables trying to get a white partner. He gets one. She dances with both arms around his neck. He has Beaucoup francs. Now two Gendarmes rush onto the dance floor, grab a girl away from her partner, handcuff her, drag her screaming back up the steps and out. A pickpocket. But on goes the dance. You get plenty of winks and smiles. Two come over and ask you to dance. You say, "No thank you." But Ladies must live.

Le Toquet. Orchestra leader in soiled white trousers and tennis shoes. Girls at tables, alone. Faces seamed and hard. Enough to frighten strong men into convulsions. Real thugs, these. When they cough, the walls crumble. Girls with stockings rolled below knees. And the accordean again. You catch the eye of two Gendarmes. They smile. You send them a Drink. "Delighted." They stroll over. More grins. More drinks and out.

La Cloche. Here they pass out more little celluloid balls. You are supposed to get kittenish and throw them at each other. At a nearby table, a nice kind-faced old gentleman. A big Bread Man from Rye. No doubt about it. Gold spectacles and a lovely, shiny, billiard-ball dome. Half a dozen girls pick him out. From all directions, come the balls at him. And is he playful? Just picks up the balls, and

throws them right back at those gosh darned girls. Yes, Sir! And what a thrill he is going to give the Boys back home in Rye—in that corner cigar store or that Elk's Club, when he tells this lurid tale about that wild party in Paris.

La Troika. A Russian Cabaret. Room full of Russian dancers and singers. The intimate idea. All entertainment impromptu. They sit at tables with the guests and play and sing as the spirit moves them. Try to order anything but champagne and out you will land on an ear. And there is a funny ceremony each time a cork pops. You open a bottle and immediately comes a crowd. A parade of costumed Russians march over to your table. The leader picks up your glass and hands it to you. You rise, drain the glass and send it crashing to the floor. A stunt with some compliment implied. You have your fill of bubbles. And some novel food: Meat on a skewer and baked endive. And what is that strange bottle of red stuff they pour over their bread. "Well! As I live." A nice old bottle of Heinz Catsup. But a great novelty over here. They just dote on it. And now they bang on their plates and chant Russian folk songs. You notice the violinist. He has never ceased to stare and play to you. Picks you out as one of those filthily rich Americans. You get up and dance. It is "Valencia." That teasing, torturing tune that everywhere, you hear over and over again.

Then to get out. You fight your way through a solid phalanx of tip tacklers. The waiter, the bus boy, the wine man, the Maître d' hotel, the checkroom woman, the door page and the cab starter. Ah! But this is Paris. And "French money is all stage money anyhow," and what do

you care. This thrill a second is worth fifty times what it costs.

Les Acacias. The pulsating pleasure pavilion of Harry Pilcer, former partner of Gaby Deslys. Also formerly from Harlem. A great entertainer. Every night, he packs them in. The smartest people in Paris. Here you meet the festive Georges Carpentier. He is jiggng. Not fighting. A solo jig in the washroom. And you are "tight" enough to speak to him and he speaks cordially back. And then you make a terrible faux pas. "The last time I saw you was in Jersey City," you say. (A place he wants to forget.) And then you leave the washroom, which, by the way, is presided over by a woman, as are all the gentlemen's lavatories in Paris, and you go into the Ballroom and there among others, you see Alfred E. Aarons, New York theatrical magnate, as debonair as the Prince of Wales; and J. B. Hulett, King of New York's Automobile Row, who has made Chandler Cars as popular in Europe as in America.

Then you crack some more wine, ask a nice married lady at the next table (whose husband is bored) to dance with you, after first getting her eye and making sure that she will not turn you down. And then you come back and meet her husband, who has to invite you to sit down at his table. And then you dance with the wife's sister, a nice little school teacher from Kansas, with flat feet and pop-eyes; and then to be a gentleman, you open another bottle and all decide to love each other. Then you get an invitation, "If you are ever in Topeka, etc." and you say, "If you are ever in New York, etc." And "Ta! Ta!" and away.

Then Harry Pilcer comes over and you say, "I am going to run over to Deauville," and Harry gives you a card to

Mons. Duclos, manager of the Deauville Casino. And you don't know it then, but that card is going to open the Pearly Gates for you.

And so it was in Paris. Cabaret after Cabaret. Cocotte after Cocotte. Bottle after bottle. Dawn after dawn. Thrill after thrill. Bromo after Bromo.

You do all the well-known night resorts then see the Revues. You sup and sip and watch the crowds. In these revues, some great novelties. Some elaborate stage pictures. And the girls, absolutely as they came into this merry old world.

The big shows of Paris. The great Music Halls. Bigger, more novel, more nude than New York. And some other things, astounding.

The Casino de Paris. All the Grace, the Luxury, the Taste and the Beauty of the Paris stage. On the same ground as the old secret pavilion where the Duc de Richelieu inaugurated his famous Adamic Feasts. And where Louis XV also came to sup with Mme. de Pompadour.

All the music in all the shows in Paris is American Jazz, without exception. Broadway writes the music for the world.

Paris whirls. Your brain whirls. Who could ever get enough of Paris. And there is *The Palace*. Mayol's, Maxim's and The Ambassadeurs.

And *The Moulin Rouge* with Mistinguett, idol of the Paris Revues and a woman of 57 years yet singing and dancing and acting with all the fire and verve of a girl of 20.

And now something happens. You are handed a number. And that one little number opens the doors to a perfect raging, rousing, rapturous rhapsody of a night.

It is a telephone number. But a magic one. The telephone number of Pearl White. You give it a jingle. The jingle gets you an invitation. Pearl White is having a party. You go. She invites 27. 127 come. You meet the "Who's Who's" of the stage and of society. You remember particularly Rosie Dolly. (The Dolly Sisters.) And you get another invitation. To call back stage at the Casino de Paris where the Dollys reign as Queens of the Paris Music Halls. And you go. And in a most bewildering dressing room, all done in silks and Japanese lanterns, you meet, among others, an old flame of yours, and that calls for another delirious session of popping corks and mush.

Now into the tough district of Paris. So tough you go with a Detective and a Police dog. Here, the typical stage Apache in real life. Colored mufflers and caps pulled down over their faces. The Apache at home.

A swing through the *Bastille* district. Narrow streets like alleys. Lined with saloons and dance halls. And aflame with life. Weird accordions supply the music. Two gendarmes outside each place. Men dance with men as well as with women and always with their hats on. You are in "*Bousca Bal*," the big Apache center. A huge hall. Blacks and whites here. And when you get enough of this, you hop a taxi and order yourself driven into Montmartre again.

To *Pigall's*. A giddy cabaret. You crack some Pol Roger and three dashing damsels, all very lonesome, thirsty and ambitious, sitting at a nearby table hear the cork pop and take a hop for you. "You are so wonderful and we will never leave you—no never—No! No! No!" (not until you have spent your very last little franc), they chatter in French. And you start to go and they get a strangle

hold and all three of them pile into the Taxi with you and go back to your hotel and you divide a thousand franc note between them and they stay for two days, and then you have to get the clerks, the house detectives and all the porters to get them out. And, if never before, now you are a man with a PAST. Yea verily, Brother.

And down in merry Montmarte, Monico's, The Savoy, Royale, Sapume's, Capitole, Palerino's, Zelli's, and The Abbey. Hot Patootie places, all.

And so, on and on, to tear Paris to pieces. But Paris is tearing you to pieces.

Luncheon at the Café de Paris. Everything here higher than a cat's back. But the Headwaiter slips you a tip.

"Ze beeg Rase to-day," says he, bowing. "Ze grande steeplechase at Otayay." Then you find out that "Otay-ay" is Auteuil, the great Paris race track. You go. A grandstand spraddling five acres. And a gorgeous course, all green. And the cunningest, dressiest, dapperest little men you ever saw. Gray top hats, wild checked trousers, white spats and Ascot ties. All carrying field glasses. Vast betting sheds. Women wearing monocles. Lawn full of gaily bedecked and bespangled women. Sables and jewels. A very fashionable crowd and on Sunday afternoon.

And next day, you and the Concierge scan the papers. You must have more blazing joy-caldrons to hop into. A French Art Students' Ball. That sounds wicked. You go.

At *The Salle Wagram*. Painted on the drum you read, "Bob's Diabolic Demons." And here you see damsels absolutely nude. And no self consciousness. They stroll and dance about and stop and converse with you with as little concern as though they were stepping into church.

Scores of "female impersonators" also scattered among the dancers. And frayed-out Counts with monocles and hair parted down the back. Negro men and white girls. And now and then, a commotion in one of the boxes. You look up. Perched high, is a girl and the "Students" are playfully taking her clothes off. Then a Pageant pours into the hall. More nude girls. On floats. And balloons, confetti, horns rattles, paper caps and champagne. A colorful evening.

Now for a stroll. The Cafe de la Paix. Coffee and cognac at a sidewalk table. And here, a little Demimondaine of the Boulevards leans over and purrs softly in French. You smile pretty and say "Bois?" And she comes over—and so forth and so forth. (*Nobody's Business!*)

The famous, *Quartier Latin*. The Boulevard Raspail, and the Boulevard Montpanarse. The Café du Dome and The Café Rotonde. Here, the artists and the intelligentsia. Their hair not cut since Spark Plug won the Brown Derby. They promenade and stop for a sip at a sidewalk table. Each with his little sweetie. And some of the sweeties smoke black cigars and bulldog pipes. You know they are Students because they wear big sombreros, black velvet suits and flowing bow ties. A Japanese girl comes on. To her sheik she speaks perfect English. An American. You leave here and wander about.

A great Park? Those huge buildings? You inquire. The Luxembourg Palace and Gardens. Now occupied by the French Senate. You see a crowd on the lawn. And hear a clicking sound and laughter and shouting. "Bravo!" "Bravo!" What strange excitement is this? You dash over and look in—and there is the most lady-like little game

of croquet you ever saw. The French Senators are playing croquet. They have nice long beards and wear long coats and top hats. Yes sir. While the rest of the world sweats blood over the war debt, the French Senators play Croquet. Ah, the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, the Senators play Croquet.

And over there, an old building. A book market. Stall upon stall of books. Sold like vegetables. Also all the old Music. And at another point, a stamp market. Out on the street. Men and women buying and trading Foreign stamps. On another corner, a Punch and Judy Show.

You go to a Prize fight. *Romerio*, the French welter-weight champion, defends his title against Alf. Ross, the Algerian Champion. Right in the midst of a blood-tingling round, the fight stops. Why? You see no reason. But it all comes out. A Gallery God called the Referee a "Fat Head," and the Referee's feelings are hurt and the fight will not go on until the rude young man apologizes. Oh sweet chocolate eclairs, isn't it just horrid to talk to a nice sweet little mousy, mousy referee like that? *Romerio* wins. He is coming over to New York to box some day. Box oranges.

Now they introduce little *Criqui*, from the ring. And *Paolino*, the Spanish heavyweight.

Next day, a street carnival. Some Holiday. The entire populace on the streets. You get a sidewalk table at the Cafe de la Paix. Confetti, balloons, street singers, acrobats and beggars. Here come the floats and an army of revelers. And that night, a mammoth mask ball at the great Opera House. Two orchestras on each floor. And

a gala stage performance and pageants between dances. Another exceptional night in Paris.

And so it goes. Spend a year in Paris. Not a dull minute, provided you can stand on your feet and prop your eyes open with matches.

Go out and take a walk about Paris. Learn the prominent promenades. Know your way about. Do a little shopping. And when you go shopping in Paris, these two words are important: "Trop cher." It means "Too expensive." Always pull that. Say it over and over. "Trop cher." Hold your ground and down will come the price.

And in Paris, there is an individual known as a "Commissionaire." You meet one. He gives you his card. "Ginsberg." You gaze at it and suddenly an idea hits you because just at the moment, you are feeling a bit alcoholically frolicsome, so in all the shops you say you are "Ginsberg, the Commissionaire," and flash the card. The shopkeeper falls for it; bows and "Monsieur Ginsberg" gets ze discount. But next day when you come to, you are a bit shocked and have a beautiful impulse to go and give ze discount back.

Now take a Taxi, and watch the meter. No marionettes ever danced like those little figures in a French taxi meter; and after midnight you pay double and tip on top of it.

Paris streets are alive, colorful, charming. Abustle by day and by night. The Champs Elysees, beautiful beyond words. And here a Tea dance at L'Hermitage. A very swagger spot. Good jazz band. Good liquor. And good-looking girls who are very, very friendly, lonesome, hungry and broke. And here also, along the Champs Elysees you see the fashionable French gentleman with his shoulders



And you bow to Louis XIV as one hot sport to another.

padded out; his coat stretched like a porous plaster over his back; his big black alpine hat and his high heeled shoes with gay cloth tops.

You pass the Morgue just around the corner from Notre Dame. Here, a tragedy every day, is enacted. A suicide. By poison, by the pistol, by the Seine. Some unfortunate finds the grade too steep and takes the final sleep. The bodies are redressed in the clothes in which they died, stood up as in life and displayed for identification. Hundreds of the serious and the curious file past each day. The Morgue of Paris.

Now shake yourself together, hunt up some dignity and go out and see the nice things. The *Louvre*, Napoleon's Tomb, the Pantheon de la Guerre, Notre Dame, Versailles, Le Petit Trianon, Fontainebleau, Chantilly, the Battlefields, Rheims, Soissons.

Versailles. The most stupendous and gorgeous Royal Palace in the world, reflecting all the glory of Louis XIV, and the golden age of France. Here the French Kings held their greatest courts. Here was enacted some of the most thrilling episodes of the French Revolution. Also the scene of the settlement of our last war.

The Galerie des Glaces. (The Hall of Mirrors.) Here was signed the Peace Treaty on June 28th, 1919.

The grounds, gardens, fountains, lakes at Versailles. Beyond imagination.

Le Petit Trianon. The "Play Palace" of Louis XV, audaciously built for Madame Du Barry and to which he surreptitiously made his way by boat from the main Palace of Versailles, through a private canal. Here in Le Petit Trianon, in the favorite room of Louis XV and his lady

fair, a curious trap door in the floor. Through this trap, the dining table was lowered for food, in order that no servant might disturb the privacy of the King and his sweet one. (And some day, you resolve to have one just like it.)

Malmaison. The residence of Napoleon and Josephine. The personal belongings of Napoleon and Josephine; the china from which they ate; Napoleon's writing desk; his bed; his clothing; Josephine's harp and favorite arm chair; the family bath tub; Napoleon's humble cot at St. Helena. The carriage that brought Josephine back to Malmaison after the divorce.

Fontainebleau. Also, once the home of Napoleon. Here, the "Court of Adieux," where Napoleon bade farewell to his guards before going to Elba and where he reviewed them again upon his return. The room where Napoleon signed his abdication; the Throne Room; the beautiful apartments of Marie Antoinette; those of Madame de Maintenon; Henry II's Ballroom, said to be the most magnificent in the world.

Chantilly. Magnificent collection of paintings and art. Formerly the scene of fêtes given by the "Grand Conde" to Louis XIV.

The Battlefields. Belleau Wood, now changed to "Wood of the American Marine," in honor of the two regiments of the Second Division of the United States Marines who finally captured the position in June, 1918. A great inspirational experience, this trip to Belleau Wood. Over the Marne, through Chateau-Thierry.

You hear the thrilling story of how all the Paris taxicabs were commandeered and thousands of troops rushed to the

Marne in the dead of the night. In Belleau Wood, you see some of the old gas masks, shells and guns.

The ruined villages of Bouresches. Captured by the Marines on June 6, 1918. The famous Hill 204. Through Vaux the scene of the brilliant engagements of the Ninth and Twenty-third American Divisions. The dramatic entry of the American troops, during the second drive of the Germans to the Marne.

Chateau-Thierry. Where American Machine Gunners in June, 1918, raked the river and the bridges continuously for four days and nights. The "War Memorial" an American institution. Established in the old Hotel l'Elephant to give help of any kind to the people of all the surrounding territory. The Marne Valley as far as Jaulgonne where, in 1918, the enemy during their famous "Place Offensive," crossed the Marne, to be stopped and repulsed on the southern slope by the American 28th and 30th Divisions.

The grave of Quentin Roosevelt at Chamery.

Rheims. Next to Paris, the most famous city in France. The systematic and vicious bombardment of the Rheims cathedral, throughout the war, shocked the entire world. Rheims, also the center of the Champagne trade.

Verdun. In 1916, the most terrible fighting of the entire war. The name "Verdun" and the French Soldier's watchword, "They shall not pass," have become immortal. In five months the Germans were able to push forward but eight kilometres and to do that, it cost them half a million men.

Now back to Paris and a farewell Taxi ride up the Champs Elysees to the very end. The most beautiful boulevard in the world. The Bois de Bologne. Miles and

miles of Park and artificial lakes and waterfalls. To Long-champs, the great Race Track.

And stroll into the Ritz. There, the most exclusive of all Paris Bars. Say "Hello" to old Charlie, formerly of Hotel Knickerbocker, New York, and meet Harry Lehr, Jack Dean and Berry Wall. Next, paddle over to Henry's Bar. Here, Ernest and John will shake up something more than ordinarily gorgeous for you. Then if you are still able to walk, slide over to Claridge's. Always a Movie Star here. Next, the famous New York Bar. Don't forget this one. Now take a peep into the exclusive gambling clubs of Paris; Traveler's, Les Epalents, Sporting Club, Circle Prive. And remember Delmonico's, Chateau Madrid, Pre Catelan and Armenonville. For a bite and a drink.

You love Paris. Everybody loves Paris. Paris is a different world. Everyone's life dedicated to pleasure. Eating, drinking and merry-making. The sidewalk Cafés. The promenades. The gay shops. The shows. The Balls. The flirtations. The drives. The Hotels. Everything! Impossible to have a dull moment. And how cheap is everything in Paris. And Francs dropping another 96 cents a bushel every other day.

And, oh yes, stop at the Hotel Ambassadeurs. There you will find Marcel Duhamel, a great gentleman, and great host. Who treats Americans as gods; and who makes you a "present" of his hotel. You absolutely own it.

And now where? Someone says, "Deauville." Ah! All your life you have yearned for Deauville. And Deauville it shall be.



SIP NUMBER 3

WONDERFUL, dazzling, high-stepping, jewel-blinding pleasure-insane Deauville.

The day of the Grande Prix at the Race Track. Trains crowded. A good imitation of a Bronx subway at the rush hour. All but the garlic. And those French chaps in the compartment with you. Funny to see them take out the same old "Dope sheets," pencils and paper, and bend their heads and try to figure the winner of the big race.

Two smart Hotels in Deauville. The Royale and the

Normandie. But try and get into them. Jammed to the eaves. But you are here. The world's most ultra and luxurious play-place. And you go goofy trying to see it all. First, a stroll along the beach. Oo la la! Those Goddesses of the sand. Those costumes! An eyeful you never want to lose. Wonderful little bathing houses. On wheels. Colored umbrellas. Flashy pavilions. Gay turbans and robes. A blazing kaleidoscope, unlike anything in the world. A dip in the Ocean. Then into smartest sports attire for Le Course and a beautiful luncheon at the Normandie.

The Grand Prix. "Dark Diamond Wins." And funny to see the horses run backwards. They start at the opposite end of the track and only run half way around. You pick a horse and make a bet. And judging by the way that horse ran, for \$5.00 more, you could have bought the horse. But he was a brave horse. The way he chased those other horses around that track. But if you didn't pick the winner, Eddie Delling did. Eddie always does pick winners.

Between races, everyone goes back of the Grandstand to a huge lawn and sits at tables covered with colored umbrellas. Champagne 5 francs a glass. And they think they are robbing you. Here comes the great Henri Lettelier, Mayor and social arbiter of Deauville. The Potentate Peggy Joyce taught how to spend money. And he has a nose you could hang a soup tureen on.

Now to the Polo Field. Then back for a cocktail in the Plaza. Here all the fashionables. The Psah of Persia. You sit and toss off a flock of cocktails and then get into your clothes for a dinner at Ciro's. And here, your eyes pop



You even went up and kissed the horse and still he ran last.

and your brain snaps some more. Such gowns, such jewels. Such women. And diamonds from head to foot.

Two solid hours of dining and wining and gasping and then the *Casino* and the Gaming Rooms. You get your first glimpse here of girls with their hair dyed white. And there are gendarmes in green sashes and red bands on their hats. And women smoking pipes.

Henri, the great London Modiste, gives you all the inside "slants" on Deauville and its personages. You present your card from Harry Pilcer to Monsieur Duclos, Manager of this great, gay Casino. And your reception, all that could be desired. You try your hand at Baccarat. No luck.

Then Le Boule which is Roulette with a rubber ball instead of an ivory ball. Mr. Flo Ziegfield plays Boule across from you. Also quite unsuccessfully. Now comes the great moment when you go into the famous Ballroom.

Monsieur Duclos promises you a table. And the place is jammed and tables bringing a thousand franc premium.

The procession of notables. Paved with diamonds. One Dowager with diamond bracelets to her elbows, a neck ornament big as a headlight, and a face like Maggie Pippleheimer, the beautiful button-hole maker.

And on and on they flash by. Woman after woman. Just caked with diamonds. Ropes of diamonds reaching to their waists. Dog collars and stomachers. And on their hands stones as big as chestnuts. And here comes the blackest negro you ever saw. A great surgeon. From Montenegro. And there is the rotund Psah of Persia. Running wild about Paris and refusing to go home. And over there, the gorgeous English woman, the wife of an Egyptian

Prince. And Suzanne Lenglen (Tennis star). And the Aga Khan, Maurice de Rothschild, Andre Citroen, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Maurice the Dancer, and that famous international vocal artist, Robert Hoesa of New York, who gives the doggiest parties in Deauville and who never promenades with less than 5 of the Peachiest Peaches of the beaches.

The orchestra plays "Swanee Butterfly." And all the other American Jazz tunes. Now a Tango. Wild about the Tango here. And always that accordeon.

This, an evening of evenings. Wine and women and such wine and such women. Tres magnifique.

Then a few hours sleep and at it again. Things start early in Deauville. Across from your Hotel, another Hotel. On the Balcony, a lovely creature in Japanese Pajamas, artfully smoking a cigarette. Your eyes meet, as eyes always do and you just have to bow. And she just has to bow back. Everything so informal in Deauville and you both seem to be alone so why not? She dresses and you dress and together you stroll to the Royale for a drink. The waiter in satin knee breeches brings you a marvelous cocktail and you sit there and look out upon wonderful gardens and hear the splash of the Ocean on the silvery beach. And Sweetie is very beautiful and very congenial and very interesting and it is truly a fairy morning.

Two Indian Princes, in gay turbans and sashes, saunter toward the bar. No place as cosmopolitan as Deauville.

Now to Le Petite Normandie, at Trouville. You motor there for luncheon and what beautiful food. Strawberries in little baskets on a bed of green leaves, with whipped cream to "dunk" them in. And other exquisite and novel

dishes. A feast that only George Nash could duplicate. And cognac of the vintage of 1885.

You just want to get up and shout:

"Deauville. I am thine forever."

And American dollars perform miracles in Deauville. They buy you the sun, moon and stars. Just all the girlies and all the wine and all the merriment and all the dazzle you can stand. Palm Beach is not like Deauville. Nor Miami. Nor any place on earth. Deauville gives you the biggest thrills and the biggest money's worth you ever had or ever will have in all your life.

And now where? Why not Biarritz and Spain and Gibraltar and Morrocco and Algiers. Why not? This stumbling through Europe is delightful. Never knowing or caring whither. Your brain pounds with the craving for new scenes, new adventures, new thrills. So on to Biarritz.

A luxurious train compartiment. A superb table d'hote. The utmost in de luxe traveling. A dinner that lasts two hours. And your cocktail, your bottle of wine, your liqueur. Do they know how to live over here?

And mixed in with all the formality is much informality. In the Diner for Breakfast comes a Frenchman. He is in his Dressing gown, pajamas and slippers; a yellow silk muffler about his neck, a monocle in his eye. Pajamas in a Public Diner! Over here, it is nothing!

You gaze out of the window. A beautiful landscape. Everywhere—Vineyards. Women tilling the soil. Peasants beating their washings on stones and cows and goats and sheep, grazing.

And you blink and rub your eyes and blink again. For now, a lovely bit of fluff comes into the compartment and

takes the seat opposite. Ah! Ze figure like ze New York Telephone Company. Every line is busy. And she is French, but she learned English in ze convent and she chatters charmingly and the journey is all too short. Then a telephone number and another key to the Pearly gates. And so it goes. Romance follows romance. And always, do you start with *Aspirations* but end with Aspirin. Now you are all fussed up and think of Spain, the land of Senoritas, Spanish Shawls and Bull fights. And of Biarritz, your first stop, the rendezvous of the élite of the world, the place where The Prince of Wales goes. And if you meet Wales here, just mention his Long Island Polo Pal, Will Rogers. And he will invite you to take a *couple* of chairs.

BIARRITZ

SIP NUMBER 4

GLORIOUS Biarritz! The very first peep, you love it. The gorgeous Bay of Biscay, and the Gulf of Gascogne; the huge, spire-shaped rocks, jutting out from the beach. The little tinted chateaus that nestle against the shore and the great towering hotels and the glorious old Norman castles. Waves splash the rocks and balmy breezes fan you into a mood, soft and mellow, as the hoofs of your horse rat-a-tat over the glorious stretch of Seashell road.

A groom, leading two spankin' saddle horses. Shaggy haired oxen lumbering ahead of a cart. An old woman driving a donkey.

The Hotel de Palais. On a marvelous bluff. (And probably run on the same principle. With indecent lights, station house wash stands, cemetery plumbing, hot and cold chambermaids and all the other modern improvements.)

Two great Casinos going full blast with Roulette and Baccarat. A lovely little lighthouse over there on the high rock. Get the tang of the sea air. Note the band-stand in the center of the square. The great War Memorial. The caves out in the rocks with seats, beckoning you to a romantic tryst. The famous Rocher De La Vierge, a huge statue of the Madonna and you hear the legend of how

the virgin protects the fisherman. Stand here and look over into Spain. See San Sebastian. Bath houses with Pergola Tea Gardens. The Esplanade der Porto Vieux. Villagers wearing the little round monkey caps with no visor (you buy one) and painted wooden shoes. Great vistas of sand bathing. Old men fishing off the rocks.

You drive along the seawall. Towers, lanes and nooks cut in the side of a cliff. More tinted chateaus covered with Ivy. Boys in smocks. A little winding street up the mountain side. Markets and shops. Donkey carts, delivering wine. Women washing clothes in a pool. And you go through a forest of great Firs. Beautiful Mimosa growing wild. A scarecrow in a garden. A lane of magnolia trees. For the steenth time, you ride in a Chandler car. Amazing.

Now the adorable village of Biarritz, with its grown-up cityfied airs. The smartest of Parisian shops here. Cinemas. Restaurants. Tea Places and wine shops.

Back to your Hotel that juts the sea and commands the whole countryside. To dress for dinner. The élite of London and Paris are here. You get your first peep at the swagger Hunt Costume. There is Lord Helpus, in red tail coat, green collar, brass buttons, black satin knee pants, colonial pumps and monocle. You have to concentrate on your Creditors and what they are going to do to you when you get back to keep from laughing right out loud. But marvelously sporty. And with His Nibs, is a resplendent Dowager, wearing a whole Dog collar of diamonds.

Then coffee in the Plaza, mid splashing fountains and a jazz band playing "Red Hot Mama."

Now some lovely thing in gold cloth and pearls gives you one of those "Come-get-me-love-me-carry-me-off-with-you"

looks and you go and get her and have a few Fox trots in the Ballroom and then the lovely thing pouts and wants to go to the Casino and gamble. And you go but what happened you would rather forget.

Next day you sleep 'till 10. Bromo 'till 11. Cocktail on the Beach. Have luncheon. Go horseback. Follow a Fox Hunt. Then Baccarat 'till 5 and dress. Dinner at Pavilion Royale. During dinner, more paper caps, rattles and confetti to get playful with. And sticks to stir the fizz out of your champagne. Then to the Casino to a Masked Ball. You go in a Taxi and leave in a Patrol Wagon. A thousand revelers in every conceivable freak fancy costume. A girl in mask comes up, grabs you and forces you to dance. And she turns out to be one of those 9 x 12 girls. You feed her at 9 and by 12 she is hungry again. Everybody drinking. Downstairs, upstairs, on the balconies. And a prize for the best fancy costume. You go as a "poached egg on toast." At least you look like that. But you don't get the prize. And this is another good night. And oh, you can never whisper it to anyone—where you went and what happened later.

Now you rush back to your Hotel, a lightning change of clothes and a flying leap for a train. A rough night you had, and you just can't think for a moment, where you are going. Oh Yes! It's on the ticket. Madrid! Fine! You get to the station but which is the train. You see seven on one track. And that reminds you. Did *you* ever get up in the morning all fagged and hot and sick, and your tongue felt thick and fuzzy, and your head like pounded brick. Through the burning gas jet, you had pushed your brand new hat. And your trousers were in the basin with

your collar and cravat. One shoe you took to bed with you between the sheets so white, and as you viewed that wreck you mused: "Oh, where was I last night?" Well that is just how it was on this particular morning. And instead of going to Madrid, you should have gone to a Hospital.

And you were so playful. Just took a hop, skip and a jump for a train and the train you landed on was going to Paducah, Kentucky, or some such place. Anyhow, not Madrid. And the five conductors you saw all at one time, made it unanimous that you were on the wrong train. And to make it still sweeter, there is no interpreter. So all you can do is just jump up and down and tear out handfuls of hair. And they understand that. They see that you are excited. They get excited too. A guard takes a deep center rush for your bags, another jumps off the train letting out war whoops; "Hogga Mogga—Gilla Mooka Zink." And in answer to that, up dashes a motor car. And you and the luggage are thrown into the motor car and with all steam on, you shoot out from there like a mouse out of a cat show. Whiz, you go like a Rocket. Eighty miles an hour. And you have not the slightest idea where you are going. But now you see another train and you grin and throw it a kiss. Your car stops. You run. "Ah! At last!" But not so fast. A fierce looking Spaniard pushes you back. You yell. He speaks no English. You rush at the train again. He pushes you off again. Then a porter comes running. He grabs you by the arm, jerks you back to the station. Three other wild-eyed gentlemen jump up and down, gesticulating. You have not had your luggage weighed. You pay that penalty and start again. But the train is gone. Ye Gods! Now you want to sit down in

the middle of the track and cry: "Away over here in Spain, and not a friendly face or a kind word." But up comes another train and up rush more porters and on this one, you are thrown bodily. Thank Heaven! You take a nap. But just as you float into sweet dreams, the train stops. In rushes the conductor again, throws open the window and hollers to the porters. Then they rush in and off you go. All because this is Hindaye and here you get into another automobile race. You must get to Minyo, where the Madrid train, you should have taken at Biarritz, stops half an hour at a junction. Seventy-eighty-ninety miles an hour. Then your teeth come together with a snap and you are almost catapulted thru the top of the car as it pulls up sharp. Soldiers stand in the road with fixed bayonets. Cold shivers. But they are only Passport snatchers, so on you go again. But soon more soldiers stop you. Luggage examination. You are now on the borderland of France and Spain. And a little farther on, the train. Now everything is merry and bright once more and you are on your way to Madrid.

Again you prop your eyes open with matches and rubber out at the landscape. San Sebastian, the fashionable Spanish watering place. The King of Spain comes here. What gorgeous policeman. What a beautiful Spanish landscape and what marvelous Spanish architecture. The train stops. A girl runs toward the train and a crowd after her. Into a compartment she rushes and bangs the door. The crowd gathers outside. You find out that she is Salud Ruis, a great Spanish Singer. Going to Seville to appear in Opera. Luncheon and Dinner in the Diner with much Mum's and

many Cognacs. You doze and the Spanish sun burns a hole thru you.

Valladollo, where Cervantes wrote Don Quixote.
And now Madrid.

MADRID

SIP NUMBER 5

YOU inquire the best Hotel. *The Ritz*. A dear little hostelry. Only \$12.00 a day. And that goes for the whole town. The highest priced bunk city of the world. They do everything but crack you on the dome and pull your finger nails out.

The first thing you want to do, is to look over the Senoritas and then go to a bull fight.

You motor round the town. The changing of the guard at the Palace. The Pasque del Oeste, a Bridal path full of riders. A huge postoffice. The Plaza de la Zebada, the great market place. Up a beautiful driveway, the Paseo Debrosales.

Then thru the streets. They are having a carnival masquerade. A procession of Spaniards weaving in and out of the streets, dancing, singing and throwing confetti.

You go to the bull ring, called the Plaza de Toros. A great circular pavillion seating 10,000. There is the royal box, and opposite, is the band stand. In come the Matadors, the Toreadors and the Picadors. And the Bull. They stick him, madden him and kill him. And then come the 3 horses to drag him off. Fight lasts 3½ hours and they kill 6 bulls; 2 for each Matador. This fight, for the benefit of the Red Cross, and the Queen, the Patroness. Juan

Belmonte, Spain's greatest Matador spent 2 years in Texas studying cattle. He charges 25,000 pesetas to enter the ring. Several times, injured. And Sanchez Mejios, the "Valentino" of the ring.

You lunch at Antiqua Casa Botin. Crab soup. Paella a la Valencian, a mixture of chicken, fish, meat, rice, vegetables, snails and clams. Whole pigs on the side tables, skinned and roasted. And here you are introduced to a new drink, "Anis." And Anis puts you in a bright mood and you look out the window and there they are, the Senoritas in their high combs and gay Mantillas. So you stay here and sip a few more "Anis," and you and "Sweet Anis Ben Bolt," get a great idea. You think it would be jolly good to go over and call on the King. You have it all figured out. Once you did meet Alexander P. Moore and he used to be the Ambassador. But you know that he is not the Ambassador anymore and he is not in Madrid, so you would be perfectly safe in calling on the present Ambassador and telling him what a great Pal Alec is of yours and that he told you, if ever you were in Madrid, not to fail to call on the King. So you toss off another Anis and now you are all 'tuned' up like Paderewski's piano and you and the dazed guide, hail a fiacre and row over to the American Embassy to tell the Ambassador just who you are and how you stand. And you get away with it. The Ambassador is impressed. He rings a bell. A secretary takes down a letter to the Royal Chamberlain at the Palace and when your guide comes to, and is strong enough again to walk, you lean on his arm, and go to meet Alphonso, quite as nonchalantly as you go to play Billiards with James J. Ryan at your club.

You arrive at the Palace. The Royal gates open for you. You meet the Royal Chamberlain. The guards carry spears and all bow low to you. The King is away, but you can go thru the Palace. And you do go through and see everything but His Majesty's private bath tub. But when you leave you get peeved as anything because the King was not there to meet you.

Now you find out about a Ball and you go back to your hotel and dress. You remember perfectly just what you should put on, but someone else has picked your dress for you and everything is all laid out on the bed. The wrong shoes, wrong tie and wrong shirt. But you must wear them. The valet says you must and that settles it. You must learn discipline and above all, obey the servants in a Spanish Hotel. You will find also that the bed clothes are turned down. This is so you can see the sheets are clean and there is no one else in the bed. Then you proceed to dress, but another valet rushes in and snatches the clothes away from you that you have just removed and makes off with them. But don't stop him. He will bring them back as soon as he takes them downstairs and cleans your shoes on them. If your socks have holes in them, hide them the night before. And don't take the money out of your pockets or you will insult the valet. Bear in mind that if he does get insulted, he can keep your clothes. And another thing, if he calls you for a bath and you have no dressing gown you cannot bathe at all. You must not wear your overcoat to the bathroom. Just make an excuse and say you have a cold and the Doctor says you must not wash. And take this warning, if you have any clothes that you are ashamed of and don't want the valet to see, burn them in the stove.

Well you finally do get dressed. And think yourself a perfect Fritz Williams. Now, bring on those *Senoritas*?

This is another Mask Ball, the "Carzuela." A great sight and some beauties. Every *Senorita* wears a gorgeous shawl and the proverbial high comb. But the music is Broadway Jazz.

Next a Cabaret. Another *Ciro's*. (*Ciros* in Europe, as thick as *Child's* in New York. Every little village, town and hamlet has its *Ciro's*.) A lot of girls but they are all "Plants." Professional dancing partners. Now the corks begin to pop again and some more Tin Pan Alley Tunes. You see a new dance, the real Spanish Andaluca with castanets. Also the "La Jola." Black men come in, buy wine and dance with the *Senoritas*. The sheiks here sport deep side burns that go down to a rakish point. Next to Wilton Lackaye's moustache, they are quite the cutest hirsute adornment you have seen. And speaking of the famous Lackaye moustache. It is coal black and the Lackaye hair is snow white. "Why is this?" you ask him. And he answers, "The hair, you see, is 25 years older than the moustache." And you think of this gag and you wish Wilton Lackaye were with you. Not only is he a distinguished actor but the keenest mind and the most charming and polished of all the companions that you know.

You go now for another fiacre ride and hear an astounding tale. See that wall over there. See that little window in it. Well, learn of a very strange and ancient custom. Here, unhappy Mothers drop their newborn babies. There is an institution on the other side of the wall that provides for the infant and gives it an education. The woman who drops the baby is never seen. A present day great Mata-



And how the lovely Senoritas fell for that guitar.

dor came from out this unique home. It is called "La Inclausa." And a sign reads "Mis Padres Me Abandonan La Caridad Ne Recoja." (My Fathers have abandoned me, charity takes me.)

Now for a real Spanish Dinner. No English spoken in this place. You have to pick out the dishes with the prettiest names and trust to luck. "De Lenguado Mo Dinera" turns out to be fish. "Codillo De Cerdo" is ham and sauerkraut. "Alcachofas" is an artichoke. "Hark"—a tinkling guitar. Three girls dancing the Bombilla at mid-day, in the Public Square. And a little farther along, jingly melodies from a hand organ. As you stroll along, you gaze upward and on every other balcony is a senorita. Lovely? And you just can't make your eyes behave .

You learn about the great Spanish Lottery. 15 million pesetas the Grand Christmas prize. The Dodo who wins this, need do nothing for the rest of his life, but play to those balconies. Lucky Bird! Thru the Museo Del Prado. Here some notable paintings. But you can only peep at them through one eye. They must put dynamite in those Anis-es. And the pictures, Ruben's, Van Dyck's, and Lopez'. But what do you care about Ruben, Van Dyck and Lopez. As far as you are concerned, Ruben's is a Delicatessen. Lopez is a Jazz Band. And Van Dyck is a beard. Anyhow, you were there. That is being brave enough.

The Bank of Spain, big as the Pennsylvania Station. It has to be big to hold all the money they Gyp from Americans. Opposite it a Cinema. Johnie Walker the big favorite in Madrid.

Here comes a Hispano-Suiza. 2 men on the box. A Spanish Grandee, out with his little Spanish Mama.

Hispano Suizas are made here. At Barcelona. And you decide that you will buy a Golden Hispano, with a music box under the seat—and beside you, will be Rosie Dolly, fighting to hold your hand. Ha! That anis makes lovely dreams. You saunter along among the smart shops. All close from 1 to 3 for Siesta, then stay open until 7. Everybody drinks until 9 and then goes to dinner. The theatres start at 10:30. But at 10:00 o'clock a most peculiar sort of night watchman comes out. One on each block. He carries a spear and a lantern. He opens the front door for every resident on his block and collects a tip from each. If you get sick in the night, he goes for medicine or a doctor. Oh, of course, *you* would ask "What would he get you if you were lonesome?"

And now something strange happens. You go back to your hotel and all the servants bow and scrape and the chief clerk comes out and hands you a card. You wonder what it is all about. But you look at the card and this is what has happened.

That American Ambassador you called on, believed you, a real personage. He has called on you, and formally. What a laugh that is.

Now you must say, Ta Ta to Madrid and journey on. You send for your bill. And when you get it, you have prolapsis of the aeosophagus, housemaid's knee and frapped feet all at the same time. You think you are looking at the French War debt. John D. Rockefeller, Henry Ford and the Aga Khan couldn't raise enough between them to spend a week at this hotel. For the price you paid, you should have had a diamond-studded bed with the mattress stuffed with ostrich plumes and a cut glass bath tub filled with

the tears of humming birds. In New York there is a little sign on the hotel room doors, "Stop! Have you left anything?" And you usually go back and take the sheets and pillow cases. In Madrid it is, "Stop! Have you anything left." And *they* come up and take your B.V.D's.

Au Revoir, Madrid. You almost had to pawn your Aunt Sarah's gold garter buckles to get out of town.

But on the train, you meet another American Sweetness. From San Francisco. She is traveling with Mama. (She knows a roommate of yours at School. You hope she never meets that roommate and he tells her how they almost had to burn the College down to get you out of it.) Mama and Sweetness are going to Africa. And you are just dippy enough to say, "Baby, you have a Mama, why not a Daddy?" And she says—"Goody-Goody." And that settles it. You go to Africa.

To Gibraltar. To Morocco. To Algiers. A perfect party except for Mama. Mama was a chicken when King Tut was a waiter on Noah's Ark and is always getting in the way and on your nerves, and speaking out of turn. You park her in a nice compartment all to herself and you and Sweetness hie to the Diner and make merry with libations.

Thru the South of Spain. Policemen on Station platforms carry big knives. You wonder whether they stick people with them or merely use them to pick their teeth with. Great stretches of cactus. And you look at the cactus and think of all the people you would like to push into it.

Jimena. The whole population turns out to see the train go by. Men wearing Bull fighter hats and red sashes. And those Spanish Chickens.

Your Conductor is also the Porter, the chambermaid, the

cook and the waiter. He wakes you up with a pot of coffee in one hand and a plate of sponge cake in the other. You prop up on one elbow and eat it in bed. And he talks like a Texas breeze blowing over a cowshed. Not a word of English. You are headed for some Junction to change trains. But you don't know where or when you get off. All you can do is trust and pray.

More women in the fields. But these are plowing with cows. An inspiration for a song. "When it's Cow Plowing Time Among the Cactus, I'll Come Moo-ing Home to You." Like those other sweet ballads you sing when "Lit." "When It's Onion Time in Bermuda, I'll *Breathe* my Love to You," and "When It's Banana Time in Sicily, I'll Come *Sliding* Home to You."

You arrive at Algeciras. And here, somebody motions for you to get off and you do and take a boat to Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR

SIP NUMBER 6

THAT great Rock of Gibraltar that you always thought was owned by The Prudential Life Insurance Co., but which you find out now is a British Fortress. A cocky little town built on this rock. You wind in and out and up and down it, in an old Fiacre and your eyes dance. 22,000 people live on this rock. There is a first class theatre, 4 movies, 3 jazz bands and 5 Dance Halls. And Football, Cricket and Tennis. You see your first Moor. They wear red fezzes and kimonas. And there is an old Moorish Castle with Mosques and Convents.

The British Atlantic Fleet is in the harbor. 15,000 sailors cavorting all over the Rock. But not enough Red Hot Mamas to go around.

Alameda Gardens. The Home of the English Governor.

Gibraltar is a great fortress. No enemy ship can pass. The entire rock, a network of concealed guns. Europa Point where there is a great Light House.

Gibraltar is full of monkeys. You feel at home. A street organ is playing, "Yes, We Have No, etc." The very latest Hit in Gibraltar.

Athletes in trunks, training for a Marathon. And a race course with blooded Spanish and Moorish horses. Steeple-

chasing, the favorite sport. A great Arsenal here. Soldiers at target practice.

And now for the boat to *ORAN* in Algeria. And a thrilling ride along the Riff Coast of Morocco, where Abd-El-Krim and his nutty Moors are scrapping but don't know what for.

The dandiest little boat, this one. The *Gibel Zerjon*. And the captain. How delightful a skipper is he? If you ever go to Algiers, go with Captain *BREDENBERG* and you will learn and profit much.

And now for Morocco.

MELLILA

MOROCCO

SIP NUMBER 7

AND here you see the real Moorish life, not much touched by Civilization. A Spanish Army base. Natives riding burros. Women carrying chicken coops on their heads.

The quaint shops. Herds of goats going to be milked. Moors in groups, chanting. Women with gags over their mouths (a great idea) and strangely tatooed. A sign that means "Singer Sewing Machines." Huts under the ground and families living in them. A strange funeral. Outriders and Postillions in George Washington hats and wigs. A donkey herd. Shacks high up on the hillside. Pack donkeys, carrying everything. Moors covered with beads. A great day to-day.

A Carnival is in progress. The entire populace is out to see it. You rush and grab a sidewalk table at a Cafe. And here come the Floats drawn by high stepping horses and laden with costumed men and women shouting in Moorish and throwing confetti. And the procession and the floats and the Carnival crowds continue into the night, adding gay lanterns and bon fires.

A beautiful park here with olive, fig and almond trees and date palms.

Quaint shops and booths with their silks and copperwares and the keepers sitting cross-legged in the doorways. Here in Mellila, they still have conjurers and snake charmers. And great crowds gather around a Gimbri player with his makeshift combination guitar and bagpipe; and they chant and dance thruout the day and night. Strange it is, to see those big 6 foot Moors when meeting, kiss each other. You get a kick out of this day. With its Carnival and weird native Moorish life and the good liquors and everything around you, aflame with life and color. And now starts another "party." And you and one *F. TONE CAVILL* are given your choice of—"Leave Mellila or be shot." So—you journey on to Oran.

ORAN

SIP NUMBER 8

ORAN is the large seaport town of Algeria. You disembark here and entrain for the city of Algiers. As your boat streams up the dock, you behold a shouting, gyrating army of Arabs, their turbans and robes, a riot of color. These, the real Bedouins. Veiled women, bare feet and ankle chains and on their heads, huge baskets of flowers and vegetables. You are hustled onto a train, and you ride thru strange fantastic country. On all sides, mud huts inhabited by Bedouin Gypsies. Thru the train window you see women carrying babies on their backs, and over there is a nest of young Cranes.

Village after village. Venian, Miliam, Bon Madia, Elaffron, Blida. Everywhere, Arabs in strange dress. And the marvelous African sunset as you pull into Algiers.

ALGIERS

SIP NUMBER 9

AND now thrill follows thrill. Actually you are in Algiers. You started out to see only London and Paris. But you have busted into Africa, and it is marvelous. A city of 220,000. With over 40,000 Moors living segregated in a Section of their own, called the Kasbah. A city within a city, hundreds of years old and to-day just as primitive as the day it was built; with not a single modern improvement. Built on a steep hillside with 107 narrow, winding, rock-paved streets. Just lined with quaint bazaars, eating houses, saloons and cribs of "Soliciting" native girls.

A bedlam of donkeys, goats and yellow men, women and children, crowding and pushing and shouting their way along. Gramophones playing native records in the Cafes.

The lure of this Arab Village built in the 14th Century and untouched by Civilization. You cannot get enough of it. You make a pilgrimage thru its labyrinth of steep narrow streets at night and it is pitch dark. Figures are sleeping on the bare ground all about your feet, as you walk and you barely miss stepping on them. The windows of the houses are all barred and there is no glass. You hear a wild, weird buzz of talking, laughing, singing, gramophone-playing and snoring. And the stench is sickening. This is

the real thing. The real Arab at home. Not a side show gotten up for tourists. Your guide gives you many fascinating sketches of Arab life, customs and traditions. And as you wind in and out, you are held in a spell. This 14th Century Moorish Architecture with its arched windows and doors and turrets and minarets, is fascinating beyond words.

Now into the other half of Algiers, the modern side. A contrast difficult to believe. Here, the very utmost in present-day luxury. The St. George, one of the finest hotels in the world, with its acres of flower beds and palm, orange and date trees and playing fountains. Horesback and golf and tennis, and every night a ball, with a Jazz band from Paris. Your fellow guests, the cream of the society of the world. A thoroughly lavish and metropolitan setting. At night, the Casino. Gambling full blast. Boule and baccarat. Evening dress. And the cabarets. Walls hung in silk. Lighted glass floors. Girls of all nations drink and dance with you all night.

You take a marvelous motor ride. The Governor's Palace. Gorgeous villas, the winter homes of the world's wealthy. Algiers has nearly as many motor cars as Paris.

Along the Boulevard Bru. The great Chateau of the French Senator Duroux, high on the banks of the Mediterranean. On all sides, orange, tangerine, lemon and lime trees. Figs, olives and dates. You hear your Arab chauffeur say "Ich Allah." You find out it means, "I should worry." The Pasteur Hospital. The famous statue of the woman with the inscription, "Ouled Nail." Means, "Mule by day, beautiful Queen at night." And that is true. You see women breaking rock along the roads, men sitting in the shade eating and drinking. The native women here, are the

beasts of burden. Algerian cats and dogs. They are very dangerous. Carry disease.

The glorious Jardin Essay. Great trees 100 feet high, forming a bower for half a mile. Palm, Dragon, Bamboo, Banyan trees. One section called the "Ravine of the wild women." (A good name for "The Roaring Forties" and "The Feverish Fifties" of Broadway.) A fairy pond of water lilies and elephant ears. A beautiful, smooth stretch of bathing beach. The Painter's Colony.

Here in Algiers, all rich Arabs have 3 or 4 wives, and women are gauged by their weight. Three months before marriage, they are fed some special food and stuffed, to make them fat. Only fat women are considered beautiful. Mohammed is said to have been the instigator of the veiled face to protect his own wives and sweethearts, that they might not disclose their beauty and be taken away from him. There are two things no Arab can resist—alcohol and a pretty face. The man never sees his wife before marriage. Marries her on the recommendation of his friends. An Arab must pray 5 times a day. Before praying, he must be clean physically and mentally. He washes his hands, face and feet.

Now into Bab-a-Zoun Gardens. Republic Square. Rows of Motor Car Sales Agencies. American cars. Government Square. The Civil Prison. Into a carpet factory. No child labor laws here. Girls 8 years old, Moorish, Spanish, Italian, Jewish, weaving carpets and rugs. And here they stay until they are grown. Then they go home and don the veil. 6 months, it takes to make a rug. Woven according to a printed pattern. No wages paid the first year. After



Some of your little Boy Scout playmates in Algeria.

that, from 4 to 10 francs a day. 60 % of all Arab children have bad eyes, from inherited disease.

Elkettar Cemetery where you are beset by beggars. An old Turkish Harem, where, in 1830, the reigning Bey kept his 173 wives. Secret tunnels leading to the Mediterranean. Did he take them down and drown them?

A Dentist. To prove that he is a good dentist, he has pans full of teeth outside his shop. He is also a Barber. A native Turkish Bath. The great public market place. A procession of boys from a Catholic Church carrying candles, learning to be Altar boys. Boys selling "Off color" post cards. The Avenue Bruce, principal business street. A view of the Atlas Mountains. The old Winter Palace, 400 years old. A wonderful Moorish drawing-room. Dining Hall of the Bey's favorite Sweetie. Room full of lutes. Barred windows. A secret cabinet. Press a button, it revolves and there, behold a secret stairway to a Tunnel.

Bainem Forest. Hundreds of Peacocks. Point Pescade, famous restaurant. Bab Elued, a Spanish section. Mosque of the Black Virgin. (The natives believing that the Virgin Mary was black.) A Spanish Slave Market. Now a rest and a taste of the national Dish, "Cous Cous." A chicken and mutton stew.

Vineyards, orange and date groves and good wines. Arab farmers. The Racing Stables of Lord Hunter and his private Race Track. Horses turning a water fall. The village of Virtouta. Arabs riding bicycles. Ploughing with oxen. Hedges of Cactus. Women again breaking rock. A movie. A Football field. Rows of geraniums. For Perfume.

The Public Square. Hundreds of Arabs, squatted on ground. An Algerian Cavalry Troupe and a great stud

farm. The finest Arabian stallions. An Arab prefers his horse to his wife. More peacocks and monkeys. A parking stand for Donkeys. Turkish baths. Another Movie. A Moorish house with orange trees and rose bushes in the front yard. 2 girls at a window. They are flirting. A sheep herd led by a donkey with a bell. An Arab hurls a stick at a rabbit and kills him. Apricot trees.

Chiffa Gorge. One of the great Canyons of the world. Marvelous waterfalls. Miles and miles of gorgeous panorama. Women hitched up with a donkey to a plough. Man slashing both with whip. Arabs sleeping on a wall, a foot wide. And overlooking a gorge with a drop of a thousand feet. A new way to commit suicide.

The famous Hotel Ruisseau des Singes. On the side of a mountain and here you behold something terrifically extraordinary. Hundreds of big yellow monkeys, some carrying their babies on their backs. They come down from their homes in the mountains to this Hotel, every day at noon and for 3 hours they make things Hum. They steal robes out of automobiles. Clothes off the line. Raid the hotel kitchen. Bang on the windows, pull at your coat and dance and prance all over the place. Each tribe has a chief. The attaches of the Hotel, have all the Chiefs named. One is "Doctor Veronoff" (Discoverer of Monkey Glands). (A man we all admire is Chesterton Sands. He traded his wheel chair for Monkey Glands.) One big monkey does not like women. Naturally, a Lady monkey. She snaps and rushes at every woman who passes. Then they all get together, as monkeys always do, and have a glorious flea-picking contest. A native boy says to one—"Very good, nice monkey make one big damn time." Four sit on the

ledge and watch you eat and you wish you could have them in because they look so much like some friends of yours. And so it happens that these monkeys bring the entire patronage to this Hotel. You just can't help laughing over what would happen if some Jewish gentleman from New York should come over, open up a hotel right across the road, give the monkeys a Banquet, and get them all to coming over to his place. He would put the other fellow out of business. And you think of that classic remark of Col. W. D. M. Simmon's—"It took Nature over three thousand years to make a man out of a monkey but a little Broadway Flapper can make a monkey out of a man in 3 minutes."

Now the Village of Colfa. Soldiers with heads shaved. Fields of white tomatoes. Every farm house spic and span. A government law that every house must be painted every year.

Crossing the river Mazegrau, largest in Algiers but only 30 feet wide. Donkeys hauling kegs of wine. Village of Buyonville, the center for new potatoes. The Lighthouse of Caxine. Point Pescaoe, flanked by beautiful houses and gardens. A bus line along the seawall. An old fort now used for training carrier pigeons. Hundreds of them. They are taken to Morocco and France and carry messages to and fro. And you say Au Revoir to Algiers, but before departing, your chauffeurs and your guides and the entire retinue of the hotel, line up, palms extended and some of them are even kind enough to tell you "how much."

Now for Marseilles. A luxurious boat and a score of white clad stewards dancing attendance. A delightful ride and—Marseilles, the great Seaport of France.

MARSEILLES

SIP NUMBER 10

A DRIVE up the Allessde Meilhan. Crowds line the way and there is a band playing and hundreds dancing in the public square. You learn that the business of Marseilles is controlled by the Greeks. Herbert Corthel was right.

You drive up the Boulevard Longchamps to the great Palais Longchamps. Built for Napoleon III. Wonderful fountains and statues here. The Museum of Arts and Natural History. The Zoölogical Gardens. The old Lamp-lighters making their nightly rounds. The Public Market Place with a Donkey Track in the Center. The Military Hospital. The Prada, the Main Promenade. A fine boulevard of fine houses. The Palace of Borrely, now a Museum of Egyptian Art. A great beach Promenade along the seawall. A Race Course. Tinted chateaus high up on the hillside.

The Corniche drive. Marvelous private estates and here the Villa of the late Gaby Deslys. Harry Pilcer, her former dancing partner, has given a permanent order that the flowers on her grave be kept ever fresh. Her favorites were violets and mimosa. Gaby left her Villa for a home for poor boys. Sign on gate, "Villa Gaby."

The yacht of the Khedive of Egypt in the harbor. The

Fish Market. Oysters 3 francs a dozen. Clams 1 franc a dozen. You dine at Pascals, the great Restaurant of Marseilles. And have the famous dish of the town, "Bouillabaisse." (Pronounced Boo-a-bis.) Soup with every known fish, lobster, clams, mussels and oysters in it and chunks of bread. And you have more mussels cooked with spinach. And rabbit and pigeon. Then out to find the night life. The Cabarets and the girls.

The Alcazar. A big Revue. Girls paint their legs here. Once more, that teasing strain "Valencia" and they almost rip up the floor.

Now you have an adventure. Your mood, merry and mellow as always. You are just itching for something. On comes a petite damsel and does a Nautch dance, quite without costume. Her lover appears. He mauls and throws her about the stage. Enter a new Romeo. On he rushes at the throat of the Apache, to save the girl. The friends of the Apache grab him, throw him against a wall and manacle his hands and feet. Then the Apache steps off and throws knives at him, forming a frame around his body. A marvelous and thrilling dancing act. You get all steamed up. You tell your interpreter that you must meet those artists and take the girl back to America with that extraordinary knife thrower. The excited interpreter goes backstage and arranges the interview. You swell up, imagine yourself a showman, and swagger in. You talk New York. The girl is with her Boy friend. If Mademoiselle did consider your offer, he would have to go along. You vanish into the balmy night. No "boy friends" making love on your money!

Into another place. A cabaret. A Marimba band.

Great music. You are the only American and all the little damsels want to dance with you at once. Then some excitement. Over in a corner, a Bimbo starts a fight. Some other chap has been flirting with his cutie. A strange thing happens. The scrappy one starts to cry. All the girls run over and kiss him. And he laughs. Next, all the men start kissing each other on the cheek. And the fight is over. The guide explains, "The girls kissed the man because they thought he was unhappy. The men kissed each other because the row was over." And all during the fracas, the Saxophone player, leaves the orchestra, goes over to the scrapper's table and plays a rousing tune to fight by.

And this, you call a night. You go back to your hotel and change for a train to Paris. A great little jaunt, this. Biarritz, Spain, Gibraltar, Morocco and Algiers. Places you never dreamed you would ever see.

And again Paris. And now where? Always the question, "Where—next?" Somebody tells you to go see the Riviera. By Jove! Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes. Choo Choo! You are on your way.

NICE

SIP NUMBER 11

A GLORIOUS train journey thru a bewilderingly beautiful country. The exquisite great blue sea. The Mediterranean. Everywhere, chateaus. Tinted blue and pink stucco. Entirely new and charming architecture. Some on high cliffs.

Here is *Cannes*. Another famous resort of the Riviera. A great casino. More gorgeous villas. Girls on bicycles. Donkeys going up the rocks. What color! What a view! What palm trees!

The train speeds along. More villas and chateaus and Winter Hotels. And blue water and glorious rocks. A Fairyland of Fairylands. Inwardly you exult over the beautiful Mediterranean. But alas! You are no poet.

Now *Nice*. You think Nice the most marvelously exquisite place you ever saw. The drive to the Hotel. The Promenade Victor Hugo. Great Palm trees shoot up into the air and curl over and form a beautiful leafy canopy, completely hiding the sky. The beauty of this bower. The thrill to the senses when you promenade thru it. The Queen of all the Winter Resorts of the world, Nice. And the Casino here and the life about it! Glorious!

The Carnival of Nice, the Battle of Flowers, the confetti,

the masquerade balls. The Tennis Tournaments. One gala event after another. A hundred gala events.

And the climate. The ever clear air. The bright Sun. The luxuriant tropical vegetation. The almost complete absence of rain. Nice just picks you up and tosses you into Heaven. Palm Beach and Cuba. Bah! Nice, worth crossing ten oceans.

La Promenade des Anglais. On one side, Palm trees and flower gardens and grand Hotels. On the other the gorgeous Mediterranean. And those little toy islands stretching far out into the Sea and on them, the castles of Millionaires. Tinted stucco. Pink with green shutters. Blue with white shutters. Towers and turrets. The entire landscape touched by a Fairy's wand.

You stroll up the "Promenade des Anglais." Glorious! No promenade like it. And the great "Corniche Drive." You gasp at all these splendors and then it comes to you that it must have been here that Charles V. Bossert got his inspiration for "Treasureland" at Auburndale, Long Island.

Pawn your Aunt Clara's Bird Cage, sell your piano, take the gold out of your teeth, leave your baby with the Janitor; anything but get to Nice.

Now for another ten ton thrill. Monte Carlo!



MONTE CARLO

SIP NUMBER 12

ALL your life, you have had that little sporty streak. Beginning away back at the age of 15, you remember how you grabbed and devoured every newspaper, magazine or book that had anything about Monte Carlo in it. And if ever you were given your choice between Heaven and Monte Carlo, you would have quickly shouted,

"Monte Carlo." To you, it has always been some sort of a magic dream-place, away off somewhere and never would you get within thousands of miles of it. But now you are here.

There it is, Monte Carlo.

You motor to the great Casino. Where all your life you have wanted to be. The big gambling place. And every drop of sporting blood within you sings out, "Let me at it."

You walk up the great marble steps and into the Gaming Salon of Monte Carlo. That proverbial little boy on Christmas morn, with his first red fire engine, had nothing on you. The big room. The 8 long tables. A Croupier at each end and each with a little rake. You lose. They rake off the chips. You win. They push more on.

Humanity of every type, phase and station. Men and women. Young and old. All with sure winning "systems." All with pencil and paper. Putting down the little figures. Adding. Multiplying. Dividing. Subtracting. Scratching their heads. Rubbing their chins at each turn of the wheel. Like eagles they watch the little ball. It drops. They put down more figures. The poor souls. The faith they have in their systems. They are sure they can guess that wheel and break the bank. But, alas, no system has ever worked yet. The tragedy of that. And day after day, these same people keep right on with the pencil and the paper. And for years to come, they will still sit and figure. And lose all. No one ever has been known to win consistently. Not a word spoken except by the Croupiers. They spin the wheel, toss the little ball and away she goes. Every kind of play. Some play the numbers. Some between two numbers. Some between four numbers. Some on the "O" and some on the

rouge et noir. Faces tense. The air thick with suspense. The ball stops. The cry of the Croupier. A few are lucky. Many more are unlucky. But round goes the ball again. Some dropping out. Other eager ones taking their places.

Another cognac and another. Your blood is on fire. You buy your first stack of chips. You try your luck at the wheel. Imagine coming to Monte Carlo and looking on. It can't be done.

And you are just tuned up enough to want to go into the Private Salon where you must show your passport, answer many questions, establish your responsibility and pay a fee before you can get a card of admittance. But you get in and here is an atmosphere entirely different. A beautiful mirrored and tapestried hall, with liveried servants and everyone in evening dress. You are much pleased and impressed. You toss in a thousand francs and get 10 checks worth 100 francs each. A woman goes broke and gets up. You take her chair. The Croupier smiles. You lay a check on the red and Lady Luck starts to smile. You win. This night, everything all hunky-dory. You quit with velvet. And how amusing, and at the same time tragic. The other poor Dodo birds, with their papers and pencils. Losing their all. One after another, down and out. You see old ladies with their fingers stripped of rings. Faces drab and drawn. A catch in their throats. But on, they continue. Losing more and more. Each day and night. A lure they cannot resist. They eat or they don't eat, according to the wheel's smile or frown. How pleased, therefore, were you. You played the big game in the Private Salon and you beat it. An adventure you will never forget. And oh, the gorgeous setting of the Casino. Jutting far

out into the Mediterranean. Commanding the entire countryside. A magnificent, majestic building with its myriad lights dancing on the sea and the hustle and bustle of the thousands, that all day stream in and out.

Back now to Nice. A glorious midnight drive. Moonlight. No drive in the world just like it. A thousand and one sharp turns up a steep cliff-side. Passages, sometimes, so narrow, like driving thru the eye of a needle and only the most expert driver is permitted to negotiate it. What a sight! Little twinkling lights from the windows of Chateaus. And Lighthouses far out to sea.

A village of old Roman houses at Lehan. Built 150 years B.C. You are riding along cliffs, seven thousand feet above sea level. The tiny village of Beaulieu Sur Mer. These Villas and Hotels. Beautiful! Fairyland!

Back in Nice. And a party. Some fellow pleasure-pilgrims are going to Genoa. Then to Rome. And you will go to Genoa and Rome with them. Au revoir Cannes, Monte Carlo, the Riviera. You will come back. Every year you will come back. It was glorious.

On the train. You libate, play bridge, lunch and look out the window. A jolly group of four. Adventures, surprises, thrills.

See now, the gorgeous Castle of the Prince of Monaco. The poor little "Urchin" who owns Monte Carlo. High on a mountain of rock. Another gasp! More Lighthouses. More pink and blue stuccoed villas. The entire vista, so exquisite and delicate. No panorama like it. A castle a second flashes by. All on the banks of the Mediterranean.



Hot Zigedy, boys and girls. This is the life! I

If there be a millionaire in the world who has not a villa here, you proclaim him stupid. For he cheats himself out of life at its most dazzling peak. Absolutely terrifically impressive.

Now *Ventimilia*. The frontier of France and Italy. You change cars. The first stop in Italy. Lunch at the station and you get your first glimpse of the real spaghetti and how *she* should be *etc.* Ye Gods! Can you describe it? A huge Italian sits opposite. A napkin over his left shoulder to catch the golden strands that stray. High in the air, he hoists the spaghetti. Then see him duck his head, and get down under, rest his right ear on the plate and open wide his mouth. The shorter strings he catches in a cascade as they come down. The larger strings he holds between his teeth and chews up slowly, inch by inch, to the very end. Then the knife-work. The gooey tomato part that fell on the napkin is scraped off next. He gives a pleased snort and the Victory is won. A truly magnificent performance. Spaghetti. It rises in the *yeast* and sets in the *vest*. Spaghetti! It builds you up physically, but pulls you down socially. And now to the next course, the soup. A beautiful, melodious, swishing sound. Like the tide coming in at Coney Island. And the meat course. He tosses this off in a jiffy and then affectionately reaches over and dips his bread in his wife's gravy. And right here there is a fortune waiting for the man who invents aluminum finger caps. And consider also those million Italians, who each year, lose their eyesight from leaving their spoons in their coffee cups.

Now along the Mediterranean.

San Remo. The place they name apartments after in New York. A woman sells ice-cream bricks with tin spoons.

It is getting warmer. Time to switch the Bowler for the Panama. And not so nice, these Italian trains. Worst in Europe. First Class not as good as Third Class in England. Coaches old and dirty.

The quaint little village of Taggia. More tinted stuccoed houses.

The borderland of Italy. Grapes, Grapes. This, a great wine country. And wine, they drink like water. With every meal, wine. And all day long between meals. Three lire a bottle (12¢).

The Village of Torino. A girl with a push cart full of ice cold beer. And a truck couldn't hold enough for you on a day like this.

Great yachts dot the harbor here. And you ride along the edge of this glorious sea.

Varozze. Some real Peasant life. Women in the fields and goats and sheep and cows and chickens and shaggy dogs. And Ye Gods! A billboard. Heinz Pickles. In Italy.

Charming little inland lakes with canoes, and colored awnings and tiny cottages. An Italian Summer resort. And now Genoa.

GENOA

SIP NUMBER 13

ONE of the great ports of Italy. The myriad of masts. The huge statue of Columbus. And to him, you mentally doff your hat. You thank Mr. Columbus. Not a bad day's work, finding America. And compared to these other countries, America is still a baby. Only 444 years old. These other towns, a couple of thousand. But, "Oh Mable, the 'baby' is lovely." You will tell that to the cockeyed world.

Fine Hotels and shops and restaurants here in Genoa. And many odd, old sights. And these gorgeously appareled gentlemen. Who are they? With their three-cornered velvet hats, ostrich plumes, gold epaulets, brass buttoned coats and red sashes. They carry swords. You are simply awe-struck. They are *Policemen*. Just wop-cops. Can you imagine one of those musical comedy Romeos directing traffic in New York? If he ever had to chase a naughty, bad burglar and that sword caught between his legs! But as funny as they look, those Musical Comedy Wop Coppers must be game. For this is the home of the "Black Hand" Gentry.

In a great restaurant. For Dinner. Something comes out. The Head waiter was once a waiter at "Jack's" in New York. And does that name take you back? The year

1902. The "Haymarket," the first stop. Man, that was a place. Then at four in the morning, to Jack's and there a battle Royal with the waiters. You threw bottles at them. They swung chairs at you. Busted knuckles. Busted noses. Busted heads. If you never had a battle in Jack's, you don't know your New York. And this waiter chap and you, away off here in Genoa, have a great reunion.

Cabarets here, too. And some night life. And some drives around the town. A right snappy, pert little Italian Seaport town.

Now for Rome! On this train, a fancy conductor with a Van Dyke beard, and English walking trousers. And you with American dollars to make him bend.

On rolls the train. The heat, terrible.

Looking out the window. An old monk climbing the mountainside. In brown robe and sandals. He leads a donkey. Now a station and more "Musical Comedy" Policemen. And more scenery and more spaghetti and more cold beer and more heat and more stations and then Rome.



SIP NUMBER 14

ROME, the wonderful, awe-inspiring, historical, old City of Rome. But immediately you are struck by the modernness of Rome. The Great boulevards. The jolly sidewalk cafes. The gay Parks with colored lanterns strung between the trees. The jazz bands. The populace at tables, eating and drinking. The magnificent

residences and hotels. Theatres. Shops. Movies. Promenading. Pretty girls. Dashing Italian Officers. And whis-kies and sodas and cocktails and champagne and liqueurs. And dancing and flirting. All the life you want and in this *ancient* city of Rome.

The first thing you do, is meet the Pope. You wear your dinner clothes at high noon. It is the rule, that no one receive an audience with His Holiness, unless attired in black and but one black suit had you. The ceremony of seeing the Pope is most impressive. You are escorted into the Audience Chamber. You kneel with other Pilgrims, in a row against the railing. His Holiness enters and walks the full length of the railing, putting out his hand and all kiss his ring. He is accompanied by a guard in gold braid. The other guards are Swiss Guards. Their uniform designed by Michael Angelo, and a riot of colors. The Pope is great! A kind, smiling face and stocky physique. The appearance of an athlete. Before he became Pope, a great mountain climber. As His Holiness walks thru the chamber, he only speaks to the Priests and the children, kneeling before him. You wanted to say something nice to him, give him Jack Ewald's regards or something, but he walked on by.

Next day, another adventure. You leave the surface of the earth for awhile. Go down into the catacombs. Carry a candle, creep along narrow, winding passages and there as you gaze with all the solemnity and reverence mortal man can command, upon the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, upon the graves of the early Christians, upon the caverns carved in the wall in which they hid themselves during their persecution, you suddenly, from these awesome,

sacred sights, look up and there stands facing you, a man you know. And the last time you saw him was across a card table down in Kentucky. And now in utter humility and shame and contrition you apologize to St. Peter and St. Paul and to all the early Christians, for as you looked into that familiar smiling face, something within you snapped and you said it right out loud, "Well I'll be damned." And after that, an intermission.

A sacred pilgrimage was halted and arm and arm two men were seen to climb out of the catacombs and into the light and over the road to a tavern. And hours and hours later, they come out and rather circuitously maneuvered over to a quaint little sidewalk cafe, the "Casalada" and there had a beautiful dinner. "Papa" Francisco's place. At the end of a rickety street. With donkeys and peasants and quaint people passing by.

Then a drive in a fiacre, to that gay lantered park. A sip and a sup and a Tango. And at midnight another old carriage and to the ancient coliseum. By moonlight. Glorious!

Next day to the Forum. The ancient walls. The ruins. The Palace of the King. The Palace of Marguerite, the late Queen Mother.

St. Peters, largest Cathedral of all the world. The Vatican again. The main sections. Marvelous paintings, sculptures, books and the Popes' personal gifts from the Rulers of all Nations.

In the wonderful Sistine Chapel in St. Peters, the great painting by Michaelangelo. "The History of Civilization." One of the marvelous art masterpieces of the world. And a story is told of this painting.

The Cardinal of that period, upon seeing the picture, objected to certain nude figures. He ordered Michaelangelo back and commanded him to paint draperies over them. The great Artist did so. But under protest; and to express his indignation and contempt for the Cardinal, he added another figure at the lower right hand corner of the canvas, upon the body of which he entwined a snake and painted the ears of an ass. The Cardinal recognized this new face and body, as his own, and flew into a violent rage, but Michaelangelo, the great painter, sculptor, orator, poet and writer, stood too high with the Crown and the people to be annoyed. The painting remained. See it to-day just as the great Michaelangelo left it.

Also in the Sistine Chapel, the most remarkable of all paintings. The great ceiling. Painted by Michael Angelo. For five years he laid flat on his back and painted it upside down. A feat never attempted before or since. Here also in the Sistine Chapel, each Pope takes his vows and from here the traditional little wisp of smoke trickles upward to proclaim the balloting on the new Pope.

Then you visit the graves of the Poets, Keats and Shelley, in the Protestant Cemetery.

The church on the spot where Nero was buried.

The "Church of the Dominie." Beneath the floor, preserved on a tablet, what is said to be the *footprints of Christ*.

The Temple of Augustus Cæsar. Here, more skulls of the early Christians. Cæsar's private Chariot driveway. The bones of some ten thousand Capucian Monks, draped in fantastic shapes all over the walls. Skulls stuck in their cowl. To suggest the way they stood in life.

The Oratory of Cicero and Hortensio. Built a century before Christ. The spot where Cæsar was cremated. Imprints of the ancient inscription plainly visible. The translation reading: "If you lose, smile." But James P. Normanly, the genial Banker, has a different version of it. "Never let your courage falter. Never let your spirits fade. When somebody hands you a lemon, why just make some lemonade."

And you saw all the churches, galleries and museums. Marvelous sculptures, and canvasses.

The original "Apollo Belvedere." The original "Discus Thrower." Priceless Raphaels. You saw them all. From Roman Walls and Roman Ruins to Roman Punches and Roman Candles. You Rome-d it all around. And you got a "Kick" out of the Ancient. A "Kick" out of the modern. Rome is a wonderful, beautiful, inspiring city.

And still are these Romans, the faithful disciples of their Cæsars. For Rome is gay and the citizens play. A good time in Rome. But everywhere, the shades of our old friends, Cleopatra, Mark Antony and Brutus. And it is still a question, "If Cleo made Mark Anthony the Mark he was, and Cæsar made Brutus the Brute he was. Ah!", I ask of you, "who made Lydia Pinkham the Pill *she* was? Answer me that—Friends, Romans and Bootleggers."

Now a thrilling pilgrimage over the Ancient Appian way. Built 300 years B.C. You see the place where Cæsar "seized her." The Forum where Mark Anthony delivered his famous oration. Where the great Cicero propounded his philosophy to the ages and from which our "Pep" talks of to-day are copied. Were he to come back, old Cicero,

and modernize his sermons on ambition and hope, might he not address a R. Hoyt Sloan sales-class something like this:

"You men, no matter what kind of work you are doing, never get discouraged. Fill whatever job you have, to the best of your ability. You are bound to succeed. I once knew a young man who peeled potatoes all day in the kitchen of a large hotel. He was well educated and naturally this menial labor was not to his taste. But he made up his mind that even a potato peeler could succeed. He dug right in and peeled more potatoes than anyone else in the kitchen. Right then, he began to climb. Now at the age of 50, do you think he is still peeling potatoes in that hotel kitchen? I should say not. He is peeling apples."

And now, where. Ah! Your new found old friend. Perhaps he can suggest. He tells you purple tales about a place called "The Lido." In Venice. "There," he says, "at the Lido, at a Hotel called 'The Excelsior,' all the men and the women go about in pajamas. Pajamas, the only costume worn. In Pajamas, they breakfast, they lunch, they promenade. In pajamas, they loll in the drawing rooms and on the verandas. And the girls wear men's bathing suits. And this "Lido" in Venice is the gayest, chummiest, doggiest spot in all Europe. And Kings and Queens and Princes and Dukes are there."

And you get excited and grab the next train.

For the Lido, Venice.

On the train. A dinky little cigar box of a compartment. And heat enough to fry eggs on the window ledge. You ring for the Guard and you summon the Steward. Two bottles of ice-cold Chianti. Ah! Then to

the Diner. Another great spaghetti Exhibition. The napkin over the left shoulder all beautifully tinted in catsup. And another Italian gentleman holds up grapes in mid-air and bites them off the bunch.



VENICE

SIP NUMBER 15

THE Grand Canal. The procession of Gondolas. St. Mark's Square. The Pigeons. The Sidewalk Cafés. The Tinkle of the Mandolins on the water. The shops. The Doges' Palace. The Lace Factories. The bridges. The lagoons. Marvelous villas at the water's edge. Beautiful! Wonderful! Colorful! Entrancing! Not exaggerated one bit. Venice!

Now to that "Lido." Those pajamas. You can't get there quickly enough. About three miles away. Up the Grand Canal into the Adriatic. By Motor Boat. Now for the great adventure. A marvelous ride. A glorious panorama on a beautiful, limpid summer afternoon.

The Porter at the Hotel in Rome, by all the strange coincidences, has a brother, a Porter at the Excelsior Hotel at the Lido. He telegraphs ahead that you are a Personage. Nothing short of the "Royal Suite" will do for you. You arrive. Much bowing and a wonderful room with a balcony.

Every word that Rascal back in Rome told you, is true.

The Hotel, a great, long, rambling, ornamental structure, luxuriously appointed. And sure enough, the Pajamas. All over the place. Men and women stretched out in Pajamas, sipping cocktails and tea. Absolutely swagger. And what Pajamas Chinese and Japanese. Every gay and festive hue. The doggiest stuff that Paris has to offer. And what a passionate pair you dug up.

You get out of bed, slick up your hair and stride right down into the Dining-room in your pajamas. No unconvencionality. All the others, there in Pajamas. Anyone wearing clothes would be out of place.

You drift down to your cabin on the Beach. Lounge about, bathe a little. Sun yourself. Flirt. Visit other Bungalows. Play cards. Make frequent trips with a gang to the Beach Pavilion. For Cocktails. They soak you 75¢ a piece for them.

And the Beach. Wonderfully soft, golden sand. No tide on the Adriatic. Bathing hour is any hour. And such a sight! Rows and rows of colorful cabins. Two-room bungalows, with running water; cretonne-covered chairs, cots, and awnings.

Luncheon in the Pavilion. Anyone not in Pajamas cannot get in. After luncheon, back to the cabins. Play cards some more. Take a dip. Take a nap. Take a girl (if you can). Go back to the Hotel. Put on your sport clothes. Go out on the veranda. Dance. Have tea. More cocktails. Six o'clock, go upstairs. Don formal dress. Come down to a formal ten course dinner. A bottle of wine. A smile at the girl you flirted with on the beach. Go over to her table. Get introduced to her party. Be asked to sit down. Have some more wine. All agree to meet and go later to the "Chez vous," the great Cabaret and Ballroom of the Hotel.

And here the Excelsior, from an atmosphere of Pajamas and Bath robes, takes on the brilliancy of Deauville.

Dancing, on a terrace where illuminated fountains play. And that balmy Venetian air and that wine and that Jazz orchestra, and those dreamy Tangoes and that girl. And the Cameraderie and the soft lights, and the entertainers from Paris. If you don't have an evening that is purple and scintillant; if you don't float away in a diamond studded, rose-hued mist, go see a Doctor.

But stay at Lido a few days. You will discover that its Pajama-clad inhabitants are as conventional, as reserved, as hard to become acquainted with as any other collection of rich folk assembled in a summer hotel. And this is real "High Society."

Austrians, Italians, Swisss, French, Greeks, Egyptians, English. And members of the reigning Royalty; princes, counts, dukes from many countries and the industrial aristocracy of the United States, prouder than any of the others.

And who is here at the Lido with you? King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania with their tall young son

Prince Nicholas. Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia (who sports a wicked monocle and a Chaplin moustache). The Duke of Aosta, the Princess of San Faustino. Princess Asposia of Greece, the beautiful young widow of King Alexander. The Plutocratic Betty Fleischman Holmes of Cincinnati, very, VERY happy with her gallant and inseparable cavalier, Herbert Witherspoon, of the Metropolitan Opera. James P. Orr and R. K. Le Blond, those Billionaire playboys, also from Cincinnati. They own the town.

But despite all this Rank and Swank and Flash and Dash, there is here, at this effete Lido, many a Coney Island face. And in the dining-room, the same exhibition of teeth picking, as at a New York "Coffee Pot." One gorgeous gentleman you are sure, someday, will pry loose both of his tonsils, the way he handles a soup spoon. And that be-jeweled, illuminated Dowager opposite doing the beautiful fancy knife work. Any moment you fear she will cut her throat. And so it is, the idiosyncrasies of the élite.

The view from the Excelsior, marvelously beautiful. The sunsets. The lovely lagoons. The domes and campaniles. The marble palaces and exquisite churches, glittering majestically in the waning light. In the sky, glorious reds, yellows, pinks and violets.

And that is the Lido, and if you ever go, remember—all you need is your pajamas, bathing suit and dinner clothes.

Now into Venice. By motor boat. You take it like you would a street car.

St. Mark's Square. The great St. Mark's Cathedral. Those marvelous Chimes, now booming the hour of noon. Thousands of Pigeons. Since the Fifteenth Century, these Pigeons have come. A tradition. The Government feeds

them. It was a pigeon, that once carried a message of war that won a Victory for the Doges. A great sight, this great St. Mark's Plaza, with its hundreds of tables out in the open and hundreds of people day and night, drinking and eating. One of the great Promenades and meeting places of Europe. Every nationality and type. And freakish costumes. Smart looking men in Dinner clothes and sandals and no socks. Women in sandals with entire foot exposed and nails manicured. Italian Officers in gay uniforms. Girls in bizarre sport costumes. Few wear stockings. Over the bare ankles, a cunning little pearl or gold bracelet. And dogs galore; chows and Pokes and Russian Wolf Hounds.

One o'clock. The shopkeepers yawn and put up their blinds. Everything suspends between one and three. Two hours for lunch and siesta. Impossible to buy anything during this period. A beautiful luncheon at Hotel Luna. On the Grand Canal.

You take your first Gondola ride. The boatman. His gay costume. White duck with red sash. A yellow scarf around his head. And very drunk. In and out of the smaller canals, you paddle. An exquisite novelty. A maze of other gondolas and gay parties. Gondoliers scolding each other for crowding. Marvelously skillful. Their handling of these long, strange boats thru the tightest places, without a brush. Along one side of the Grand Canal, beautiful palaces. Along the other side, a solid phalanx of Hotels. You pass a dead cat. Good or bad luck? Some private yachts. Coats of arms, emblazoned on the landing posts in front of Ancient Villas. The home of noble Italian families.

The old villa of Robert Browning. A gondola loaded with wine.

The former villa of Lord Byron (a radio antenna on it).

All gondolas painted black. Another tradition. What a riot, if Venice suddenly took to painting Gondolas like New York taxicabs.

Now thru the smaller canals. Hardly ten feet wide. Factories here. All loading their wares on gondolas. One gondola loading cases of glass ware. Consigned to New York.

Boy six years old smoking cigarette.

Little wine gardens in between the factories; quaint and intriguing.

The famous "Bridge of Sighs." The one in New York, Tombs, a copy of this.

Dinner. A black dog comes to the table. He stands on his hind legs. Tears in his eyes. He begs for your meat. And there goes your dinner.

Again St. Mark's Square, but the pigeons are gone. Only the gay throng at the tables. A poor beggar, going in and out among the tables, picking up cigarette stubs. The shops along the way, ablaze with light. Man with pushcart selling beads and baubles. You see a "Peach Ice" come to a nearby table and you order one.

The mighty chimes strike the midnight hour. Cool breezes from the Canal. The motor boat back to the Lido.

Dress. Plunge again into the gay "Chez vous." A cotillion to-night. Well done and the favors, handsome. A girl stubs her toe. You distinctly hear her say, "Oh Hell." Unmistakably from Broadway.

The fountains play again. Jetting about twenty feet in the air. Various tinted lights thrown on the spray. Entrancing. Quite conducive to romance. So you look around.

Venice, quite gay at this season. The Facists. Some of

the great spectacular and ancient ceremonies. A Gondola Regatta on the Grand Canal. Gondola races. The decorations along the canal and on the boats. The garb of the Gondoliers, decidedly en fete. The crews, in Period Costume.

The Duke of Aosta takes the salute as the Gondolas pass.

Also the great Music Festival. Composers and conductors here from all parts of Europe. The scene of the Festival, the ancient Venice Theatre, which saw the splendors of the closing days of the Republic of Saint Mark, and witnessed the first successes of Rossini and Donizetti.

Also a great recital of Italian Music. In the Doges' Palace.

Venice, at the height of its season.

You go into St. Mark's Church. One of the most ancient and magnificent in the world. Built in 839. A tablet marks the spot where a German Bomb exploded, not five feet away. A miraculous escape. "Saved by the Hand of God," the Venetians say.

The Doges' Palace. Built, 1500. You cross "The Bridge of Sighs," which connects the Palace with the old Prison. All the old instruments of torture and the execution block.

Thru the Glass and Lace factories.

Another Gondola ride thru the Grand Canal.

Church of the Friars. Partially destroyed by German Bombs. Here, the great painting of Titian. Worth untold millions.

The famous bridge that Shakespeare mentioned in the Play, "The Merchant of Venice."

In a little canal. The house where Marco Polo lived.

The great Market Place of Venice. Men and women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads, calling and chanting and loading the Gondolas. Fine looking tomatoes, egg plant, potatoes, spinach and fruit.

Finished. Venice and the Lido. Where next? Budapest, someone tells you. Another says Switzerland. That the scenery and the lakes of Switzerland are the most beautiful in the world; that you just must climb Jungfrau mountain. So Switzerland, it shall be.

You buy a ticket to Lucerne. You are on the train.

Here is *Verona*. Another town "Shakespeare" advertised. With his "Two Gentlemen, etc." Great orchard country. Man picking fruit and holding baby at same time. You can't help thinking that you would like to see Babe Ruth do that.

Milan. Change trains for Lucerne. Girls with knapsacks. Carrying tall canes with spikes. Back from the Alpine country. Some good cold beer, here at Milan.

Again the dining-car luncheon. Again the spaghetti and the napkins over the left shoulder.

Now *Como*. The town of beautiful lakes.

Now *Chiasso*. Stop to show passports and have luggage examined. Back you rush to the baggage car. To declare your two big cases. Not on board. Disappeared mysteriously. You screech and rant and jump up and down. All you get is exercise. The train guards walk away from you. But along comes a Swiss. He understands. Takes you to the Customs Official. An Italian Brother who is hard boiled. "Stay here until your cases arrive and open them up for me," he growls. "I'll be hanged if I do," say you. You compromise. You leave the keys. When the cases come,

he will open them, muss up your things, steal what he likes; and if no dynamite, opium or motorcycles are found, he will ship them on to you. So you leave the keys. To all you possess and shrug ze shoulder.

Nine times out of ten, they see you are an American and don't open your luggage. But here is a Dodo Bird in *Chiasso*, with a terrible attack of importance. And in his head, enough bone to make buttons for all the B.V.D's in the world.

Now, dusk. The sun sets on this great vista of mountain peaks and lakes. Glorious! The same tidy little bungalows. Switzerland is close now. A gorgeous water-fall. This, the scenery they rave about. The splendor of these mountains and valleys and lakes and waterfalls. And amidst all the glory of nature, a billboard. On it, the simple little word, of three letters—"Lux." Ha! (Let us sing "The Bubble song from Lux.")

Now *Bellingons*. Acres of Grapes. And tumbling down the mountain side, another gorgeous cataract, and another and another. The train now winding its way in and out of mountains, high as the sky.

A vast valley of more lovely pastel-tinted Bungalows. Thru tunnel after tunnel of rock. Engineering feats that are marvelous. Girls climbing up a pass. Backs laden with firewood! The jingle of cowbells. Little Swiss Chalets. Beautiful villas. All tinted stucco. Smoke curling out of the chimneys. You stop. And there standing at this little Swiss station—winking at you, is a Chandler car.

You see housewives thru windows preparing dinner. A Swiss postman riding a bicycle with a little toy wagon behind, carrying the mail. A change now from the blistering

sun and oppressive heat of Italy. A landscape also, altogether different. One now of calm, of a freshness, sweet and wholesome. You just sense it all over that you are going to like Lucerne. You pass up the dining car. For a possible charming dinner there.



SIP NUMBER 16

THE home of William Tell. He who originated Apple Sauce. And Coo Coo Clocks and those Cheeses that are shot full of holes. A toppy, tidy, toy-like little town. With people and streets and houses and shops, *immaculate*. And dizzy snow-capped mountain peaks and glorious silvery lakes and trees and flowers and all else that goes to make a fairy land.

Arrive at a marvelous hotel. Two lordly gentlemen, in frock attire, come down into the street and bow you a welcome. No mere Hotel clerks, these. "Secretaries." Your room has a charming balcony. You step out. You are on a Bank of the beautiful River Reuss. You browse about after night-fall and find an enchanting city. Everywhere, a courtesy and a gentleness.

You dine at the Café "Rue de la Paix." Beautiful food and beautiful Burgundy. But you get a surprise. Things are not cheap in Switzerland. These people were not in the war. Here, the franc is always at Par. That dinner and that wine cost you your shirt and a Liberty Bond. And then you go shopping. Among other things on your list is soap. You wonder. Have they that good old United States "It Floats." They have it. And only 60¢ a cake.

Take a drive. Drive up the "Nibelungen Ring." Across the lake, see the summer cottage of the King of Belgium.

The woods where William Tell shot the Tyrant Gessler.

The famous Lion Monument carved in the side of a mountain. The amusing Labyrinth in Lucerne Park. The chamber of mirrors where everyone bumps into everyone else. Now for one of the great delights of Europe. The motor boat ride up the Lake of Lucerne. The majesty of the mountains; the beauty of the landscape, the glory of the sunset on the blue waters.

A heroic stone figure of Christ standing on a rock, twenty feet high. A little further along, a shrine with Christ inside. These two sculptures bought and erected by Swiss fishermen.

The old Hapsburg Castle, the *beginning* of the Austrian Monarchy, and on the opposite bank, the Castle to which

Charles I, King of Austria, fled and was interned after the war. The end of the Austrian monarchy. A strange coincidence.

This beautiful chain of Rigi Mountains. The great summer resort of "Brummeler." The marvelous Mythen Mountains. And the little boat goes purring along thru waters and amid canyons, beautiful beyond compare. A rock turned into a monument to Schiller, the poet. He, who wrote "William Tell." Now the famed Tell Chapel, miles out. Along the Lake of Lucerne. A point called "Tellskapelle." The spot where Tell was drowned.

You stop at a ducky little Inn for Tea. And certain other things.

Then Back to Lucerne and a run around the city at night. The Casino. Wide open gambling. You play roulette. And once more, pay expenses. And have a real evening.

Theatres and shops and dance-halls. Yet, a simple, wholesome atmosphere. A fine Horse Show here, too. And a gallery of fine paintings. And shop windows full of embroidered handkerchiefs and fine linens for which these Swiss are noted.

You will never regret Lucerne.

Now to the little Sister-city, Interlaken.

INTERLAKEN

SIP NUMBER 17

INTERLAKEN. Almost exclusively, a resort town. Quainter and more picturesque than Lucerne. Here comes a milk wagon drawn by a big dog. Comely little Swiss maids dart out from the doorways with their pails, to get this lovely rich milk. Your mouth waters. You go over to the man and ask for a drink right there on the sidewalk. Bad luck. He has no glass. Boys whiz by on bicycles with big baskets of bread on their heads. On all sides, delicious novelty.

And now for the big thrill. The Jungfrau. Approached by a tiny train, climbing steadily up great high slopes of mountainside. Spectacular. Thrilling. For six hours you creep along thru Fairyland. The coach, entirely open. An observation gallery. You go out and trot up and down as you would on a ship. Drink in all the beauties of the countryside; gorgeous mountains, canyons, valleys, waterfalls.

Your little train seems to stand on end. The guard explains the safety cable devices. There is no danger. The tiny engines chug merrily along. You pass lovely chalets and mountain hotels and more waterfalls and Rest huts (for the climbers), and pack-donkeys and cows, and peas-

ants working in the valleys, and you just hold your breath and wonder if it is real.

Now from the green into the white. You near the top. There is the snow. Oh! What a landscape. The village of "Alpnachstad." The top of Mount Pilatus. The spot where Pontius Pilate is supposed to have come and turned himself into a Lake. Formerly it was believed that to anyone climbing Mt. Pilatus and looking into the Lake, the face of Pontius Pilate would appear. For many centuries, considered Holy Ground and forbidden for anyone to go up. This spot, a Mecca for sight-seers.

Now Mountain peaks above the sky. You stop at Sarnen and a "Cheese" gets on. Up comes a cart. In the center, a huge cheese, five feet in diameter. No wrapping. Four men lift it aboard and the train starts again.

In your little compartment, a quaint sign: "Man bittet nicht in den wagen zu spucken." Translated: "You please not, in the carriage to expectorate."

Now so steep is the grade, the little train is divided in half. Each half has two engines. One in front and one behind. Up you go. Chug, chug, chug. And colder and colder, it gets with every chug. Frost on the windows. The turns here, sharp. You wind round and round.

Stop at Brunig for luncheon. Good Swiss Cheese and ham and cold beer. A strange freak of nature. Snow above, but beautiful and green here. Flower-beds. Peach trees growing up the side of the little Inn, like an ivy vine. Fruit ready to pluck. A fairy stream trickling down the other side. Back to the train. Up and up you go. This time thru great gaps tunneled thru the mountain side. Water-

falls and green grazing grounds dotted with cows and goats. All impossible to describe.

Train guard comes in to talk. His dress, the oldtime Prince Albert. White shirt, white bow-tie. And you can see yourself in his boots. Such is the immaculateness of everything Swiss. Up and up some more. Pass *Lauterbrunnen*. *Schiedegg*. Men and girls along the platforms in Tyrolean hats, with feathers and spiked shoes and knapsacks and colored mufflers and mountain climbing sticks.

Change trains again. Now, you are actually riding above the lower clouds. You cannot see anything below. And now, there it is. *The Jungfrau*, Queen of the Swiss Alps. The end of the journey is near.

A tunnel. Thirty-five minutes to go thru it. Five miles long. Twenty years, to cut it thru the solid rock of the mountain. Half-way inside the train stops. An Inn. In this tunnel, a regular bar. Every drink ever heard of. Everyone gets off for refreshments. And here, there is a Pay Lavatory. What a scream that is. A slot machine Lavatory away up here on top of the Alps.

A jolly little idea, stopping here for a drink.

You are 11,740 feet above sea-level. Civilization, away behind. You hear singing. The real Swiss Yodel. Nine native women, each with a climbing cane and a gay handkerchief about her head. And trumpeters. Down here in this tunnel. The effect, charming. It begins to rain. Now you have come to the end of the climb. The Inn atop the Jungfrau. The most marvelous and unique Inn in the world. But as cold as an old maid's lap.

Nothing below but vapor. Actually above the clouds. And this Inn. Cut out of the solid rock of the mountain it-

self. Nestling under the very peak of the Jungfrau. Its name "The Jungfrau Joch." An unbelievable feat of engineering. An Inn on top of the highest mountain of the Swiss Alps in a glistening fairyland. A view indescribable. Just a head-pounding, kaleidoscope of glaciers, peaks and waterfalls. Then comes a dash of color.

Three huge baskets, lifted from the train. Red roses and dahlias. Flowers here at the top of the world. In a driving snow-storm. The real native Alpine costume. And now a laugh. You find yourself, knee-deep in snow, in spats and a bowler hat. When you started, climbing a mountain, was not on your program. But you don't worry.

In the Inn, a great open fire. A little white-haired woman. The hostess. And such attention. She places your chair in front of the fire. Wants to take off your shoes. Brings in hot water. Orders the dinner. You love this sweet-faced old lady and you tell her so.

Now, with a guide you go out on the great Plateau. At the side of the Inn. You see the Peaks of the entire chain of Swiss Alps, the Matterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsterhorn, Silberhorn and Breithorn. The grandeur of the setting sun on these great glazed peaks. Your mind, your pen, refuse to work. You go back to a piping hot dinner and a chat with your fellow travelers.

Below stairs, the waitresses and the guides dance. The real Swiss waltz to the music of an accordeon. And pretty girls, and they can dance. Whirling round and round.

Five of you, up here in this strange Inn at the top of the world. Three Japs and a two-fisted Irishman from New



On top of the Alps in 3 feet of snow; with white spats on.

York, who gives you the routine. You must turn in early and be up at 4. To see the sunrise on the snow.

A National observatory here in the Inn. Elaborate radio equipment. Now to bed. Under a quilt of feathers, six inches thick. And outside 5 degrees below zero. The wind howls. The altitude, so high you can scarcely breathe. And you wake with a pounding headache.

Now the great adventure. You borrow spiked shoes, alpine stick and smoked glasses. Then, out upon the Plateau to drink in the glories of the sunrise. A strange phenomena. On the one side, snow. On the other, green pastures. Nature plays a queer prank. In this snow many have lost their lives. The fatal mistake of going without a guide. And these guides are wonderful. Every rock, every crevice, every inch of the way, they know.

Back now from a tramp over the Plateau. And all clustered about the fire. Waiting for the train that will carry you back to civilization. And here you make your second delicious faux pas (the first one to Georges Carpentier in Harry Pilcer's in Paris). Here now, the second prize Boner. You want to be real nice to the Japs and you say: "You must come over and see America." Of course there is only that little matter of the Japanese Exclusion bill, but you didn't bother about a trifle like that.

Au Revoir Jungfrau. You will never forget it.

Now the tortuous descent. The end of a marvelous adventure.

On to Zurich.

ZURICH

SIP NUMBER 18

SWITZERLAND'S largest city and a great surprise. A thoroughly metropolitan city. Great business blocks and the finest of shops, restaurants and theatres. A large symphony orchestra in a Coffee House. Real Swiss Cheese and good Swiss beer.

And the Hotel. You never saw a finer room, a more luxurious bath.

Now for another great adventure. Here at Zurich. You find you can get an aeroplane and fly to Vienna. Fine! A Motor trip to the flying field. Another thrilling ride through the air.

You are off.

Over church steeples, farms, forests, streams, houses. A real thrill. Sixteen hours, you are cutting down to three and one-half.

An old gentleman opposite can speak English. He tells you much of interest as you glide along. He is familiar with all this country. A Professor in a College at Munich. Munich is the next stop. He looks down and recognizes all the landmarks. You cross the Bodensee and this is Germany. Getting colder up here in the air. You put on your overcoat. Down below, the farms look like a great crazy quilt. Little patches of earth, each of a different

shade of green or brown and to enhance the effect, each is hedged instead of fenced.

Over village after village, you fly. And like the wind. Houses and church steeples. Fields and streams. The people you cannot distinguish. A beautiful river with castles along the banks.

The town of *Kempter* on the Ammersee. Steamers and houseboats.

The outskirts of Munich. The steeple of Frauen Kirche. A famous old Cathedral. The first half of your second aëroplane ride is finished.

Munich. It was marvelous. Ten years more and traveling by air should be the most popular of all forms of transportation. You have traveled from Zurich, Switzerland, to Munich, Germany, in one hour and a half. By train, five hours.

And a regular station on the flying field at Munich. Waiting room. Restaurant. News stand. Every modern convenience and Oh! Those pipin' hot Bratwursts, and that cold, foamy German beer. If ever anything hit the spot! A banquet!

An hour's rest. Inspection of passports and luggage. Into another plane and off to Vienna. But not so congenial a crowd now. None of your new companions can speak English and you want to know everything. "What great building is that? What is that village? What is that river?" They take it very seriously, this crowd. Wrap up in blankets. Strap themselves in. Grit their teeth. Stuff their ears with cotton and worry. To you it is just the smoothest, most comfortable, delightful, thrilling trip of your life. No cotton or straps for you.

Hold on! That tiny wisp of smoke down there. What is it? My word! A train. That means a race. Heigho! Nothing to it. Just three minutes and the train is left so far behind, the smoke is no longer visible. Proof positive that this is the only way to travel. By train, 10 hours from Munich to Vienna. By plane, 2 hours.

Flying now over the town of Lurz. The old German with the cotton in his ears points things out to you on the map. The city of St. Polter. And what are all these great steeples and smoke stacks and buildings?

You are going down. The rubber tires of the plane hit the earth ever so gently and bound back. By Jove! Vienna!

From Zurich, Switzerland, to Vienna, Austria. Actual flying time 3 hours, 40 minutes. You don't believe it. But it is true.



SIP NUMBER 19

MORE passport and luggage examination. Then a taxi into the city. You swell up. Hand the chauffeur an Austrian note, 50,000 kronen. 50,000 Kronen, a fortune. But not to the Chauffeur. He raves. A crowd collects. What is it all about? He hollers in Austrian. You expostulate in English. 50,000 Kronen is 50c. The taxi bill is \$3.00. 50,000 Kronen before the war was \$12,500.00. The tragedy of that.

Vienna, the beautiful parked city with great wide streets and crowds of people and gay Coffee Houses and Music and lights and glittering shop windows. But everybody bleeding inside from the poverty and the ravages of war. Still they smile.

Money these people have not, but with the joy of living they are bubbling over. Great day in Vienna to-day. Church Holiday. Floral Parade. Every conceivable type of vehicle; two wheel donkey carts, wheel-barrows. A procession a mile long. Everything covered with flowers and more flowers with which to pelt the onlookers.

And the great Luna Park. 200,000 people come on Sunday and make merry.

Vienna! You are crazy about Vienna. Delightful! Cultural! Aristocratic! Friendly! All a city can be! The life here, unremittingly happy and congenial. A city big and beautiful. A people charming, courteous, low-voiced and gentle. Living up to the highest standards. Reflecting all that is fine and esthetic. Yet the most tragic people in Europe.

And of Austria, you had such a wrong impression. You thought Austrians were Germans. Austrians dislike Germans. Look down upon them. Hate the Kaiser and all of his War Lords. Through the Germans, Austria has become bankrupt. Now a separate Republic with a President and a Cabinet. The old Austrian Empire, split into bits. President of the Republic receives but \$200.00 a month. His deputies, but \$85.00. A girl in a shop can earn but \$10.00 a month. \$15.00 is the limit paid a stenographer. Therefore, the most terrific social problem. Girls employed in offices and shops by day. "Soliciting"

on the streets at night. And the majority, refined, beautiful girls, to whom such life is repugnant. But they must eat and clothe themselves. No alternative. The streets swarm with girls. The Coffee Houses and Cabarets and the Hotel Lobbies overflow. Such a condition, nowhere else in Europe. And about these girls, no gayety, no levity. It is grim, ghastly business. In the pitiful glaze of their eyes, they show it. Their inward suffering is real. Even the wives of high-class business men are forced to the "streets." Tears in their eyes. A crack in their hearts. \$50.00 a month, earned by the husband. \$10.00 a month earned by the wife. Not sufficient for even the bare physical necessities.

A little street girl devouring a frankfurter at an all-night lunch wagon. She shyly asks the price of a piece of candy, then mournfully shakes her head. Probably only a penny, but she cannot afford it. These sad-faced girls, they haunt you. Selling themselves against their will. For "coffee and cakes." An occasional little frock. A hat. Or perhaps it is for milk for a baby sister. Or a fire for an aged Mother. And men buy them balloons in these gay cabarets. And they laugh and are delighted.

And the old female vultures who prey upon these unfortunate girls. The middle-aged women money lenders. They sit around the all-night coffee houses and lend the girls money for their night's lodgings, at exorbitant rates of interest. If girls are "Unsuccessful" that night, back they come the next night and hound them for the money. One of these women will pick out a sweet-faced attractive young girl, buy her clothes, then watch her every "alliance," exacting a percentage, in return, for months. Yet the

girls must have clothes. No condition anywhere quite as pitiful. Otherwise decent girls from good homes, forced "on the streets." You talk to a number of them. Not a gross word. Not the slightest levity. To round-up half a dozen about a table in a Coffee House and buy them ham and eggs, is about the biggest kick a real guy can get out of life. Because 9 out of 10 are hungry.

Yet, here was once the gayest, most colorful capitol in Europe. All the pomp of the great Court. The dazzling social life. The glorious operas. Vienna, brilliant and gay and charming, the year round.

Not a common or ill-bred person have you seen in Vienna. The men raise their hats to each other, and bow low before the women and kiss the tips of their fingers. Every speech is prefaced with "Bitte" or "Bitte schön." "Bitte schön, Auf wiedersehen." It is charming and refreshing and real. And these people mean it.

And this is the Country ripped to shreds by the war. The most tragic country in Europe. A review of the history of the Royal family. The wife of Franz Joseph, murdered. The son Rudolph committed suicide; the Archduke Ferdinand, nephew of the Emperor, assassinated (said to have been the cause of the war). Franz Joseph died in 1914. His Nephew Charles I, died in exile. And now only the widow of Charles I, the Empress Zita, and her children. Rumors are rife that her 14 year old son, Otto, is being brilliantly educated in the hope that some day he may be called to the Throne of Hungary.

These Austrians loved their old Emperor because he always had their interests at heart. As an old man nearly

seventy, he was ever at his desk working out the problems of his people.

You visited his three palaces. The Winter Palace, Schoenbrun and the Palace at Budapest. You sat for a second, in his chair in the Imperial Box in the Dramatic Theatre. And midst all this pomp, one could not but feel saddened over the overthrow of a good old Empire. The Winter Palace where the Emperor kept his 600 horses, now a Fair. Schoenbrun, the Summer Palace, now thrown open to the Public. The grounds, magnificent. Marvelous flowers and hedges and fountains and terraces and green-houses and statuary and private Zoölogical Gardens. This palace built in 1783 by Empress Marie Theresa. The nice plump Empress, weighing about 300 pounds and having 17 children. One of whom, especially noteworthy, Marie Antoinette.

The Palace has 48 rooms and 4 kitchens (the latter probably having had something to do with the 300 pounds). Before the war 1000 gardeners. To-day, only 50. The personal suite of the old Emperor. The bed in which he died. The room Marie Theresa spent her last days in. The bed of the last King, young Charles I. The famed Chinese Room in which old Marie Theresa was said to have locked herself in with her favorites. (Sh! The same "trap table" effect of Louis XV and Madame DuBarry.) The bed in which Napoleon II died in 1845. While on a visit to Emperor Franz Joseph. The Imperial stables. Thirty-two marvelous court carriages. Some of solid gold leaf. The Crown of Austria set in the doors in precious stones. Such pomp. Simply staggering. Here also the baby buggy of Napoleon II. Next a visit to another Palace.

The most unique and magnificent private palace in the world. The home of Prince Lichtenstein.

Prince Lichtenstein owns his own country. A little principality near the Tyrol in Switzerland. A bachelor, 85 years old. One of the wealthiest individuals in the world. Said to have 37 homes. Scattered over the continent. And the possessor of 22 picture galleries.

At the Lichtenstein Palace in Vienna, that most famous of paintings, "The Blue Madonna," by Sassaferrata. The original. The Government of Holland tried to buy it for \$2,000,000.00. And one entire room is devoted exclusively to Rubens. Also the greatest works of Van Dyke, Franz Hals, de Vinci, Sarto and Rembrandt. And the decorations of this private palace. Cost over \$50,000,000.00. A ballroom with a fountain and lake in the center. Every King and Potentate entertained here when he visits Vienna. Princess Mary of England, the last Royal visitor. Now to the little church, erected in 1330 where hangs The Lord's Supper, by Leonardo de Vinci.

The World's greatest Theatre. *The Dramatic Theatre*. Erected, 1888. Cost \$8,000,000. A great edifice. The scene of many renowned performances. Always attended by the Royal family. The Royal Box with the great red velvet Canopy. The crown, embroidered in gold. And two other Royal boxes. One for the Princes and Princesses. The other for visiting Royalty. Each opening on an elaborate suite of rest rooms and tea and smoking rooms. Each having a private carriage entrance. It was the custom of Royalty to entertain in these suites before and after the performances and during intermissions.

And the theatre itself presents most astounding and mod-

ern inventions. Three stages operated by machinery. A device whereby all 3 stages could be set at one time and raised and lowered instantly during the progress of the performance. "Mr. Shubert, have you seen this stage?"

The foyers, of massive marble, embellished by exquisite statuary and tapestries leading to a grand staircase, front and rear.

Seating capacity, 1900. The current favorite artist, Auguste Willbrandt Brandies. Now 85 years of age. And still learning new rôles. The favorite of the old Emperor was Katharina Schroff. His great love, they say. He never missed one of her performances. She still lives in Vienna. An old woman basking in past glories. The Prince of Wales attended a performance here in 1913. By far the most magnificent theatrical edifice you have ever beheld. And alive with Romance. Your guide, a native Austrian and formerly a Captain in the Royal Household Guard, tells you the History of one of our present day great Opera Stars in New York. At 16, the sweetheart of the Emperor, Charles I. He, desperately enamored of her, sent her to a Conservatory of Music and sponsored her entire musical career.

"*Kobenzl*," the great fashionable suburban Restaurant. High on a hillside. The former Castle of Prince Frederick I, nephew of Emperor Franz Joseph. Now a dancing rendezvous. Smartest place in Vienna. From this lofty vantage point you see far into the Austrian Tyrol. A marvelous view of the city. The Hotel Korlenberg. A celebrated mountain resort.

Vienna is oddly cut up into Districts. One great section, called "Old Vienna." Here the real Viennese. Middle

class life. And it is glorious. Three famous old gardens down in "old Vienna." For sparkle, for charm, for quaintness, for good food and good wine, don't miss them.

Rockenbauer's, Wolff's and Hangel's. Each with a fine Orchestra and entertainers, who walk up and down among the dancers and sing and yodel. The yodelers are marvelous. The real thing from the Austrian Tyrol. And right on top of the Yodeling, your own Broadway Jazz. They sing it in Viennese. A strange inconsistency. But there is no doubt about it. The entire world is jazz crazy. Broadway melodies are played and sung in every tongue and by every sort of musical hodge-podge in every city, town and hamlet in the world.

The quaintness and charm of these "old Vienna" places. The fine new wine. The delicious cooking.

The real people. The true insight into the real Viennese character. Here is a man and a woman well-dressed, distinguished. The woman now and then raises a lorgnette and gives a Queenly sweep of the crowd. The man majestically orders a Decanter of wine. Watch! Pitiful! Out comes a little parcel. In it, two ham sandwiches. The story: These people, reduced in circumstances. Not sufficient income to live on. Before the war, they had everything. The old craving for music and gayety and luxury still lingers. They must get into this atmosphere. The food they cannot afford. But for 4 Austrian shillings they can get a decanter of wine. And sit and listen to the music. And their craving is satisfied. To do even this, they may go all the next day without food.

These places, crowded and no tourists among them. All native Viennese. Tourists seldom get down into old Vienna.

You spend here one of the most enjoyable evenings of your voyage across the seas. Bare wooden tables. Waiters in red and black striped coats. Men from the Tyrol wearing the short green pants. Rooster tail feathers in their hats. A peasant girl with a long stick strung with pretzels. The finest music. The most fascinating girls in native costume. Yodeling. A dinner of partridge, duck, chicken, steaks, huge joints of beef, veal, mutton.

After dinner, comes a tray. A "Treat" of the management; a tray of stuffed peppers, anchovies and cheese. Never before have you been treated by the proprietor of a restaurant.

The orchestra plays the new Opera of Franz Lehar (of "Merry Widow" fame). It is "Orloff." You hear it will be produced in America. You drink another Magnum of this rare wine. You send a tip to the Orchestra leader. He thinks you are English. Plays a Medley of British airs. And should you send him another tip, he would sing the Twenty-third Psalm, Yodel "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" and play "Yes, We Have No Bananas," all at the same time. These chaps are Tip-mad. A shilling, as big to them as a gold piece to you.

An old woman 85 years old. Selling souvenir parasols. And for 60 years, she has been doing the same. Night after night.

Some spooning now at the tables. Oh, that bubbly mel-low new wine. It has a marvelous bouquet.

In Vienna 200,000 people out of work. Pitiful sights. Men and their wives, huddled together on benches in a Park. Right in the middle of the principal street. No

shelter. No money. An old man clutching unsold flowers in one hand, and actually asleep, standing up.

Ronacher Theatre. Big Musical Revue, Jazz and spectacles, and stage sets, and chorus girls and comedians, and prima donnas and handsome leading men, à la Irving Fisher, and nude poses. Just the usual hodge-podge that one sees in Paris and Berlin. A colored, Jazz band (and all have white wives) from a Hotel in Philadelphia. The Auditorium of the theatre, entirely of tables. Everyone drinks throughout the performance. Of course, the old musical standbys. In every tongue in every land, "Katharina," "What'll I do," "All alone," "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," "Alabamy Bound."

A midnight supper club. The Parisienne. All done up in pink and gold. But Blah. Not chummy. About twenty girls. All "plants." There to dance with the patrons and sit up like ram rods. The lighting effects, all wrong. A blaze of light from everywhere. Not the subdued lanterns that make such places chummy and dreamy along Broadway. Most expensive place in Vienna. Ha! Champagne \$2.00 a bottle. The contrast. A New York Supper Club. Champagne \$20.00 a bottle, \$5.00 cover charge. Lobster Newberg \$3.00, Waiter 2.00, Headwaiter \$2.00. Check girl \$1.00. Total \$33.00. For one person.

The Moulin Rouge. A Symphony Orchestra here. An old man, with a shaven head, sings Rigoletto. Then some Viennese Folk songs. (He shaves his head to save Barber bills. And so do hundreds.) Place alive with the usual girls. One and two at a table.

The Socher Coffee House. They call them Coffee Houses

instead of Restaurants. Here, two dance floors and two orchestras. Dancing, continuous. Both floors crowded. Great! These Viennese must have their excitement.

Another Coffee House, *the Atlantis*. Four times as many girls as men. A woman, selling a novelty. A doll with an umbrella raised and a tiny electric light under it. You immediately think of 20 women back home, who would adore one. You buy all the Vendor has. But later. The dinner check comes. You have spent all your money for dolls. A talk with the Proprietor. And all is well. They dance The French Tango, "Navio."

Now to look at the map to see how much farther you can go. You decide to go to Greece. And stop enroute at Budapest and Belgrade. And that means a strenuous, pursuit of Visas. For Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Serbia and Greece. And while you are about it (nobody's business) why not Turkey and Egypt? Why not? Get as far away as possible. Have just a wild "visa" jag.

Trusty Oscar, that great courier and diplomat. Oscar with nerve, gall, tips, push and taxicabs rounds up the whole flock of Visas in 24 hours.

And now you want your hair cut. You are not Werner Janssen the great composer. You go through the pantomime with Oscar as to just how it is to be done. Oscar interprets it to the Barber. Very funny. The Barber has American habits. He is Gabby. With his lather he spills conversation. He tells you (through Oscar) of a certain wealthy count in Vienna who has a daughter, born with the features and feet of a Pig. A fortune has been spent on operations. Then to try to marry her off. The

girl is now 18. But when a suitor is found, he sees her face and runs, and they never see him again.

A taxi back to the Hotel. The chauffeur, his head ducked down under his coat collar. You notice a rather smart looking car. Then you hear the story. This morning he was a Broker. He fails. To-night, he takes his own private car and becomes a public Taxi driver. Another peep behind the scenes.

You see a dance in a cabaret. Marvelous! The lights go out. They go on. A girl is seen lying on a huge Chinese ottoman. Her dance, the writhings of an opium fiend. All done lying on the floor. Her paroxysm of torture expressed by stretching her arms, legs and facial muscles. She never rises to her feet. The writhing continues until she dies. Lights out and on again. She takes ten bows. A great novelty for New York. Now you dance. A different girl each time.

Back into the Coffee House of the night before.

You meet Count Trefoni. His face horribly slashed. A wooden leg. The war! An old tattered and torn beggar. A little stray of a girl gives him her pitiful pennies.

Enter a distinguished-looking man. Under the table, he unobtrusively sketches your portrait. A shilling. Once a great artist.

Au Revoir Vienna. A fine city. Good-by Oscar Rothenberg, the best courier in all Europe. You can find him at Cook's. And Oscar stands on the station platform and bows and bows.

To Budapest. From the train window you notice the greatest difference between Austria and Hungary. Here

now, in Hungary, everything seems rundown and gone to pot. Only women working in the fields. Citizens shabbily clothed. Untidy train guards. You wonder. Will you like Budapest? Well. Here it is.

BUDAPEST

SIP NUMBER 20

ON the banks of the beautiful Danube River. (Those dreamy Blue Danube Waltzes.) Boats run from here to Vienna. And to Belgrade.

A taxi from station to Hotel. You are impressed with the stores and the buildings but not with the people. Those New York Subway faces.

Arrive at Hotel. Ask Hotel Porter what you owe taxi. No reply. You repeat. No answer. You become peeved and holler at Porter. He cups his ear, turns back his coat, shows you a telephone device. He is stone deaf. Funny!

Frock coated clerks ("secretaries"). But not the same friendly welcome as at Vienna. And a terrible room at a stiff price. Not happy here.

Go out for a walk. Stop a Citizen now and then to be directed. They don't understand. Surly. You stumble about. Find a Sidewalk Café. Just a fair dinner. But terrible Scotch and soda. Only one who speaks English is an Italian waiter. He knows about nine words. You see a man eating French pancakes. The kind with powdered sugar outside and jelly inside. You want some. When the man leaves, you call waiter. Do you get any? No! The fathead cannot understand.

A Hungarian Vaudeville show. Terrible. You go to the

"Spolarits." The smart Coffee House. A Hungarian Gypsy band. All native music. Beautiful Marimba effects. But what a modest young man, the leader. After every selection, he passes the hat.

A beautiful shaded walk of about a mile along a board-walk. Down the Danube. Smart shops, but people, surly and disagreeable. You don't like Budapest. A drive through the principal residential district. Andrassy Street. The Royal Opera House. The Zoölogical Gardens. The home of the Countess Szechenyi. The former Miss Vanderbilt. Theirs, the only home not molested by Bolshevists in their bloody uprising in 1919. Bolshevists took over all the other fine residences and palaces. Their owners, driven out or pushed into one room. The fine furnishings smashed. These Bolshevists were Hungarian Prisoners in Russia, during the war. They were released and sent back into Hungary. For the express purpose of starting an uprising. They did a good job of it. They confiscated the railroads, set fire to the trains, burned up the bridges, threw the citizens of Budapest into the Danube; tore down statues, destroyed priceless tapestries, sculptures and paintings in the Royal Palace; and smashed the machines in the factories. Then one fine day, came the Rumanians and chased the Bolshevists out. What the Bolshevists left, the Rumanians confiscated.

People here seem very nervous. All on edge. Everything gone to rack and ruin. Their Kronen dropped to practically no value. A slice of bread (not a loaf), 800 Kronen. Before the war, \$160.00. 80,000 Kronen per day for your hotel room (\$16,000). A suit of clothes, 2,500,000 Kronen (\$475,000). Yet there is some money in circulation. Buda-

pest has its gold plated Hotel Ritz. Doing plenty of business. At New York prices. Tea dances, etc. The property and the wealth of the city has all changed hands. The Jews, now in power. The old Hungarian families have fled or been reduced to poverty. The fortunes of war.

At the present time, a very intense anti-Semitic feeling, which it is prophesied, may, in time, lead to another civil uprising.

The Hungarians, very vindictive and swear to get back their possessions. Very friendly to Germany. They put blame for the war on France. A Hungarian tells you that the Kaiser did not want war. He hated war. The war was started by France.

Now a visit to Franz Joseph's third Palace. And you almost feel like the old Boy had been a friend of yours. You have been through all of his bedchambers and his dining-rooms and his stables and have even sat in his chair in the Imperial Box at the Dramatic Theatre, Vienna. This Palace, on a high hill. Over the Bridge. Originally on this side of the Danube was the city of "Buda." On the other side, "Pest." The two cities joined together as "Budapest." This Palace, the residence of the Regent of Hungary. Approached by a funicular railway. The usual pictures, sculptures, ballroom, dining halls, suites, etc.

The Coronation Church. The private Chapel of Franz Joseph's Queen, who was murdered.

A ride through *Nagykurut Boulevard*. The theatrical and promenade district.

Lined with shoddy clothing stores and messy looking movies, and thuggy females you would be afraid to approach in armour plate. Some of them have moustaches.

And all "talk turkey," up in the millions. With a knife in both socks. Here and there, a coffee house. More Marimba orchestras. Wine, beer, cheese and sausages. But the people, mangy and mouldy.

Next day you go out looking for a certain Goddess. You have a letter to her. From that little Count in Paris. She is here studying music. Her flat is away off somewhere. On the Hoopskirts of the city. You hop a taxi.

And a little excitement. The taxi driver! He had allowed you to get in his cab when it was running only on one cylinder. And you crept along at a snail's pace. Hollering availed nothing. He did not understand. One hour. Two hours pass. Creeping along a country road in the rain. You bang on the glass. Coming toward you, a policeman, in uniform and on a bicycle. Now you get brave. You will settle this bird. You crack him on the shoulder, with your cane and motion to the policeman (?) feeling very safe. Ha! Not a policeman, a letter carrier.

Now to a show, "Good Old Budapest." Right away you don't like the name. The theme tune, "Under the Bamboo Tree," with different words sung in Hungarian.

Here also, a rich experience. You present your coupon. The usher walks away from you. You present it to another. He mumbles. You go back to the doorman. He motions you to one side. Then you get "wild." No blankety-blank Hungarian is going to treat you like that. You stand off and deliver a classic oration and right in the middle of it, the Curtain goes down. Then something happens. Three of those ushers take a flying leap for you. Not to stab you but to look at your coupon and take you to a nice seat

in the very first row. They tell you, "We don't seat anyone during the performance." Ha!

Apparently no one in Budapest speaks English. And in the Hotel, they take up your passport and show it to the police. And on the train before you arrive. There is a constant and irritating round of examinations. People here seem to be in an ugly mood. Suspicious. Scrappy.

But now a little side trip out of Budapest that is decidedly worthwhile. On Sunday, you take a train for Mezokovesd. A speck of a village, three hours out of Budapest. To see the Peasant life. You are given the address of a Mr. Grun who "speaks English." God be praised! But you arrive on the one day in 25 years that Mr. Grun is not at home. The wife speaks not a word of English. Out she goes to find someone. And in they come. A procession. The "English Hungarians." You suddenly become a curiosity. One old man had been in Detroit. Another had a candy store twenty years ago in Terre Haute. Another worked in a tire factory in Akron. Another made a fortune, bootlegging to other Hungarians in Cleveland. Then comes back to Hungary to be the "Emperor" of this village. And it was the 16 year old son of this chap, born in Cleveland and speaking perfect English, who finally steered you about. Before anything, he wanted to know what was the latest Jazz in America. When he left, it was "Barney Google."

Now a dinner. Terrible! Then a carriage and up and down the main street. Here you got the big laugh of your life. The goofiest looking people and the most unbelievable darn fool costumes and customs on earth. Hard to believe it was on the level and not a drunken masquerade. The men wear green monkey hats, six sizes too small and cocked

upon the top of their heads, with a Monkey chin band and red ribbons dangling on them. They wear old-fashioned shirt waists (women's waists with puffed ham-like sleeves). And Ye Gods! They wear black satin aprons that touch the ground. Embroidered in red, green, yellow and blue. This, the male citizen. The mighty man of the town.

The girls look like balloons. Dresses, you could hide a Ford under. Barber pole stripes. Narrow tight-fitting basques. Of red and green. No hats. Hair plastered down; greased and pig-tailed behind. Hundreds of them. Walking the streets. This and every Sunday. But the girls walk together and the sheiks walk together. That is, during the day time. But lean over—At night they rush to the girls' houses and drink wine and—oh!—Well, you'd be surprised.

You scream over these birds for weeks.

And you got into one of their houses. Primitive, filthy; the prize swine of the Universe. One bed for 7 people, and that only used when one gets sick. The year round they sleep on the ground. And no flooring. Chickens and dogs and pigs come in and roost on their chests while they sleep. Out of here before you faint.

Have some native wine (?). At the only Café. The Kid's father tells you how he cooked the hootch himself on the kitchen stove and flim-flammed the Hungarians back in Cleveland. But now he would give 10 times as much to spend just 10 minutes more in America.

You want to run away from Budapest. You had better lose no time. Any minute they might take a notion to start another Revolution. Budapest is not now the beau-

tiful, cultural, brilliant social and artistic center that it was before the war. Not to you it isn't.

You get madder every minute. You came here with an open mind. Charged with pleasurable anticipation. You tossed out your money freely. If all you got in return was discourtesy, snarls and a "trimming," it is not your fault.

Au Revoir, Budapest.

Now to Belgrade. But no sleeping car until next "Fourth of July." (Everybody else leaving Budapest. You don't blame them.) You sit up for 2 nights. Cheerfully. Just so the wheels keep revolving.

A gorgeous Admiral-looking, gold-braided, but pie-faced individual comes bursting in, shooting dirty looks and blowing fire. About something you don't know what. Contrast this kicking in of the door with the respectful knocking in Vienna. To you, he is as important as Firpo to Dempsey. You pay no attention to him. Just let him stand there. This cute, playful little man bellowing all these nice barbed-wired Hungarian ditties. Finally an old Gentleman steps in and in good English tells you that your boy friend wants to know how much money you have. And back like a shot, comes the answer, "What business is that of his?" Then it is explained. Forbidden to carry any huge sum of Hungarian money out of the country. Joke! All the Leviathan could carry would be the bare price of a Salami sandwich. Carry one million Kronen and you have \$15.00. Ha!

You cross the border into Serbia. Eight or nine Passport examinations in five minutes. Much easier to get into Heaven than into Serbia. And who wants to get into

Serbia? Now enters the Grand Exhausted Rooster of the entire Serbian Army, Navy and Diplomatic Corps (at least he thinks he is). Grabs your Passport and runs off with it. In a fine fix now. You jump up and down. Tear out hair. Want to break windows and rip up seats. Ye Gods! *In Serbia, without a passport.* A peanut in a monkey cage. Ah! But another magnolious knight of the sword and smearer of the gilded braid approaches and into your hand, slaps a notice. Down among the 20 or 30 other different languages, you see some English. "Immediately upon arrival in Belgrade, apply for your passport to Inspector of Police." And what a wallop on the nose that Inspector is going to get, if you don't recover that Passport. If they hang you in the Public Square. One thing an American will fight for is his passport. That passport guarantees that he can pass out of these countries and pass back again to that harbor where that lovely lady holds up the torch. Brother, that is a "girl" worth fighting for. You know it now.

Comes another Serbian "General." He wants to know: "Are you only to pass through Belgrade?" Yes. You are going to pass through Belgrade like a colored Brother through a cemetery. And enter another "General." "Open your luggage," commands he. You pay no attention to him at all. Just say, "Run along little boy, spin your top, I am American." He gets the word, "American," if he doesn't get the other words. Americans are the only ones they don't suspect. And still another "General." But this one is harmless. Only wants to wash the windows. You say, "No thank you, I don't care to see out." (Joke.) You pick up your 75¢ Saturday Evening Post and light one

of your \$1.30 Camel Cigarettes, and get ready for a nice Siesta. Surely the Revolution is over. Oh! No! Another bang on the door. This time, tickets.

You come to a little station. Isn't that sweet? Serbian peasants holding hands. Reminds you of some married friends of yours, who also hold hands. If they ever let go, they might kill each other. And there, a farmer with a Tractor. Is it enterprise? You get a look at the farmer. No. Laziness. A field of white turkeys and black sheep. You know all about black sheep, having been one yourself. But you never saw a white Turkey. Oh well! Something has to be white in Serbia.

Now Belgrade.

BELGRADE

SIP NUMBER 21

AND you arrive wild. You see red. You rush to a Porter. That passport. "Where do they hide the passports?" A dumb look. You jump up and down. You holler, "Police!" That should attract the Inspector but No! Then a loud, blood-curdling "Dammito-hell." The sweet dumb face lights up. Ah! You need the *Interpreter*. Yes, you need him, and here he comes. A Turk in Serbia who can speak 57 languages and English, just as little as possible. "Ah! Ze Passport. Ze Inspector." And you go arm in arm to the Inspector who has much gold braid on his chest and much bone in his head and loves himself dearly. A tough baby. A Regular Delancey Street Airdale, this Bozo, and so strong is he, that even the skunks had to move out of the neighborhood. He pulls off horse-shoes with his teeth and pounds the iron for the Serbian cannons into shape with his bare fists. Or at least, he thinks he is a bad boy. It is really just the brass buttons, gone to his head. He says: "No, you can't have the Passport." "What? Can't have my Passport?" you holler. He points to a sign on the wall. Also in 57 languages. You pick out the English. "Those having only a Transit visa must not leave the station." Then you are up and at him. Both barrels at once. "I am an American,

Mons. Funny-face. I am not going to kidnap your King or rob the post office." And you go out and run around the block and dare him to come on and start something. And you are safe, because he doesn't understand a word. And you defy him some more. You and the Interpreter get a carriage and drive three or four hours around the town. You stay away as long as you please and nothing is done about it.

Serbia is the big Hog of the war. Serbia jumped from 1,000,000 to 22,000,000. Belgrade now has 800,000. A nice town, but for the gold braid and the brass buttons and the bone in the head.

The King's Palace. He married the daughter of The Queen of Roumania whom you "met" at the Lido in Venice, but a fearful oversight, you neglected to get a letter of introduction to the King.

You see Bery Lytell, out before a Movie. The first red fezzes. Serbia now owns part of Turkey. You are nearing the Orient. A hundred and one quaint costumes. Some beggars in ghastly rags. Another peek at the Danube. A boat pulling out for Vienna. Ah! That is a city.

A fine dinner. A banquet at the station and a complete surprise. The waiter is French. You fooled him. Your yellow spats, bowler, monocle and stick made him think you were a gentleman. (Terrible mistake.)

In real tough countries, you have it broadcast that you are a Cinema Star. This, for your own protection. Otherwise, you would have to remove the "scenery" in the lavatory before alighting from the train. The Cinema Star stuff goes over and your life is spared. As a matter of fact, you have played Cinemas. The last one, "Clay Dol-

lars," with Eugene O'Brien. You billed, as "The Village Cut-up." You drove an old maid to a Barn Dance. And the funniest parts of this picture, the public never saw. Coming back from the dance, you pulled the wrong rein. The horse backed. Backed you and the old maid into a certain kind of a pile adjoining the Barn. For some minutes, the picture was halted, until you could be curry-combed.

Then Eugene O'Brien married the village Belle. At the church, the old shoes and rice were passed around. To throw after the happy bride and groom. One dumbell threw the rice at the Bride, all right, but the shoes, he threw at O'Brien, taking good aim for his forehead, temple, teeth and jaw, and hitting all four. Some excitement. Very appropriate to throw rice at a bride. All the rest of her life, she is going to have a "Pudding." Very appropriate to throw old shoes at a groom. He will need them.

Back now to that station.

And you have made a mistake. Now it comes out. Belgrade is not Serbia any more. Last week, Serbia. This week, Jugo Slavia. Every time they fling a bomb, they change the map.

You get your passport back. A charge of 10 Dinaras (20¢). A poor business man, this bird. If he only knew. You would have given him \$20.00 to get it back. Or \$2,000.00. Or the family picture album. Or your Mother-in-law's Paisley shawl. Or the family bath tub. Anything. Twenty cents for an American to get his passport back. Ha!

Another train. Ta! Ta! Belgrade. Going to Athens. Another "sit up all night." No sleeper. The conductor takes a 100 Dinara Tip (\$2.00). Agrees that you can lock the door and have the compartment of six seats to yourself.

You draw the curtains. Turn the latch and stretch out. Fine! No "two bucks" ever bought so much before. Not even in Gimbel's basement. But at 6 o'clock, 6.05, 6.10, 6.15, the bombardment began. Bang! Bang! On the door. Passports. Custom inspection. Tickets. "How much Serbian money are you carrying about on your back?" To all you gave the same answer. "Go gargle some hot tar." And you think of that Bully old American army captain (who ought to be a general) George R. Armstrong of Owen-ton, Kentucky, and you just laugh yourself into a spasm, thinking of what "Capt. George" would holler at those dodoes, if he were along.

You meet a nice young chap. A Greek. Returning from Vienna. And that made you fast friends, fast. He, an Athens Cigarette Manufacturer. He tells you of Athens. Gives you some Greek Drachmas for your Serbian Dinars. You now have the price of an ice-cream soda when you arrive. What a "flat wheeze" that is. Not an ice-cream soda in all Europe. Not a fountain this side of New York.

Serbian women in the field. But not tramping up and down as in Hungary. Serbian men, more considerate. Their women, comfortably installed in ox-carts. "Motor-ing" about the fields.

Now the gladsome peel of an old fashioned brass dinner-bell. You leave your compartment. Bound for the feast. Out pops a Serbian soldier just behind you. Great excitement. Your blinds had been drawn. He had not previously seen you. Yes! You show him your passport. Let him examine you for Hoof and Mouth Disease and then you go to Dinner. Oh these suspicious little Serbians. But why?

No one without a bullet proof skin and an ivory dome would want to linger here a minute. And the scorching Serbian Sun. First Italy where they fry eggs on the sidewalk. Then snow-capped Switzerland. Now, hot Greece.

The Greek frontier. A cute little village. Right by the tracks. An open air Garden. Food and drinks flying through the air. You alight quickly. Everyone on the train, you beat to that bar. And Oh! A grill. An old-fashioned spit. Lamb roasting on skewers. You have some and some more. Great! Red fezzes now, everywhere. Pack-donkeys coming down the mountain paths. Your second night on the train and no sleeper. Another tip to this conductor. The same arrangement of pulling down the blinds, turning the latch and the compartment to yourself.

Knock. "Passports." Knock. "Tickets." Knock. "Customs Examination."

Then some real excitement. *Salonika*. The train stops. The entire population makes a rush for the train. Everyone must have had the same desire at the same moment. To get out of the country as fast as they can. On they rush. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, head on. They overflow the coaches, the platforms, the aisles. Then a bombardment on your door. Sh! You, only one person, holding six seats. But you hold your ground and let them bang their knuckles off.

Next morning, a knock. Your Greek friend. He tells you, you are at *Larissa*. Would you like some cheese and grapes? If you have never been wakened from an upright pretzel-shaped snooze at 6 o'clock in the morning for cheese

and grapes, you have never lived. "Cheese and grapes." Ye Gods! But you get off and hold your nose and push in your stomach and have the cheese and grapes. And some cognac. And in a dingy shanty of a Greek mountain-town saloon, where they burn candles, chew garlic and smell to the Heavens.

A rough individual approaches and accuses you of being an American. You don't know what his grievance is, but you admit it. Out shoots his hand, not his fist. He just wants to give you a good shake. He used to be in the shoe business in Worcester.

And then you had to eat some of his cheese. Wow! There is cheese and cheese. But that was soap.

Back to the train. Two nights and three days without taking your shoes off.

Next morning, your first swig of Turkish Coffee. You drink half and eat the other half. All the dregs in the cup. Pulverized fine like paste.

You look out upon rural Greece. Burrows. Thatched houses. Herds of black goats. More white turkeys. Women working the plows. One Greek hut sunk in a distant hillside. Miles away from civilization. A vast wilderness. A string of freight cars. People living inside. Furniture. Wash hanging out. Flower-beds. Not a bad idea. Glad you saw it. When you finish this trip and go back broke, you won't have to live in a tree in Central Park.

Trains have no whistles. Brakemen start the engineer off with a tin flute. À la Sam Morse.

The town of *Aebadeia*. Here the gentlemen wear large black pom-poms on the toes of their shoes. Your cigarette friend buys you another bunch of grapes. You believe he

is a grape-nut. And to be real chummy, he tells you he drives a Buick Car, but expects to dispose of it and buy a Stupidbaker. And this is Greece!

And here is Athens!



SIP NUMBER 22

THE bully times you are going to have in this city.
But you don't know it yet.

Always has Athens been known as one of the world's most ancient cities. Ah! But also is it one of the world's most modern cities. And you rather lean toward the modern. You see all the ancient part, too. And your eyes pop and your head buzzes and it is terrifically im-

pressive. But Athens has life, pep, speed, color. The highest of high-rolling. There are boys and girls here who can go the pace and never get enough. There are the finest Hotels here. The smartest shops. The gayest cabarets. Musical revues. Midnight supper clubs. Dances along the Ægean Sea. A sporty race course. The great Marathon Stadium. The daintiest of French Tea Rooms. The clubbiest of Clubs. The peppiest of Pubs. The gangiest of good fellows. And a whiskey and soda costs 18¢. Yes! In Athens. "And as boy scout to boy scout, I ask you, have you ever been any nearer Heaven than that?"

And you spend ten days in Athens. And several hundreds of dollars. And then you have to be almost hit on the head with a hammer, knocked unconscious and carried aboard the boat, before you will leave.

First of all, Athens hands itself an alibi that it is too hot to work. Therefore, right on the stroke of 12, all proprietors and clerks rush out, put up the shutters, close up the shops and the offices. And Brother, they don't come back and open up again until 4:30. Try to buy a newspaper or a stamp between those hours. But a drink. Ah! That is different. The accepted, established traditionary custom, is, on the stroke of 12, to take a flying leap for the nearest Club or Pub and there drink and eat and eat and babble and make merry until 2:30. And from 2:30 to 4:30 sleep it off, if you can. Then back to take down the shutters and open up again. With everybody all nice and "stewed," at this hour, you can buy a \$10.00 dress for \$3.89. Twenty-five cent cigars, 12 for 9¢. Or you can help yourself and pay nothing. Who cares? Then at 6:30 they close up again

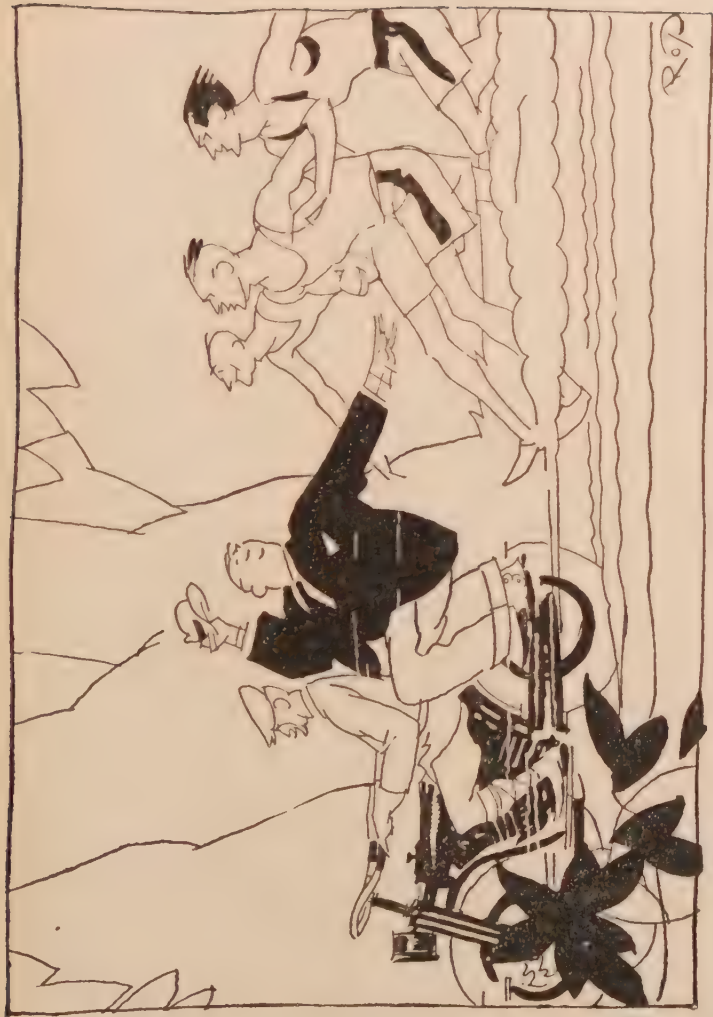
and go drink some more. And make some more love. Just do anything your heart desires. That is Athens.

Now to the great open spaces. Constitutional Square. More tables in Constitutional Square and more people sitting drinking at them, than there are Shamrocks in Ireland.

Then onward to the "Sporting Club." By motor bus. Gambling, drinking, dancing. Marvelous pavilions. Along the moonlit water's edge. The jazziest of jazz bands. Playing everything from the Ziegfeld Follies, George White's "Scandals," "Artists and Models," "Rose Marie," "Lady be Good" and everything else that tinkles and jingles and sets your blood to bounding and your feet to fluttering.

Yes Mam! Athens is a town! You are going to want to go right back to Athens, if you have ever been there once. In one afternoon you lost more virtue than you could lose in three years in New York. And on one night in particular, all the mummies in the museum must have turned over three times in their Sarcophaguses. And by the second night, you will wager all you have that old Julius Cæsar over in Rome, gave a sigh and wished he could join your party for just an hour. And learn something.

This, the ancient City of Athens. With a history that goes back to 1700 years before Christ and 3600 years before Prohibition. And those "Pubs" in Athens. Here they have an entirely new kind of a Party. A "Dropping Party." Every minute or two, some Brother *drops*, and is carried out. You thought they were serving Ether. No, it is a new drink. Called "Oozoe." A sort of Crossword Puzzle beverage. You go in vertical and come out horizontal. Is "Oozoe" a drink? With every bottle of "Oozoe,"



And you went back home and told them *you* won the Marathon.

they give you a tin cup and 6 lead pencils. So that when you go blind, you can go right into business. Your third drink of "Oozoe" and you look out of the window and see the iron deer get right up and walk off the lawn. And after the fifth drink of "Oozoe," you distinctly see a red mouse go up and smack a green cat in the mouth. "Oozoe" is a sort of absinthe with a dash of dynamite and the kick of an army mule. A 2 step drink. You step in to get it. And step out and get arrested.

In one afternoon, you visited two clubs and three pubs. Saw the great Marathon. Followed the Runners $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the rear seat of a motorcycle. Led the Winner back to the Stadium. (Told them you were an American Journalist.) Had the dust shoveled off you with a spade. Went to the Race Track. Saw the horses run. Had dinner at the Grande Bretagne, a Paris Hostelry, with an English name. Went to a musical show. They don't start in Athens until 10 o'clock. Then to the "Trocadero." Then to a flat until noon next day. (You do tell the funniest things.)

Then a Goofer, Archie Hill, took you out and ruined you. And if you ever want to find a lad who can stir up Devilment, absolutely the Champion Long Distance finder of the Earth, go find Archie in Athens. Supposed to be here for the American Express Company. But you think he is in Athens for *your* Express Company. And if you ever meet that "Archie" in New York you will ruin him. And you will get Joe Kilgour to help you do it. Just for one chance to show him Broadway, as he showed you Athens. And nobody ever saw Athens as you saw it. Nobody ever will again, because Archie will never get his health back and be strong enough to put anyone else thru

what he put you thru. Archie is an Englishman. A College man. An L.L.D. but L.L.D. behind Archie's name stands for "Large Liquor Drinker." But to proceed.

Dinner at *The Moulin Rouge*. Another open air cabaret.

The *Casino at Loutroki*. By special concession from the Government, Roulette, Baccarat, Trente et Quarante. Operated upon same lines as Monte Carlo. *The Iraion*, where you dance all night. A Jazz Band in a Flower Garden. *Zappian Park*. An enormous open air dining-place with a great symphony orchestra. Everywhere, life and excitement. Wonderful Athens!

Then you move to the most spectacular Hotel in the world. Just to get another "Kick." *The Petit Palais*. The former home of Prince Christopher of Greece. Husband of the late celebrated Mrs. Leeds. A real nice little room here for \$20.00 a day. But it didn't seem right, walking around Mrs. Leed's private suite, using her bathroom, her towels and sheets. So you moved.

You go to *New Phaleron*. Near Athens. And play Roulette. You give Croupier standing order to play the Maximum on number "27." Everytime "27" comes, you are credited with it. But it seldom came. What a headache.

Then you get a crush on a new drink—"Imperial Peg." A mixture of Mum's Extra Dry, Cordon Rouge and Martel Brandy. And then you hire a car by the day and get yourself a Flat with a Chinese cook and you cut loose and give some parties yourself that they will talk about for years.

There is a scarcity of water in Athens. You don't push a bell and say, "James, my tub." You go down to the

office and book your bath a month or two in advance. But by that time you are used to it and you don't want a bath.

Athens is a dressy place. Athens Merchants buy in London and Paris three times a year. Even the Athens horses wear stylish bonnets and have colored beads about their necks.

Don't miss a little Pub in Athens, "The Glue Pot." (Once in it, you stick.) Up a little side street. A great gang there and Scotch and soda 9¢. "Oozoe," 5c.

But Hark! What is that noise!

Extra! Extra! All about the great fight. Battling "Oozoe," knocks out young Kid American in 1 Round. It was like this. You invite certain friends to your hotel for dinner. All sit down. Then you get up and say, "Excuse me, please," and disappear. Leaving your guests at the table. In about 3 hours they begin to miss you. Come to your room and knock. But get no answer. They think you are dead and burst in the door. And there you are. Stretched out, stone "dead." They tiptoe out and let the "Body" lay. THEY pay *your* dinner check and journey home. But next day, you square it by getting them all in the same condition.

You meet a little English Jockey named Clark. And he tackles "Oozoe" early in the morning, then goes to the Race track and tackles it again, before, between and after each race. *And he wins four races out of six.* Surely an argument against prohibition. And there is also Taylor, the best Trainer over here. Taylor is in a blissful "Oozoe" delirium all the time. And you say, "If drink helps a man get to the top of his profession, why he owes it to himself, his wife, and his mother-in-law, to drink."

But Archie drank so much "Oozoe" and saw so many snakes, he rented a vacant store and started a museum. Hung out a sign: "Come in and see the animals. Admission 10 drachmas!" The people came, paid the 10 drachmas, but didn't see any animals; and one of them ran and got a policeman. The Policeman comes and while they were waiting for the patrol wagon, Archie gives him a drink of the same "Oozoe," and the Policeman turns right around and gives Archie, a thousand drachmas for the museum.

And this Horse Trainer, Taylor. Tells you a story about a great mare he had in Cairo, that won every race. He brought this mare to Athens, but everybody was wise to her great speed and he couldn't get a bet down. Ah! An idea. He would paint white feet on her and no one would recognize her and he could race her under an assumed name. The great day arrived. Taylor tells it this way: "At the Quarter, my mare, three lengths ahead. At the half, 10 lengths. At the three-quarter pole, Oh Boy! 20 lengths ahead. Now the stretch. Come on you beautiful girl. 30-40 lengths. And then—and then—the strangest thing happened. That mare sat right down on that track and foaled a colt. My heart sank. But I'm gosh-durned if the *colt* didn't get up and run for that Pole and beat the best Horses in Greece."

Now to be serious. What about all the wonderful Ancient sights about Athens?

First you go to the old Palace of King George I. Now a home for immigrants driven out of Turkey. The Palace of former King Constantine. Now, home of the Dictator. Wonderful gardens.

The Archaeological Museum. Here, the original Goddess Athenæ. Holding the winged victory. Tombstones from old Cemetery of Athens. *The Original Corinthian Columns.* Original Sarcophagæ of Rulers of Ancient Greece. The Statue of Paris, who fell in love with Helen of Troy, which started the Trojan War. Mosaic flooring of an Ancient Greek School. A King's Throne, The Gold Pan and Athenæ (The Pipes of Pan). Hermes (Mercury). Neptune. Neptune holding the trident in right hand. Goddess of Justice. Zeus, the God Jupiter. (God of Gods.) Juno his wife. All about the year 200 B.C.

Now thru Ancient Greece. Temple of Jupiter. Arch of Hadrian. The Convent of Capucines. Monument of Lycurgus. Tower of the Wind. The Colonnade of Hadrian. Arch of Enneacrounous. The old Barracks. The Temple of Theseus. Monument of Philopopus. Thru the Sacred Way to the Great Acropolis. Most marvelous, ancient ruin in existence. Climb a steep incline of what was once a magnificent marble stairway. 100 steps. Considered today, the most beautiful example of perfectly symmetrical architecture in the world. The Sacred Way, where the animals were led up for sacrifice. The Propylea. The three famous original columns, which, thru the centuries, have influenced all the Architecture of the world. The famous group of the 6 maidens of Arcadia. The great Portico of the Caryatides.

The Odeon of Erodes. The Propylæ and the Pnyx, from which Demosthenes used to harrangue his fellow citizens and where Free speech originated. The Temple of Wingless Victory. The great Parthenon, built before Rome. To remain to the end of Time, the most beautiful building

in the world. The Prison of Socrates. The Utticus. Mars Hill, where the Apostle Paul came to preach religion to the People. The old market gate. The Convent of Dephine. Elusis, where is celebrated each year the "Elusian Mysteries." Old Corinth. The site recently excavated by Americans. The marvelously impressive old Theatre of Bacchus (God of Wine and favorite God of yours). The same old seats carved in the stone. A stage for concerts and games. The Acropolis Museum. Jupiter, Juno and Athena, Triton fighting Hercules. An entire room of Athenian Daughters. In pink marble. Original head of the Medusa. Meeting of the Gods at Olympus.

And the next ruin you saw, was the "ruin" in your own mirror.

The great stadium where the Marathons are held. And the Grecian games and athletic contests. The National Library, Academy of Fine Arts. The Byzantine Museum and the University.

Greece has had many overthrows of government since 1914. King Constantine and Queen Sophie then ruled. She, the Sister of the Kaiser. In 1917, they were forced to abdicate. Alexander, the second son (24 years of age) appointed his successor. His reign, only two years. Venizelos, Prime Minister, wanted Alexander to marry a certain English Princess. But the young King was already in love with a plain girl of Athens. And to frustrate Venizelos, he married her.

Which reminds you of some of the priceless sayings of a Lambs Club Crony of yours,—“In every man's life, there are 3 women. The woman he *could* have married. The woman he *should* have married. And the woman he

married." "Or I might say," says He, "the woman who *marries* him. The woman who *understands* him and the woman who *ruins* him."

Now the cold Truth. You must leave Athens. And Archie says, "Go to Egypt!" Egypt! Ye Gods! But why not? Quick, your passport visa.

You arrive at the Consulate but the Egyptian Consul is not up. You go around the corner and gargle some cognac to kill time.

You storm all over the place. A Dodo decorated with whiskers (one of the Smith Brothers), goes up and pulls the Consul out of bed. He comes down and pushes 852 other people aside to take care of you first. He looks you up and down, grins and gives you the visa. You promise to put him up at the Martha Washington Hotel if he ever comes to New York. And he is delighted.

Now to Cairo and a new thrill. But you get on a terrible boat. A Greek Boat. The only boat sailing on the only day you could escape—from "The Glue Pot." The people and their manners. And jammed to the rail. You sleep with three Garlic Hounds. And that starts another raving rampage. Up and down the deck. You demand the presence of the Captain. Up he comes. A big good-natured grinning Greek, and he invites you up on his "Bridge" to cool off. Then he tells you, "Just for one night. Tomorrow, I give you the best cabin on the ship." Many will disembark at Candia, on the Island of Crete.

Comes a little French girl. You try to talk to her. Your French wonderful. A great success. She tells you her husband is in "Ze business of Ze Ford." You sit up on the bridge in the moonlight and try to make her forget

"Ze business of Ze Ford." On you go. Over the bounding main. At dinner, you sit on one side of the Captain, Frenchie on the other. A bottle of wine, in between. All you can do is giggle and watch the sword swallowing exhibitions about you.

An Egyptian negro. With a Red Fez and a little black dog. He is valet to one of the "spaghetti artists." The Captain also has a dog. And one day upon the Bridge, you poured yourself a drink of water. And just as you started to drink it, that dog began to bark and growl at you. "Gosh!" you said, "Captain, that's a savage dog you have there." "Don't mind him," replied the captain. "He won't bite you." "No?" you said. "Well, what is he growling about?" "He is sore because you are drinking out of his cup," answered the captain.

A boat full of goats from Salonika. Ah! What aroma.

Now to Saronicos Bay. Opposite is Corinthos Channel. On the left Falian Bay. Then Sonkian Point. What's this? These big six foot Greek men playing with strings of beads. You are dumbfounded. The Captain explains that they are nervous. "They play with beads same as you Americans chew gum, when you are nervous." Can you imagine that? Grown men, playing with beads. And some of them wear bracelets. That, the captain says, is fashionable.

The Isle of Milo. A great naval base during the war. St. George's Island. Greek men of War go here for Target Practice (Greece has just bought three ex-United States Battle Cruisers). What an adventure, this. Second-class passengers stretched out flat on deck. They bring their

own blankets and food for three days and smell like monkeys. And the strange jargon they speak, and never stop.

Ye Gods! What a night! A pillow hard as a rock and three "herring destroyers" for roommates. You rush in first and grab an upper so you can turn your back. Next one in, takes one quick slant at the berth. Decides he is too fat and can't squeeze in. He ducks. A second comes in and stretches out, without so much as removing his coat. The 3rd one, fat and greasy, strips down and dons a passionate night-shirt of Polka-dots and dahlias. You start a racket about the ventilation. "That port hole *must* be opened." It is opened. Outside, 8 or 10 women. All sleeping on one huge mattress on the floor. Up at six. Pace the deck. Out comes the French Bebe and between six fat Greek women, she slept.

But there is Candia and the adventure is over.

CANDIA

SIP NUMBER 23

BEBE'S "Hoosband" comes on. (In "ze business of ze Ford.") They embrace. You all go ashore. Sight-seeing. The ship is to dock six hours. To take on a cargo of grapes. *Candia*, is where King Midas made his home. On the Island of Crete. In the Mediterranean. You want to hear the whole story because there was an old boy after your own heart. Old King Midas. Everything he touched turned to Gold. You get a native guide and start out over the Island. 4 other ships in the Port—German, American, Italian and Egyptian. Taking cargoes. Here the first real color of the Orient. Fezzes, turbans, sashes, beads, sandals. Delightful and filthy.

And there it is, "*The Palace of King Midas*." On a high hill. Built 2000 B.C. Excavations now in progress. A monument representing the horns of the Sacred Bull. The famed Labyrinth where the King secreted his treasures. The Throne room of the old palace. The King's original stone throne. You just had to sit in that one. The underground dungeons. Old vases six feet tall. Four thousand years old. Beautifully carved and colored. Artists from every country come to photograph and sketch these. The apartments of the Queen. A water pipe 4000 years old. Running into the Queen's bathroom. The Salon. The

theatre of the Palace. There it is. Since 2000 years before Christ. A most marvelous adventure back thru the pages of history. Farther than you had ever wandered before.

That is kick enough for one day. You lunch in the native restaurant and go back to the ship. Ye Gods! They are still at it. Scores and scores of small boats. Still hoisting cargoes of grapes onto the ship. 3 o'clock sailing time passes. And 4 o'clock. And 7 o'clock. Grapes, grapes, grapes. And 8 o'clock and still they come. The decks jammed with grapes. The life boats full of grapes. Grapes in the Cabins. No space to walk. The Greek Passengers are wild. Everybody storms. Now it comes out. The Captain gets 3 drachmas a basket. A "Tip" for himself. For all he will take on. No wonder he loaded grapes until 9 o'clock. Thank Heaven, the Captain was not a certain Jewish friend of yours back in Times Square. 3 drachmas a basket! You would all have been lying flat on your backs with baskets of grapes piled on your chests and your Cabins and the dining tables and the washstands and your berths banked to the ceiling with grapes.

The Captain is finally induced to get under way and everybody talks grapes, steals grapes and eats grapes, the balance of the journey. 8000 baskets. 24,000 drachmas for the Captain. Ha! Not a bad day's work. And this old son of a sea cook waved his arms and swore it wasn't his fault. He didn't know that you had been tipped off that he had been "tipped." And all these laughs and adventures add spice to a journey. Another dinner. The usual spaghetti tossing, sword swallowing, prune-seed ex-

pectorating and tooth-pick ensemble. Just gorgeous. Many times you felt like applauding.

The Island of Crete, very picturesque. ——And here is a great idea. When a Brother dies, they bury him. Then three years after, go back, dig him up and sell the hole to someone else. Au Revoir Greece. Oh! Oh! Oh! What is that Arabian Night's spectacle over there?

It is Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA

SIP NUMBER 24

THE glorious, kaleidoscopic, hypnotic Port of Alexandria, Egypt. A thousand times more colorful than any other place you have ever seen. The real Orient. The gay little queerly rigged sail boats, hundreds of them. Native men in riotous Mother Hubbard wrappers, fezzes and colored turbans. Chattering, screaming for vantage points to take off the grapes.

Doctors board the ship. English customs and sanitary officers. Again you are examined for hydrophobia and hoof and mouth disease. Next, the Passport snatchers. Then you prove that you are white and a male and that you really were born and the reason, and you are dispatched in the custody of a special black-hued native, who is pledged to see that you go thru the custom house and take the first train to Cairo, where you have agreed to stop at Shepherd's Hotel and the authorities can find you if they suspect you of shooting camels or stealing a Harem. Down the ship's ladder into a seething maelstrom of gaily plumaged natives. Porters for various hotels. A bedlam of shouting. Two of them grab you. Divide your suitcases between them. Nothing like making your first head-long plunge into Egypt in style.

Ah! But Alexandria is a great port. Jammed with

ships. A maze of masts. A dazzling panorama of gaily turbaned black men in long white and striped and tinted robes and painted bare feet. They strip your crew and take their clothes to be fumigated. An English officer tells you that 4 men were taken off this same ship last voyage. Dead from cholera. And that is cheery.

Some Italian battleships in the harbor, and a Turkish Man-of-War.

These boatmen, they say, are "Wallards" (Cowards). Have no backbone. Show them a stick and you can handle 50 of them.

Ah! The King of Egypt's Palace. King Fuad. His yacht. But he has very little to say. The British rule the country. Ah, but doesn't he have a smackin' good time? Just three gorgeous palaces and a racing establishment in Heliopolis and 80 or 90 wives and yachts; and just a few other little knic-knacs like that.

A sidewalk Café. A native lunch of rice and meat.

Then the fun begins. You are picked out as easy prey. On comes the procession of venders. First you must have a shine. Next comes a vender of queer looking live birds. What would you do with one? Build it a nest in your Bowler? Then postcards. Lottery tickets. Beads. Candy. Grapes. All those peddlers in kimonas, colored turbans and painted feet. Great atmosphere. You sit and marvel at it. Women with veils up over their noses. (But a Ford at the curb to break the illusion. The Lord Giveth and a Ford taketh away.) Now a pretzel peddler. And those Pretzels, big as wagon wheels, with nuts on them. Fine!

Now you hop a train to Cairo. *Cairo!* Oh say! Those "Streets of Cairo." All your life, magic words to you. Now

you are actually going. You see groups of soldiers, black, brown and yellow ones.

Great stretches of sand. Palm trees. Date trees. Goats. Donkeys. Cows. Huts of mud. Constructed with the Arabs own hands. The real Bedouin country. Miles of these mud villages. The most primitive life. And corn fields and, ah,—look! A radio antenna. Radio, away out here on the desert. You see the first Camel. Loaded with boxes. This ride, one of continuous surprise and adventure, color and romance.

Train stops at little villages. Up spring the vendors again under the car windows. You buy a bottle of lemon soda and the Arab kid, naively thrusts a Pony of "Johnnie Walker" Scotch into your hand. Presto! A delicious high-ball. Out here in the wilds of Egypt.

Camels now on every road. In ten minutes, Cairo. The old heart does the loop the loop. Always knew you would do Paris some day, and London and Kiss the Blarney Stone. But Cairo! That was never included in your wildest imaginings. It must be true, tho. Here you are.



SIP NUMBER 25

CAIRO! The Magnificent! The Mysterious! The Indescribable! The place you want to wring dry. Don't want to miss a trick.

A panorama of all that is wonderful, fascinating, odd and extraordinary. Here, truly a different world. Civilization of the most primitive and civilization of the most modern. Customs that have not changed since the days of the

Patriarchs. Also customs that typify the most ultra modes of the moment. Always and everywhere, a variety of scene that never ceases to thrill.

The modern part of the city. Magnificent hotels, parks, boulevards, cafés, shops, residences. Luxury at its peak. The ancient part. The narrow old streets. Tiny radiant native baggars. The real primitive Mohammedan life.

All day and all around and about you, a steady stream of Egyptians, Arabs, camels, donkeys, hawkers, dragomen. A gasp, a laugh, an exclamation, a thrill a second. Something new, interesting, charming and faster than you can take it all in. That's Cairo.

And, you just must see it all the first night. You hire a carriage. Two beautiful, spirited Arabian horses. You pick out a Dragoman (a Mohammedan guide who speaks English) and in 5 minutes you are winding in and out of the indescribably, quaint, mystic little streets of Cairo.

And now the staggeringly picturesque native Bazaars. Buy everything from coffee to camels and once you get in, you never want to leave. There are 10, 20, 30 of these marvelous old streets in Cairo. All just lined with Bazaars. To see all, you must drive very slowly. Your Arab coachman will not drive slowly. You tell him over and over, to stop whipping his horses and he, apparently, pays no attention. The whipping continues. You lose patience and yell at him. He turns and grins. And then it dawns on you. He is not whipping the horses at all. Merely flicking flies off their backs. Ha!

The Bazaars, no bigger than 6 feet square and no space between. Just jammed tightly together and each a bee-

hive of industry. One is turning out Fezzes. Another sells native costumes. Another, silk. Another, some tid-bit to eat or a cold drink. Another, gay materials by the yard. You get out and walk. Rub elbows with good natured Arabs, who always laugh and tease you to buy. You are jostled by camels and donkeys. There are no sidewalks. You wander along. Your appetite is tempted. You taste this and that little native edible; sample candy and drinks; buy souvenirs to take home. And you just love it. As happy as a little boy on Christmas morn. Again and again you go into these dear, quaint old streets with their gay bazaars and charming native life. Again and again, you go back.

And now to lift the curtain and take that peep behind the scenes. "Come on," you yell, "show it to me, wild and wicked." And you get your wish.

The Café of "A Thousand Nights." A row of native musicians. They chant and play mandolin-like instruments. In the middle, sits the fattest woman you ever beheld. A veritable mountain of beef. Eight or nine double chins. Fat in chunks and rolls. But she sings, and only the angels can sing like her. Chanting that is absolutely sweet and soulful. The crowd goes wild over her. Applaud and applaud. She gets a big salary—140 pounds a month. And owns five houses. During an Intermission, she flirts with a rich Egyptian. He goes over and they talk, close up. She, laughing and rocking the whole building. Next a Turkish Trophy, almost as fat, comes out, and does a real old-time Hootchy-cootchy. A candelabra on her head. And she wiggles and twists and tosses her body all over the place,

still balancing the candelabra. All the Egyptian men in the audience shout their love to her.

Now you knock off a few Oozoes and wander on. This time, into the famous night rendezvous of Cairo, "The Fish Market." Here the licensed resorts. Girls of every nationality. Segregated. And hundreds of them. Narrow little streets. Court yards and balconies. Alive with girls. Young and old, fresh and faded. French, Egyptian, Italian, Russian, German. Many of these houses strung with colored lanterns. The girls, in décolleté. But their approach is crude and coarse. You go up one street and down another. Into houses of every class. You see the real hectic night-life, the innermost secrets of the "Streets of Cairo." Things you will only whisper to a few choice pals.

Now into the "Tenderloin." The hard stuff. "La Femina." A low-brow cabaret. A low-brow audience. Stage with shabby scenery. Moth-eaten actors. 50 year old prima donnas. Dancers whose bones started cracking 20 years ago. Here also, an old-time bar. A dance floor about as big as the bottom of Al. Woods' elevator. And "lonely" ladies at every table.

Ah! And Cairo also has its Casino de Paris. A cabaret. A dance. All Egyptians in fezzes. English, Russian, Italian and Greek girls. Planted about the tables. To provide dancing partners. No chance to be dull here. The cabaret, terrible.

Next a native music hall. All "Blacks" with white girls. But not considered "blacks." No color line over here. Just "Brunette" Egyptians. Native music and native dancing. Swaying from side to side. Chanting in Arabic. Now to the most modern and fashionable Dance Place in Cairo.

Gratti's. Absolutely magnificent. Nothing smarter in New York. A huge building devoted entirely to merry-making and dancing. Everyone in evening dress. A colossal dance floor. The decorations, lavender, gold and black. Great crystal chandeliers from a gorgeous domed ceiling. Here in Cairo, an atmosphere of really dazzling opulence. And a corkin' jazz orchestra. Playing all the latest Gene Buck hits from Broadway. Plenty of ladies to dance with. And here you open wine. An armful of girl. An earful of music. A footfull of dance. A tummy-full of drink. Is there more that one could wish?

Next, a great contrast. To an open air place. Good orchestra. An innocent Punch and Judy show. A charcoal grill. Lamb broiling on skewers. Delicious. Listen to the music. Watch the marionettes and the crowd and revel in the glories of an Egyptian night.

Another great open air café. Real food and wine. But with the cocktail, comes so much *Free* lunch, you cannot even think of ordering anything else. So you just make it "Oozoe." Another "Oozoe" and another "Oozoe." And you sigh and sigh and say to yourself: "If I could only get some of this Oozoe back to New York." The waiter brings more lunch. This time, little fish. Fried eggplant Patties. Potato chips. Fried liver. Cheese. Salami. Cucumbers. And all Free.

Now the Parade of vendors. They wind in and out among the tables, crying their wares. A man with a long iron spike. On it, strung like beads, he has delicious bits of savory broiled lamb. Then a pretzel man. Another offers brick ice-cream. Another, roasted pistachio nuts. Another, green plums. Another, a great pot of pipin' hot French

Fried Potatoes. And after the food vendors, a steady stream of outside peddlers. Selling everything from a Lottery ticket to a canary bird. These peddlers charge at you like a machine-gun Battalion. And every 10 minutes they are chased by the police, but back they come, undaunted. They want to sell you Lottery tickets. (Every native man and boy is selling Lottery tickets.) Suspenders, Garters, Canary birds, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Live Turtles, Chains, Chinaware, Balloons, Clothes-hangers, Rolls, Cuff-buttons, Fans, Necklaces, Cigarette holders, Soap, Canes, Magazines and Novels. All while you dine, and they add color. You are glad for their presence.

Two topky looking Egyptians in fezzes and modern dress at the next table. They dine and drink sumptuously. Then order a slice of watermelon, and between them, with two forks, eat it together. You catch one's eye and he smiles. They too have had plenty of "Oozoe." And "Oozoe" makes the whole world grin. A conversation. They take you to a huge gymnasium-like hall. They are playing the Egyptian National "Basket Ball" game. "Argoitia." Only 10 times as skillful as basket ball. A basket at each end, but the game is not played with the bare hands. The contestants have a long wooden semi-circular box strapped to their hands. Large enough to catch the ball in. The ball is batted against the wall. On the rebound it is caught in this box contraption with a swoop-like motion and relayed back to the wall, again and again, until the right player gets it into the basket. This game is uncannily skillful. The players practice a life-time.

Now to explore the modern Cairo. Sidewalks lined with

tables. But all men and all wear fezzes. No native women ever sit with the men.

Hubble-bubbles passed to and fro. And modern shops. Stylish dressing. Fine motor cars. Tea dances, matinées, etc. And at night, all the life you want. Cabaret after cabaret. Shows. Operas. Concerts. All night dancing places. Café Gardens. Native Theatres. Cairo has caught you and you never get enough. Many, many cities. But Cairo is one you will always want to come back to.

Arab gentlemen all in long, flowing, one-piece dresses. The Arab ladies wearing veils to the eyes and never appearing without the veil. For years at a time, Egyptian women never leave their homes. Should they go shopping, their names must be left at the store to prove they were there and not jazzing about a Café or keeping a love "tryst." (Great idea—You heartily approve of it.) And the Egyptian girl never sees her husband before marriage. The marriage is arranged by her parents. But another kind of Egyptian woman is the "Christian," called "Coptic." The "Coptic" woman does as she pleases. (America is full of Coptics.) No veil and no questions asked. You cannot understand why all are not "Coptics." But no real Egyptian woman ever shows her face. And no Egyptian man ever appears without the regulation Fez or colored turban. All sit out on the sidewalks, drink coffee, sip "Oozoe" and smoke the Hubble-bubble. Not to have smoked a hubble-bubble is not to have smoked at all. You have seen Hubble-bubbles in the movies. The big spectacular pipe with the long tubing. Probably you thought they contained dope. To the contrary, the Hubble-bubble is the purest, most harmless and innocent of all forms of smoking. The nico-

tine from the tobacco drops into the water at the bottom of the bowl. A great institution, this Hubble-bubble in Cairo. Rich and Poor, Old and Young, morning till morning, sit and pass the Hubble-bubble.

Cairo! You could never tire of. Impossible! The very air, charged with charm and novelty. The world may have marched on, but "Old" Cairo you see just as it was a thousand years ago.

500 Mosques. Full of natives. On their knees. Bending to the floor and chanting their prayers to Mohammed. You drive close to a Mosque window. In the dim light inside, you see hundreds of people. Some mosques, magnificent beyond description. Costing well up into the millions. A real Mohammedan, the most religious person in the world. 4 o'clock in the morning, the Mosque Prayer begins and is kept up all day and all night. Every chance they get, they step in a Mosque for five minutes and talk it out with Allah.

Now you go for a drive up the Nile. Palace after palace. The homes of the world's Plutocrats. Turkish, Greek, English, Italian and American millionaires. Their winter residences. You marvel at such magnificence. You wonder where they got the money. No homes have you ever seen, so palatial.

The Nile. Yachts. House boats. And what houseboats. Luxurious. Fit for a King. You rent one for the season and go up the Nile to Luxor to call on King Tut. Or you just leave it at anchor, live on it and have parties. Imagine having a Nile House boat, with the most delectable damsels of the Khedive's Harem, fighting each other for a place on your knee.

Both banks lined with Winter Hotels and Palaces. The wealthy Turks here have as many as six Palaces with a wife in each. And you go back, toss off another oozoe and write this song about it:

“I’m feeling very sad,
I wish I were a Turk.
I’d stay in Bed all Day,
And send my wives to Work.”

A Turk has but to say “I divorce you,” three times to his wife and he is divorced.

An American has but to murmur “Phyllis” once, and, if his wife’s name happens to be Ethel—he’s got the Turk beaten to a frazzle.

Our American Girls used to want husbands to keep the wolf away from the door but to-day they want them to keep a fox around their necks. (How could Red Riding Hood have been so good, and kept the Wolf from the Door?)

Glorious trees. Gay Promenades. Fine motors flashing by, and as a contrast, a procession of camels and goats. Here and there, a tiny coffee house with a phonograph playing native chants. Black Nubian men in gay turbans, smoking the Hubble-bubble. Native Policemen. Immaculate. White uniforms, gold braid and red fezzes. And now for the Adventure of Adventures. The ride to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Over the desert. By electric train from Cairo to the edge of the Desert. Then on a camel. And in less than an hour, out on the desert. The supreme thrill of a life time. Face to face with the wonder of wonders—



The Pyramids will not change but that camel will never be the same.

The Pyramids and the Sphinx. And what a lark. Getting on the camel and staying on the camel. Bend forward and backward as the camel rises and sits down. The camel man shows you how. And your Dragoman goes alongside on a donkey. The camel man wants to tell your fortune. Hokum! But funny.

Comes another Arab who for years has been running up to the top of the highest pyramid and back again. In bare feet. He bets you he can make the round trip in eight minutes. It cost 40 piastres to see him do it. But worth 140. A great stunt, this. Up to the top like a shot. 451 feet in the air. A stone at a time. Up and back in 8 minutes. If you did it in 8 weeks you would charge \$8,000.

The Pyramids and the Sphinx, awe-inspiring. The wonder of all this. Around the Sphinx, much excavation going on. Hundreds of natives scooping up the sand in buckets and chanting the day long. A wonderful sight and sound. Your money's worth, a thousand fold.

In the distance, far out over the sands, you see "Memphis." The most ancient of all cities, 4400 B.C. Here, the huge statue of Rameses II, 1400 B.C. made entirely of granite, 41 feet high. You see his actual body. His dried skin and bones in the Museum in Cairo. Here, also is Saccara, the tomb of the Sacred Bull. Inside, 24 Sarcophagæ. The Temples of Tye and Tohoti.

And beggars. Tattered and torn. From 5 years to 85.

Another queer adventure. Going over on the camel, you greet another party approaching. A man on one of the Camels takes a snap of you on your Camel. He hollers (in good American), "You don't mind, do you?" And

you holler back, "Send me one." "I will," he answers. "Where to?" And you yell back your name and address and by Jove he sent it. And what a souvenir that is.

You cannot get enough of the Bazaars. The labyrinth of quaint narrow streets. The odd food. The gay wares. The grinning natives. The low chanting in the Mosques. The veiled women. The stalking, long robed Arabs. The jostling of the camels and the goats. The crying of the vendors. All so mystic. And fascinating. And extraordinary. Cairo, the one magic city of the world. The gleam of the Nile in the moonlight. The Hubble Bubbles. The merry sidewalk cafés. The colorful fez. The squawk of the auto horns. The clanging of the buses. The sleek high-stepping thoroughbred Arabian horses. The primitive Arabs. In from the desert. The football games between the English and the Egyptians. The glorious Hotels with their gardens and refreshment tables. Their white robed black porters with red sashes and red fezzes. Their crashing orchestras. The fine Operas from Paris, London and Berlin. The dancing and the dressing. The entire throbbing colorful life that makes Cairo, Cairo. To stay with you forever. Once in Cairo, you would come back in the steerage rather than miss a single year's return.

And the way these Arabs doll up the Camels. Dip their tails in colors. Red, purple and blue and cover their necks with beads. The seat covering, every color of the rainbow.

The Egyptian Museum. Your Dragoman never leaves your side. To him, a native Mohammedan, the atmosphere here is nothing short of Holy. Chief of interest, the ancient belongings of King Tut, and they are nearly all here. His Jewel trunk. The famous animal head-bed.

His chairs. His marble vases. Perfume burners. Crowns. Golden chests. Chariots. Canes. Sceptres. Statues of himself and his wife. All exquisite and priceless.

Tut-ankh-Amen, the boy Pharaoh, was well decorated for his long rest. Magnificent was his burial. Thirteen rings on his fingers. A gold mask on his face. All that seemed sufficient to carry him safely to the happy land of the great god Amon-Ra. Instead of that, he got no further than the Cairo museum.

Now to the Coptic (Christian) Church. Built 950 A.D. Hallowed atmosphere. Here it was, that the Holy family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, are said to have hidden themselves in the cave when they fled from Herod. Here is the cave just as it was, but with this extraordinary church built over it. Three times a week, the Coptics (Christians) come here and kneel in prayer for four hour periods. And here, the queerest sort of a twist of fate, and a juggle of lives. The priest in charge, Rev. George Pistavios, a man who at one time was decidedly of the world. A conductor on a London Railway. Imagine it! Now a priest. And next, a visit to the spot on the Nile where Moses was said to have been found in the Bullrushes by Pharaoh's daughter.

Next day, back thru the Bazaars. And the tragedy intermingled with Beauty here. The most exquisite objects of art. Gold. Brass. Tulip wood. Ivory. A tabouret of nothing but pearl. With thousands of tiny pieces. All fitted in by hand. Weird skill. A solid year to make this tabouret and it sells for \$350.00. And the pathos of it. An old man, gone blind from this work. And children working in this shop as young as 8 years. Wages 15¢ a day. Many with eye diseases. Often, one eye entirely sightless.

The enormous prevalence of Trachoma. About 3 men out of every 10 have this eye disease. Some say they destroy their own eyes. To avoid military service. Others contend it is from the poison of fresh figs. Others say infection from neglect. Odd to see so many scores of men with one eye, bad or absolutely sightless.

The great Citadel, built by a Pharaoh. Two regiments of British soldiers and a military prison, there now. Highest point in Cairo. See from here the old Roman Aqueduct, built 550 B.C. Look away out over the desert to the Pyramids, the Nile and Assuan. And the Citadel Mosque, 1800 B.C. Magnificent. You take off your shoes, before entering. The Minaret, 550 feet high. A man climbs it twice every day. To call the people to prayer. Mohammed Ali's tomb is here. In marvelous white marble. Inside this Mosque, over 300 men prostrating themselves on the floor. In supplication. Beautiful Turkish rugs. Chandeliers of hundreds of low hanging crystal globes. Outside, a funeral passes. The deceased, in a plain wooden box. Carried by his friends. The hearse goes ahead empty. Hundreds follow the body. Chanting and wailing. They walk miles to the cemetery. Two rows of them, holding to a long chain.

The tombs of the Mamelukes. One tomb after another. Inside a great Mosque. Each covered with Oriental rugs. The graves under the flooring, and marble monuments and statues erected over them. All inside the one building. One would never know, unless told, that here was a cemetery.

And now something happens beyond your wildest imaginings. Hold your breath. You are going on a Pilgrimage.

A Pilgrimage into Palestine. The Holy Land. Jerusalem.

You, in Jerusalem! Will any of that gang back in New York believe it? But here goes. The Holy Land! You take an evening train from Cairo.

Ride along the real desert. Sand tumbling into your compartment by the bucket full. You cross the *Suez Canal*. Here, the real Bedouin Arabs. In their desert robes. Great tall, yellow men. The precise type you see on cigarette boxes. A company of Arabian soldiers. English Officers. 5 Coaches full.

Here, examination of luggage and passports and another train. No sleeper. But again a tip gets you an entire section. You stretch out on the long seat and take a snooze. Early morning. Change again at Ludd. Here, a great caravan of camels coming in from the desert. The dust, terrible. You choke. Not a tree. Just miles and miles of sand. Village after village of mud Huts and Arab tents. Goats and sheep and cows running about, but what do they feed on? A patch of cactus. The little desert station at Yebnah. Glittering of Arab robes. Gay turbans. Fezzes. Veiled women. Caravans of donkeys. Date palms. Camel herds. A never-to-be forgotten train ride.

The final 50 miles. Winding in and out of the valleys of solid sand. Great stretches of barren mountains. So barren and sombre, you wonder at them and ask the Guard, "What strange mountains are these?" "The Hills of Judea," he says. That's all. Just the Hills of Judea. Ye Gods! And you looking at them. You pinch yourself to see if it is "on the level."

The train stops. A mob of howling Arabs. In European

dress. They climb aboard. Holler all about Jerusalem
Hotels and Sight-seeing trips. Where you should stop and
what you should see. And it has come to pass. You are in
Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM

SIP NUMBER 26

AND even Jerusalem has Jazz bands and, across the road, here in the Holy City you heard it, "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." And there are cabarets in Jerusalem and dance halls and in your hotel is a sign: "Beware of Pickpockets." And sure enough, some Arab bellhop did dip into your trunk and swipe that passionate suit of Pajamas you wore at the Lido. When you finally cooled off and got to thinking about this being the Holy City, you sat down on the bed and laughed till they thought you had a religious jag.

And there are Jewish money-lenders here in Jerusalem; with glass counters, full of money. Out on the sidewalks. And there are Jewish negroes in Jerusalem. They proclaim themselves Jews and worship in the Synagogues. And there are Cow Worshippers. Called "Druzes." They keep a live cow in a Temple; feed him like a King and come every Friday and get down on their knees to him.

And the real Orthodox Jerusalem Jew. You have seen some like him. On the stage. In New York. At the Columbia. Absolutely the same make-up here, as in Burlesque. The long Prince Albert Coat. Derby hat down over his ears. Trousers two inches from his shoe-tops.

And a fringe of whiskers. Every orthodox Jew in Jerusalem, young or old, effects this same style of dress.

Three Jews in Jerusalem were talking about America. About a friend of theirs, Isadore Bluestein who had gone over and located in Chicago. One said: "Isadore made \$10,000.00 in 6 months in Chicago." Another said, "You don't say it so. Isadore Bluestein made \$10,000.00 in *Chaicagi*, in 6 months. Whooley!" The third Jew, who had been listening now spoke up. "I hear you say it dot our friend Isidore made \$10,000.00 in 6 months in Chaicagi. Dot story is all right except in 3 places. In the first place, it wasn't \$10,000.00. It was \$1,000.00. In the second place, it wasn't Chicago, it was Zinzinnati. And in the third place, he didn't make it. He lost it."

The poorest people in Jerusalem are the Christians. The richest, the Jews. All government employees are Jews. The population is 100,000. 80,000 Jews, 12,000 Christians, 8,000 Mohammedans.

Jerusalem is the most extraordinary of all places of the world. No embellishments. Just a dull dusty phalanx of Stone and Mortar. Arabs and camels. Except that you are riding in a Dodge car and over there is a "Singer Sewing Machine" sign. Jazz bands here in Jerusalem and several cabarets and dance halls, and they play all the latest tunes of Broadway. But patronized almost entirely by Tourists and English Governmental attaches. And the din of traffic. Arabs traveling from Jericho and Bethlehem, arriving in Jerusalem on donkeys and camels. At all hours of the night. They drive their goat and sheep herds and pack animals thru the streets. Shouting, chanting, laughing. Impossible for you to sleep.

And Jerusalem, in spite of all its drab look, is a progressive city. Yet 7 years ago, it was not. Then, by carriage it took 3 days to go to the River Jordon. Now, by Motor, half a day. Even the Arabs have cars.

The principal street is David Street. No street like it in all the world. Worth the entire trip to Europe. A street of the quaintest native Bazaars. Built on a hillside. To shop, you go down hill, step after step. No sidewalks. Only about 10 feet wide, and Arabs, camels, donkeys, dogs, hogs and cows mingle with the people.

The City of Jerusalem. Built on 4 hills, Morea, Zion, Acra, Bethesa.

The walls of Jerusalem have seven gates. Jaffa Gate, Damascus Gate, Herod's Gate, Golden Gate, Zion Gate, St. Stephan Gate and New Gate.

And what a difference now in the way of approach to Jerusalem. The Railroad, opened only since 1919, is the result of the enterprise of British soldiers. Before then, travelers to Jerusalem, had to go to Alexandria or Port Said, take a steamer to Jaffa or Haifa and from there, a carriage. 3 days to get to Jerusalem. The train is a marvelous convenience.

But as regards the landscape, Jerusalem is still a city of barrenness and stagnation. Most extraordinary vista in the world. Every building, exactly the same dust color. No paint. Entire Jerusalem covered with dust. No advertising signs. Nothing to spoil the illusion, and on the road to Jericho, 30 miles of hills and dust covered roads and Mud huts. Not a tree. Camels and donkeys and Bedouin Arabs. One has the feeling that these Hills of Judea and these roads and huts are just as they were in the time of

Christ. Only to-day, the chants and loud excited chatter of the Arabs. They sit flat on the sidewalk pavements, smoke the Hubble-bubble and drink coffee and beer. And automobiles fly by same as in any other town. Plenty of Fords here. The Arabs of the Desert have Fords. Henry himself was in Jerusalem in February, 1924. Spent two weeks here. Gave Roman Catholic School \$25,000.00. And Greek Church \$25,000.00. And that year the people bought 175 Ford cars. You give \$50,000.00. But you are more modest than Mr. Ford. You don't even sign your name to the check. But anyhow, it was a Ford that saved many an Arab girl from being an old maid.

Great excitement one day along Jaffa road. An Arab rushed wild-eyed into the Hotel. Everybody in his path knocked down and tramped upon. Madly he tears up the Hotel steps to the top. It so happened that he had been out in front of the Hotel cranking his Ford, and the poor little thing flew off the handle and landed on the Hotel roof.

You are to take the Holy Pilgrimage. The strange awe-inspiring adventure that will live in your memory as long as you live. You will visit every Holy spot. And you will cut out the "Oozoe" and the other monkey business and put yourself in the proper reverent mood.

Up Bethlehem road. The "field of blood." The well of the "Three Wise Men." Rachael's Tomb. The Field of the Shepherds. Frank Mountain. Church of the Nativity.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Here they tell you, you are standing on the spot where Christ was born.

The Grotto of St. Jerome. The Hills of Moab. Judea, where David lived.

You see an old woman down on her knees, rubbing her hands over the floor. You say, "That's a queer way to pray." To pray? She had dropped some money and was looking for it.

You see an Arab woman with a baby straddled over one shoulder. She has walked hours from Bethlehem to Jerusalem.

You stop on the mountainside. An Arab Coffee House. Just a Cave. Dragoman tries to persuade you not to stop. Says it is not clean here. What do you care how clean it is. The novelty of it is terrific. Arabs sitting around playing cards. On low stools. Smoking the Hubble-bubble. Drinking Turkish Coffee. Great! One of these Arabs is a farmer. Another has a donkey and carries fruit. Another is a camel driver. Another thinks he can sing like Harold Frazer. A gramophone plays weird Arab Chants. In this coffee cavern on the Mount of Olives.

And here is something interesting. Here, a castle, the German Kaiser built before the war (1912). The natives say, he thought he would, someday, capture Palestine and use it as his Administration Building. The natives think that this proves that Germany contemplated war. 200 people worked three years on this Palace. The Kaiser and the Kaiserina had their portraits built in Mosaic in the roof. It is now the residence of the English High Commissioner of Palestine.

In comes the old SHEIK of the Village. You ask him to write his name in your book. He does. ABDUL NEBY

ABOW SPITAN. Sheik of the Village of "The Mount of Olives."

You ask the price of your coffee. Your Arab host says, "Nothing." The old Arab hospitality. You have to leave the coin. He will not take it.

Next you visit Christ's tomb. And the Tombs of the Kings. The Convent of the Carmelite Sisters.

The Place of Ascension, on the Mount of Olives. The Church of the Lord's Prayer. The Holy Rock. Where Abraham brought his son Isaac to offer him to God. The Golden Gate, thru which Christ passed on Palm Sunday. The spot where Christ was judged by Pilate and given His Cross and wreath of Thorns. The Garden of Gethsemane. The rock upon which Christ prayed. The Tree of Agony. On the Road to Jericho. The Apostles' Fountain.

Mount Nebo, where Moses, first saw the Promised Land. The Plains of Sodom and Gemorrah. The Dead Sea. 50 miles long. No fish, no movement, no life. An Arab hut, of mud and reeds, on the banks of the Dead Sea. Miles away from civilization.

A herd of camels. The River Jordan. 120 miles long. Flows into the Dead Sea.

Mount Temptation. Here the Devil tempted Christ. Elijah's Fountain. Here, the spot where Joshua made the salt water sweet. Bethany. The Hills of Judea. The Tomb of Lazarus. And the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha. The Road to Nazareth. Samaritan Hills. Jacob's Well. Mount Tabor. Nazareth. Cana of Galilee. Mount Beatitude. The Sea of Galilee. The Village of Capernaum. The old Jewish Synagogue. Mount Carmel. The cave where Elijah lived.

And now the end of your expedition thru the Holy Places.

A tremendous spiritual experience. If one has an empty nook in one's soul, there is something here in Jerusalem to fill it. After it is over and all these sacred and wonderful scenes flash again across your mind, it seems a dream. "Not really true," you say, "that you have actually been to the River Jordan and seen the Dead Sea and visited the Manger and Christ's tomb, and stood on the Mount of Olives and all those other hallowed places." What an experience. And you should profit by it. And cut-out some of your sinful ways. Yes, Brother, you needed a trip thru the Holy Land.

Then you go out and buy 50 Crosses, outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, have them blessed by the very Priest who guards the Tomb of Christ and send them to Friends back home, but later you find that not one of those friends took you seriously. Thought it all a lot of "Moonshine." Jerusalem. You? They still don't believe you were there.

And now you say, "Au Revoir" to Palestine.

You go to a native Bazaar down David Street and purchase the complete Costume of an Arab and that night you get in with a crowd of Tourists in the Hotel and just for a laugh, you brown your face, and hands, paint a Bedouin moustache on your lip and do a "Charleston."

Now back to Cairo.

And out of the window, you see Samson's cave on the side of the Hills of Judea. Train stops again at Ludd. You will buy a book to read. On the newsstand, some rare books. Some of the titles: "Why Girls Go Wrong."

"How the White Slave Gangs Work." "Sapho." "Blood and Sand." Ha! In the Holy Land. But for Tourists.

Now over the Sinai Desert. The frontier of Palestine and Jerusalem. Arabs living in hay stacks. A great billowy sea of sand. Camels, sheep and goats. *El Arish*. Here you see something new, Arabs in B.V.D's and bare legs. The terrific heat.

And now a phenomena. The glorious Mediterranean Sea on the one side; "Sand Sea," on the other. What a bewildering contrast. Thru one window, barrenness. Thru the other window, cool green wavelets of beautiful water.

The train plows its way thru the desert like a camel. The most unpleasant and strangest train journey in the world. The heat, the sand, and the drab monotonous brown of the hills. Not even a blade of grass to give it color. Change trains again at *Kantara*. Cross the Suez Canal. Down the Suez, comes a great Ocean Liner. Enroute to India. You would just be fool enough to take a leap and land on that ship if it had stopped. Always, the lure of adventure.

Chatting now with the English Passport Officer. As you sail across the canal. He helps you thru the Customs. Tells some funny yarns about the British. How, when war broke out with the Turks, the British Government sent three boat loads of sand to Palestine for sacks for the Trenches (forgetting all about the little matter of the Sahara and Sinai Deserts).

The town of *Zagazig*. A Hotsy Totsy name for a town. Native girls at station. Singing "Oh, Why Did I Kiss That Girl?" In Arabic. An old Egyptian sitting opposite you. An antique dealer in Cairo. You talk Hubble-bubbles and

such and discover that he is deaf. Two Americans in the compartment also. To amuse them, you say to the old man, knowing he cannot hear, "Tell me, how much money did you steal from Americans last year?" and he smiles and nods his head, delighted.

Again Cairo.

And from Cairo, quick to Alexandria. And from Alexandria onto another Greek boat and back to Athens for still another boat to Turkey. What a day. To bed at 5 and up at 7. And a head that feels like 82 camels had stepped on it. You bravely but barely catch the train to Alexandria.

You get on the boat. Present your letter of introduction to the Captain. Find that he does not understand one word of English. Neither do any of the other passengers. At table, you sit next to him and the only communication you ever have is to bow and pour each other a glass of wine. Then bow and smile again. Just to *show* you love each other. A wonderful voyage. No one to talk to. You play solitaire. But out of a clear sky, one day, there drops a grinning individual from the boiler room. *He can speak English.* You kiss him. The only one on the boat to whom you can address one human syllable and he understands. But he can only stick his head out once or twice a day. You tell him to please tell the Captain to speed up.

At last, *Pereus*. But you have missed your boat. And that is not all. You are missing yourself. In come the Passport snatchers. They certainly did a good snatching job this time. Great excitement! Four or five of them bend over your passport. Serious glances. You want to know why all the fireworks and start some hollering yourself, but back they come with a gale of Greek. You send to the En-

gine room for your only friend. You need him. Everyone else has gotten off the boat but you. And this is the story. In Egypt before embarking, you should have gone before the Greek Consul and obtained a visa, to re-enter the Country. But no one told you. They will not let you land. Those Macaroni Manglers say they haven't the authority to allow it. The Customs Inspector has gone home. On the boat you have to stay all night, and you make the air much bluer than the water under you. You, with a lot of Rowdy sailors on a reeking Greek Ship all night. You tell these Boneheads you will go before the American Consul and get them all shot. You holler and you yell. You beg and you reason. You jump up and down. But on the boat, you stay all that night and in the morning comes a boat carrying a guard. He takes you to shore, to the Immigration Inspector. Then a thousand questions, a thousand alibis, a small fee, and you land.

Now to Athens again. And Archie. And a beautiful luncheon. And a flock of "Oozoes." And another flock of Scotches. Just all you can carry. You are as blue as a Mother torn from her Triplets. You don't want to leave Athens. But you must hurry to make connections for a train to Salonika. And from there, another boat to Constantinople. More chattering Greeks. More macaroni-manglers. And all damnably uncongenial. But a lovely Sea Trip. And here is Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE

SIP NUMBER 27

AND the first eyeful of Constantinople sets your senses pounding. Right away you want to go call on the Sultan and bounce one of his wives on your knee. All the little devils inside you seem to go on a rampage. You just want to rush out and plunge yourself headfirst into a seething sizzling orgy of mischief. It is an impression you have carried always. That Constantinople is the epitome of all that is daring, dizzy and devilish. That here is the place you have been waiting for. To be completely "ruined."

But of course you are due for a disappointment. Constantinople is gay and has much of the night life of Cairo, but Constantinople to-day is a great modern city under the most approved Metropolitan rule.

Over 2,000,000 people live in Constantinople! The City, divided into three sections; Stamboul, Galata and Scutari. The Bosphorus connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. Galata is the modern Constantinople. All the good shops and hotels and frolic and fun are in Galata. Here also is the famed Galata Bridge, where it is said that on an average of once each hour, men and women of every nationality of the world, pass.

A big, grand, beautiful city, but not the colorful, mystic, oriental city that Cairo is. The Fez has been abolished.

The women no longer wear veils. But, the same narrow, winding streets. The same phalanx of tiny Bazaars. And prices, higher than in Cairo.

Cafés. Sidewalk tables. Dance Halls. Open air Gardens. Hubble-bubble groups. Coffee Houses. Theatres. Cinemas. Hotel Veranda parties. And Street Adventures. Some pretty girls here. And of every nationality. Hard to tell who is who and which is which. But all flirt. Some naïvely. Some openly. But if in this world, there is a lonesome man, he will not be lonesome long if he comes to Constantinople. The difficulty is in picking the nationality of the coquette. For, many of the prettiest girls are of the darkest hue and one wonders what to do about it. As Col. I. R. Nelson would say: "If she wears white shoes, she's black. If she wears black shoes, she's white. If she wears cotton stockings, she's green. If she looks young, she's old, if she looks old—she's young. If she looks BACK—FOLLOW her." And if it be true that 25% of the girls in Constantinople are working girls, then the other 75% are working men. But why discuss girls? Strange subject.

Before we switch, however, to Mosques and Minarets, this also comes to mind. The tremendous difference in the disposition and temperament of these Constantinople girls. You get to thinking of them and you muse. There is the girl you have met, "who is as cold as an Eskimo's nose. She gives pneumonia to all of her Beaux. And there is the other girl, who has such hot lips, she can't eat ice-cream. And the way they change their minds. First they would and then they wouldn't and then they cry because they couldn't."

Constantinople is ablaze with light at night and takes on a real Carnival aspect and spirit.

Now we go to the "Sultan's Sun Parlor." Here a great, beautiful terrace. Look far out upon the Bosphorous Sea and its vast shipping activities. An enclosed bathing pool here; and an extraordinary and elaborate drawing-room. Here it is that you see the world-famed Sultan's Divan. Of embroidered tapestry, jewels and rare woods. Thru the Sultan's Summer Palace of Kiosk of Bagdad. The glorious gardens and again your eyes fairly pop. The old Boy certainly believed in having a few nice little knic-knacs hanging about. A most amazingly elaborate place.

The marvelous Mosque of St. Sophia. Domes, turrets and minarets, that seem to extend beyond the clouds and inside, a dazzling sight. This Mosque cost \$60,000,000. No possible idea of its splendor. You must put on felt slippers to enter. The decorations, absolutely awe-inspiring. Any Mohammedan can come here and pray. A queer condition. Here is an edifice, ten times as costly and as magnificent as any in America, yet we have always looked upon Mohammedans as being of the dim, mystic past, unenlightened and child-minded. By Jove! They are so enlightened that they have erected all over Turkey and all over Egypt the most stupendous and magnificent Mosques and are the most consistently religious of all people.

The Imperial Museum. A colossal building. Thousands of priceless treasures of art. Relics of the Turkish illustrious. Huge sarcophagi of solid marble. Years to build. Some, 20 feet long. 8 feet high. The Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, with scenes of his battles carved all over the sides. The Sarcophagus of the "Weeping Women."

The Plaza of Constantinople with its great Obelisks, Cleopatra's Needle, and shafts and Monuments. A beautiful city, Constantinople. The Bandstand erected by the Ex-Kaiser of Germany, by himself, in honor of himself—to commemorate himself.

Policemen beat an iron cymbal. Thruout the night you hear this cymbal as they make their rounds. Fancy a Copper broadcasting his coming to the Crooks of New York.

At every fire-house, a great tower with a man at the top. Day and night. On ceaseless vigil for Fires. Constantinople, several times, almost totally destroyed by fire. And the houses, largely of frame. Few of them painted. The Turks, believing that if they paint their houses, they will look expensive and their taxes will be raised. You drive about the city. Magnificent private palaces. Much wealth here and a glorious climate.

Au Revoir, Constantinople. Something like Cairo. But not Cairo.

Rush now to catch a boat back to Salonika or wait an entire week. And from Salonika begins one of the longest train journeys in Europe. The longest you have ever taken. You are going to Germany. Another nutty idea. Whoever heard of jumping from Constantinople to Germany. But here goes. Four days on this train. Without a change. And what a compartment. A regular drawing-room. A Daveno, an upholstered chair, a private lavatory. And a Diner and beautiful food. Cocktails, wines and liqueurs. Absolutely as good as a Club and oo la la! Here comes the same blonde Baby who caught your eye at a dancing club back in Athens. But this time, she is going to

have a different Papa. And thereby beginneth a new romance. Also, nobody's business.

At table. A toppy young chap. An Egyptian gentleman. He wears a bracelet. Many gentlemen here wear bracelets.

Great traveling, this. Linger in the Diner if you like until mid-night. All the camaraderie of a club. Scotch and Soda, Cocktails, Tour la Reine. "All the comforts of home."

Now Serbia. Change your Greek drachmas into Serbian Dinaras. And some high mathematical flight, that.

Serbia, picturesque, but terribly dirty. Natives wear odd, gay costumes and everywhere you see donkeys, goats and sheep. Soldiers, always snatching your passport and peering into luggage.

A freight train. One half filled with soldiers. Other half, goats. The natives carry round pretzels strung on a string. Their food. Three sing, a fourth strums a mandolin. Goats have red horns and ears that trail the ground. In the fields, sheep with their noses painted different colors.

And so it goes. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. Hop off and hop on. Look out the window. Read your 75¢ Saturday Evening Post. Gab with your fellow passengers. Play solitaire. Drink. Eat Grapes. And wish to Heaven you were in Berlin. A long journey, this.

Belgrade again. And a beautiful luncheon. A marvelous toothpicking contest at every table. A London News Paper. "Pon me soul," here is a New York Daily News. Away over here in Jugo-Slavia. And there the King's Private train and his colorful Horse Guards.

Back on the train. Crossing the Danube. Next stop,

Budapest. You are hungry. You rush into station to grab a sandwich, a drink and some fruit. You have no Hungarian money. You argue. No luck. This Gink will not take Serbian money. You try to get it changed. No place to change it. You jump over to a ticket window and flash an American ten dollar bill. That's different. You get it changed in a jiffy. American money, they always take. Everywhere. You start out of the station. Guards and Police rush after you. "Ze Passport. Ze Passport." You glare and sneer at them. "Oh go lie down and behave yourself," you say. (They can't understand. You are safe.) You can't be bothered. You just mumble "American." And that makes it all right. They leave you alone. All Americans, they think, are Kings. Millionaires. They love the Yankee breeziness and gall. (The very things that in London they do not like.) Here, the "applesauce" goes big. No matter how frozen his face or how much lemon juice in his veins, you can just grin at these majestic, gold-braided passport snatchers and mumble, "Now Kid, be yourself and act your age." And they will love you for it. Or you playfully smack one on the back, and throw back your head and laugh, and he will throw back his head and laugh.

Prague. The big town of Czecho-Slovakia. Breakfast and a look around. Nice shops, hotels, coffee houses. Still rubbering about when a guard hollers in pigeon English, from the Station across the street. "Hurry, the train is leaving." You barely catch it.

Thru Greece. Bulgaria. Serbia. Jugo-Slavia. Roumania. Czecho-Slovakia. All in 4 days.

Now, the *German Border*. Another procession of "Ad-

mirals" and "Generals." First, the Passport Persuaders. Next, the customs officers. The ticket examiners. The money inspectors. You just grin, look dumb, shrug your shoulders and to your amazement, instead of showing antagonism toward an American, these Germans seem to be delighted to meet you.

Now the beautiful City of *Dresden*. Fine houses. Great factories. Office-buildings. Immense railway station. Hundreds rushing on and off trains. Splendidly dressed people, too. Certainly no indication of the devastations of war here.

In Dresden is the great Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Here, Richard Strauss has held all the "First Nights" of his Operas. The home also of Dresden China. Now the last lap of this journey of journeys. 4 days on one train.

Next stop BERLIN.



SIP NUMBER 28

WHAT a revelation, a surprise, is Berlin! Leaving all prejudices out of it. Here is a big, magnificent, metropolitan city. Next to Paris, the most beautiful. Hotels, the finest in the world. Nowhere (New York not excepted), is there a hotel that even approaches the Hotel Adlon, Berlin. Gold and crystal; marble and brass and

mahogany. Servants dressed in Court livery. Short satin pants. Silk stockings. Colonial pumps. Absolutely the last whisper in luxury. And Prices, higher than in New York. And the room. Such a Hotel room, you have never seen. And step out of the Hotel right into the beautiful Unter den Linden. A gorgeous wide boulevard. Parked down the center, and the smartest shops on both sides. Fashionable people promenading.

And night life. You could never tell it all. Friederich Strasse, the great, gay shopping, dining and drinking thoroughfare. Big musical revues. Dramas. Operas. Berlin is alive. Everybody in it, alive. Until late at night, the streets lined with people. And girls, Ye Gods! More girls along the Unter den Linden and Friederich Strasse than in any 10 streets in the world. But a different type of street girl. Sophisticated, these. And hard and mercenary and bold. The direct opposite to those innocent-faced, gentle little girls of Vienna; and the charming, dashing coquettes of Paris. These German dames don't bother to flirt. They come right up to you, 6, 8, 10, on a block. Plant themselves in front of you. Grab you by the arm. And go into a Cabaret or a Dance Hall and you get the "trimming" of your life.

A Scotch and Soda, 10 marks (\$2.00). And that is nothing. The prize bobbed-haired bandits of the world, these girls in Berlin. You cannot run away from them fast enough.

But how mild and innocent. Ha! Compare this with the way the little bobbed-haired Bandits dig for gold in New York. You chuckle! There comes to mind one adventure in particular. A jingly jazzy jambouree in a

Broadway Night Club. You are sipping your nineteenth, when up pops the loveliest little baby face you ever saw. And it is you she picks out to be especially sweet to. But isn't it too bad? She is leaving for Chicago the very next day. Ha!—but 30 minutes later. You and Sweetums, now sipping the twenty-sixth and right here a great new love comes into her life. She sighs. "You are wonderful." The trip to Chicago is off. And it is all decided. You just must come to Sweetum's modest apartment next day for breakfast. And this sounds gorgeous. For Sweetums is adorable. And such a baby. You arrive. Sweetums in saucy Japanese pajamas. You want to eat her right up. You are absolutely mad about her. A kiss. A dozen kisses. Everything marvelous. Then a knock at the door. Enter waiter. "Ha—the breakfast!" In the waiter's hand, the check. Sweetums grabs for it. Of course, you beat her to it. The check says "\$28.85." Not alone for this one little breakfast. Oh no. Several unpaid checks of the past are added on. And Sweetums is all flushed and embarrassed. You say "Oh don't say another word about it." Hand the Jap \$30.00 and say "keep the change." More embarrassment, more apologies and more kisses. And now "you just must have some champagne." This time, Sweetum's treat. You drink one—two—three bottles.

The doorbell. A woman! She is selling lingerie. Sweetums decidedly out of humor at her intrusion. "You can see I have company," she snaps. But the woman beseeches her. "Oh please look at the lovely bargains." She has come all the way from the Bronx with only Sweetums in mind. Sweetums yields. Tries on first a pink negligee, then a blue one. And "only ten dollars each," exclaims

Madame. Sweetums is sweetly confused. She asks you which one *you* like. You tell her she looks heavenly in both of them. But Sweetums pushes aside the robes. "No not today. No money this week," she sighs. And what do you do? Reach for the old bankroll of course. Exclaiming—"Tut, tut. The idea, you just keep both of them." And you hand over the \$20. Her childish gratitude. It was beautiful. And you get your reward. A golden hour studded with sixty diamond seconds.

Then once more the doorbell. Enter now, a sad faced girl. She and Sweetums excuse themselves and go into the other room. You hear the whispering. Then Sweetums tip-toes over and tells you a pitiful story. The poor girl has just come out of a hospital. She is absolutely penniless and desperate. She threatens suicide, but says Sweetums, "You have been such a dear" and she just hates to see you spend another dollar for anything. However, if you want to just give this poor girl anything at all, it might save her life. And you now, almost in tears, can only gulp out "Why certainly," \$10.00 more for that. Then once again the Angels slip you the Key to Heaven. Another lavender hour with Sweetums. And now she is showing you some proofs of her latest stage photographs. Its you whom she does that great honor of asking to decide the one she is to have finished. "Wonderful, every one," you murmur. "They must all be finished." And you must have one of each. But this is awful. Sweetums is embarrassed. Why—She will not have all that money. These photographs are \$10.00 each. And you have asked for six. "Mercy." So what is there left for you to do but come across with "Sixty berries" more. Then another bliss-

ful, beautiful hour. And then—out comes a silver cigarette case and with it, a ghastly tale of a poor little chorus girl friend of Sweetums who fell on the ice and injured her spine. And the cigarette case is being raffled off for her support. And—"Oh please take just one chance" implores Sweetums. You take five chances. That costs you \$17.00 more. And now the clock strikes six. Sweetums rises with a start. Oh—She is so sorry, but her sick Aunt in Brooklyn. She has hay fever. She just must go over as she promised and read to her from the Bible. But it has been a marvelous afternoon and "You are just a darling." So there is nothing left to do, but to take up the hat and the stick and prepare to go out and inhale the ozone. Just as you are about to turn the knob, Sweetums is, oh so embarrassed again. Tears come to her eyes. She would just rather die than say a word about it. But there is the matter of that champagne. The Bootlegger has not been paid, and he is coming around in the morning. And let's see—you had three bottles. That is \$36.00 worth. And if you will just be so sweet and give Sweetums this little \$36.00, she will give it to the horrid man and be rid of him.

Yes, that sounds reasonable. Here is the "thirty-six." Anyhow it has been a wonderful four hours and have you not Sweetum's heart and mind and affections and her telephone number; and doesn't that make you just the very luckiest of men? And isn't Sweetums just the loveliest, most unsophisticated, adorable kitten in the world? And didn't she give up a big starring engagement in Chicago just to be with you. What more do you want? But next day the bubbles wore off and you began checking up with a pal. It all comes out. Sweetums turns out to be just

another cagey little Broadway grafter, and there are hundreds of them along the Lane of Bright Lights. And that waiter, and the lingerie woman, and the poor girl were all her confederates. And the photographs and raffle and the Bootlegger were just myths. And here is your "Bill" for the experience. All itemized:

Breakfast	\$30.00
Negligees	20.00
Girl-friend	10.00
Photographs	60.00
Raffles	17.00
Champagne	36.00
Total	<u>173.00</u>

Or at the rate of \$43.25 per hour. And the joke of it all is, that the \$173.00 was so plausible and subtly and painlessly extracted that you did not know it was going on. Sweetums didn't ask you for \$173.00. If she had, you wouldn't have given it to her. But that is the way the Girl Baby Bandits do it on Broadway.

Now back to Berlin.

For beauty and life and metropolitan atmosphere, Berlin is a city you could spend a long time in. And a fortune. The Beer Stubes, the Pubs, are great. The food marvelous. And served exquisitely. Drop into the smallest Pub in Friederichstrasse. Be met by a frock-coated bartender. The very quintessence of all that is elegant in manner and dress. The finest Cognac. Wine from a decanter. Eat delicious little meat pies and wursts and anchovies. And chat with this chap. He can speak English. Not a word about the war. Not a sign or look that he has

anything but the greatest fondness for Americans. Everywhere you go; in hotels, restaurants, shops, theatres, an American is treated with extreme good nature.

Here, the home of good Beer. But everyone seems to be drinking wines and cordials. In one restaurant, they don't serve beer. They want to sell the wine. The prices for liquors are not high. For food, terrible. And dinner! The Check! You wouldn't think they could get so many figures on one little piece of paper. Looks like the population of Pittsburgh. "Anything else, sir," says the waiter. You look at the check and say, "Yes, bring me a couple of Aspirin tablets." They are out to get the money in Berlin and they get it. And there is no lack of money. Restaurants, theatres, coffee houses and shops. All crowded. Money just seems to flow in a steady golden stream. The new German Mark is again worth 25¢.

And now for a fling at a German Theatre. The Shauspielhaus. Great stage spectacles, à la Rufus Lemaire, and girls without even a bangle on. (In Paris, a "G" string, but here nothing.) The first German Stage Venus you saw, absolutely staggered you. You rubbed your eyes. And among the girls, dancing in and out, a negro. Nothing thought of that, either. A big show. Pretty girls, beautiful stage pictures and really funny comedians. The features songs (sung in German), "Alabamy Bound," and "Let It Rain." Between acts, everybody up and out to the Foyer, where not only drinks are served, but every kind of food. You have a late bite in the Theatre, during intermission. And again at a Café afterward. Eat and drink all night. They live, these Germans. And the coat checking stunt. You pay a mark (in advance) to check

your coat and hat. The show over, you come out to get it. A girl has beaten you to it and gotten it out for you. She is all smiles. Tells you that she saw you go in and there was such a long line, she just got your hat and coat for you, so you wouldn't have to wait. And you are flattered and out comes another mark. Many of these little stunts. And you don't get mad.

Leave the Theatre. Do the Friederichstrasse Pubs and Cabarets. Stroll up the Unter den Linden. Stop in a couple of places. A drink and a dance. Then run out as fast as ever you can. Beware of "alliances" in Berlin.

Next day, go sight-seeing. What you see are the things you have been reading about ever since the War. A day crowded with "Kicks."

The American Embassy. A great, green Eagle on top. The War Office. The Prussian Parliament. The marvelous Avenue of Victory (commemorating the Franco-Prussian War). The Rose Gardens of the Empress Augusta Victoria. The Opera House. The Auto Show. The Gruenwald Horse Breeding Stables. And now, "to call on the Kaiser." At Potsdam Palace where he formerly lived. A glorious boat trip up the River Havel. Both banks, lined with beautiful castles, villas, yachts. Here, the élite of Berlin, have their homes. The Castle of Prince Leopold, Cousin of the Ex-Kaiser.

Potsdam. A city of 65,000. During the War, here were the great Garrisons of Germany. The barracks of the famed Red Hussars, the Personal Guard of the former Emperor. Now the old Palace, Sans Souci. The home of Frederick the Great. Built in 1600. The Garrison Church, 1732, attended regularly by the then Kaiser and Kaiserin. Their

personal chairs in the balcony. Also here, the tomb of Frederick the Great. The historic wind-mill. The one that disturbed the Ex-Kaiser and which he went to Court to have removed, but lost the case. Strange to say, he was pleased over his defeat, at the hands of the poor Miller. And this inscription, he had put upon the Mill. "Right before Might."

The Orangerie Palace where Theodore Roosevelt stayed when he visited the Kaiser. The Temple over the tomb of the late Empress Augusta Victoria. Now, the magnificent Potsdam Palace. The Ex-Emperor's home for nine months of the year. Two hundred rooms and across the road, another palace-like structure. This, the Kaiser's *kitchen*. From here an electric train carried the food, underground to the main Palace. You go all through the Palace, but can scarcely believe it is you. The Kaiser's formal dining-room. The Mirror Hall, where he entertained. The gorgeous Grotto or shell room. This, a huge hall with the walls entirely of shells and precious stones. The Kaiser's favorite room. Designed by himself, he personally having collected the shells and stones from all over the world. Topaz, Amethyst, Pearls, Lapis Lazuli, etc. Caruso sang for the Emperor in this shell room. It was here also that the Kaiser, each year placed the 10 Christmas trees. Seven for his children. The other three, for the Kaiserin, himself and his adjutant.

His billiard room. The tables, just as he left them. His private dining-room for his personal officers. The Kaiserin's Tea Cup Room. The Crown Prince's Gymnasium. The Family breakfast room where the Kaiser, Kaiserin and the children met each morning. The Marble Hall, the formal

Dining Hall for 500 Guests. Used also for concerts. The Kaiser's Brother, Prince Henry's apartments.

The Kaiser's Private Theatre. Ah! Such Pomp. A marvelously interesting and elaborate place, this theatre. Here were given 3 Royal Command Performances each year. Last one in 1913. "Charley's Aunt." Here also, came Farrar, Hempel and Melba. The Royal Chair, still in place. (You sit in it.) This Theatre, in cream and gold with red plush seats and a fine big stage. He lived. This old Boy.

Now a peep into the Kaiser's chess room. Now the boat back to Berlin and a sight-seeing trip around the city. Your guide was once a Cash boy at Bloomingdale's, New York. Everywhere, you find them.

Berlin University. The Palace of the Crown Prince. The National Galleries. The Ex-Kaiser's City Palace. Here the famous balcony from which he made his last speech to his people, 1914, when he said, referring to the Allies, "They have thrust the sword into my hand. I do not want it, but now that I have it, I must use it." Around this Palace were the riots of 1917. Here the Royal Stables. The Private Apothecary of the Ex-Kaiser.

Through old Berlin. On the River Spree. The school that Bismarck attended. The Stock Exchange. A street lined with Museums. The Brandenburg Arch.

The Tiergarten. Largest park in Berlin. And right in the heart of the city. A mile long. A mile wide. Glorious trees. White stone benches. Lakes. Grottoes. Always crowded with promenaders.

Through the beautiful avenue of Victory. A solid phalanx of life size statuary. The former rulers and War Lords and Statesmen of Germany. Those great statues, placed

at intervals of about 50 feet. Imagine a mile of these. No more beautiful boulevard in the world. The King's Square. The Houses of Parliament. The great statue of Bismarck. Ah! What have we here? A Palace used exclusively for the honeymoons of the Kaiser's sons. But the blinds are drawn. No honeymoons scheduled for the immediate future. And here is a Subway that runs all around the city and out into the suburbs.

Tiergartenstrasse, the "millionaire row" of Berlin. Marvelous Private Palaces here. The absolutely dazzling flashes of prosperity on all sides. How do they do it. They pay 12% interest for money.

On every hand, you hear that the German people damn the Kaiser. They call him a Traitor because he did not return to Germany with his troops. Instead, fled to Holland.

With the ex-Kaiser hanging in life-size effigy from a great gallows opposite the site of his former imperial residence, 60,000 Communists, a considerable proportion of whom wore the military uniform and marched in battalion formation, celebrated Wilhelm's last birthday by clamoring for his death as well as the complete expropriation to Germany of the deposed ruler's property.

The disciples of Lenin swarmed to the square outside of the palace from all sections of the city, but strong police cordons and the well-disciplined order maintained by their own red guards prevented any disturbance.

Bands played revolutionary airs. Communist Deputies delivered envenomed speeches against both royalist and republican régimes, crimson flags were waved on high, underfed working girls fainted by the dozen, and a pleasant time was had by all.

Meanwhile, the monarchistic and military societies, which had proclaimed their intention of giving battle to the Reds, kept indoors, toasting and otherwise glorifying their supreme war lord inside scores of beer halls throughout the city.

Occasional small contingents of Ludendorff henchmen paraded abroad, but the police easily kept them away from their hated antagonists, and there was no clash.

They like Von Hindenberg in Berlin, the present President of the Republic. The Germans say that France, England and Russia started the War, because of jealousy over Germany's great hold on Commerce. Also because France wanted Alsace Lorraine. *Their* version of it. In a Wine Shop, you meet an old man who owned a racing stable before the War. "Poor Germany," he wails. "We stood with our backs to the wall and fought the whole world for 4 years." *His* version of it.

Now through Liepsigerstrasse. The shopping center of Berlin. Some great Department stores along here. Life, motion. Like New York's Sixth Avenue, 25 years ago.

The Palace of Von Hindenberg. All the Diplomatic Buildings and Embassies. The Traffic Tower, a copy of New York's Towers on Fifth Avenue.

Berlin's skyscraper (7 stories). The Military School. The Officer's Club. The Zoölogical Garden.

Up the wonderful Bismarck Street. Largest in Berlin. Twenty miles long. You meet a friend. He has a friend. You are invited to a party. And a very gay party it was. In a marvelous apartment. Decidedly congenial, convivial Berlin-ers. Next a round of cafés of the West End. Then a real adventure. Staged for your benefit. A Cocaine Dive, where perhaps no American has ever been before, and a

slice of life you have never seen. Pitiful, of course, and low and terrible. Human wreckage at low tide. The details, too unpleasant to print. But quite the most revolting and abandoned affair you have ever attended. And now, you must say, "Au Revoir" to Berlin. But you will come back here some day. A great, beautiful, wonderful city. And a courteous, kindly people, who seem to be sincere.

Now to Holland.

AMSTERDAM

SIP NUMBER 29

JUST a night's ride from Berlin. But an enormous change in scenery. You do not like the Hotel. Very apparently out to "trim" you. And the "Interpreter," a bandit. Twenty dollars a day, he wants to show you the sights.

A beautiful and highly novel little city. Bicycles! Bicycles! The entire population on wheels. Don't worry about being knocked over by an automobile, but by some old maid on a bicycle. They ride them to Church. To work. To visit. They spoon, and they sleep on them. A bicycle, just as much a part of a Hollander, as his eyes and his ears. Here they come. Men and women. Old and young. Everybody rides them. And babies, on the handle bars. In the stores, there are racks for bicycles. Bicycles checked like umbrellas.

You find a Taxi Driver who can speak English. Away you spin. Fine shops, but the streets, very narrow. Vendors selling big Chrysanthemums.

Out into the Dam and Dike Country. On the way to Vollandam. Most picturesque spot in all Holland. Cross the river "X" on a Ferry. The Port where the ships from India and South America land. Here, the real Holland atmosphere. The real native life. Tow-headed kids. Girls

with lace caps, and tight bodices. Up the North Holland Canal. Sail boats. Fishing smacks. House-boats. Large apartment houses along the banks. Now into the windmill country. The pasture lands. Tiny canals every 50 feet. Cows grazing. Hundreds! Thousands of cows. As far as the eye can see. And these are no common cows. They wear blankets and in cold weather, sleep indoors with "the family." Absolutely, right under the same roof. Cows in one room. Family in the other.

And everything, even the cow stalls, immaculate. The cow in Holland, accorded the same respect and care as a human being.

Ah! *Edam*. The picturesque little cheese-making village. You step into a native home. On the one side, cheese-making and the living room. On the other, the cow-stalls. Cows, side by side. In stalls with water trough and feed trough, running the full length. In the center of the house, a haystack. And here was the real cheese-making. The presses to press out the water. And the familiar moulds. A real Edam Cheese ages and improves like wine. Keeps three years. How quaint, the home life of Holland. Beds, built inside the cupboards. During the day, the cupboard doors are shut and you wouldn't know there was a bed in the house. A very cute idea.

You pass wagonloads of fresh, creamy milk. Your mouth waters. Beautiful little houses, neat as a pin. White curtained windows and polished door knockers and wooden shoes outside. Fields of peat, used for fuel. A church built in 1300. Dutch Reform. Graves under the flooring. A great chair for the Burgomaster to sit in. Across the canal, the celebrated Isle of Marken. Called "The Dead



The Cows and the family live together.

Village," because it is still a village of Windmills, Dikes, Canals and Wooden shoes. Just as it was 1000 years ago.

And miles and miles of nothing but pasture lands and cows. And strange, the cows are all the same color. Either all black or black spotted with white. Oh, but beautiful, kind-faced, contented cows. And great, smooth stretches of green grazing lands. Dotted with dikes and canals and windmills. Holland, you are beautiful and picturesque and lovely. Houses only one story, but with high sloping roofs. High enough to contain three more stories. This attic space to accommodate the haystacks. Ah! Here the famous "Eiderdown" comes from.

Now the impossible to describe, charming, picturesque little fishing village of *Vollendam*. Famed in song and story. The maze of fishing boats. The quaint costumes. The tidy little houses. *Vollendam* just reaches out and hugs you. Every man, woman and child in those same costumes you have seen on the stage and in books. And the boys and girls, are they smart? Up they dance, bold as brass, and say: "Me Pose. Me Pose." Meaning: "A penny and you can snap-shoot me."

A little house and a darling old lady, 87 years old. She is still rocking and making the lace caps she made 70 years ago. You buy one to take home and when you get there, you are abused for not having bought 10. And here in *Vollendam*, a sweetness, a wholesomeness, a quaintness and a charm, you will not find anywhere else in the world. Oh, go to *Vollendam*.

In front of every door, a stack of wooden shoes. Sunday, and the villagers are visiting. Outside, off come the shoes. No home is entered with shoes on. The church bells ring.

And Oh! Is this a lovely night? Here they come, hundreds of them. Lace caps, quaint dresses. Tap! Tap! Tap! Of the wooden shoes. This, a glimpse into a real little fairy Paradise. Lovely, beyond description. The charm, the innocence of Vollandam. You just hate to leave without kissing that nice old lady, who makes the lace caps.

Now back to Amsterdam. A sight-seeing tour. The "Naughty Girl" district. Here they dress up and sit at the front window and flirt. The "Houses," on Canal banks, just like Venice. The Jewish section. Streets littered with rubbish. Elizabeth Street, New York, on Saturday Night. Not like Holland. The marked absence of Police. If there are any Policemen in Amsterdam, you have not seen them. This, the Guide tells you, is the "Tough section." The Bowery.

Now, to wonderful "*Rembrandt Square*." One of the big surprises of the entire trip. Of all the towns in the world to have a "Square," like "*Rembrandt Square*," Amsterdam. Ye Gods! Here you find almost all the night life of Paris. Theatre after theatre. Cabaret after Cabaret. Dance hall after dance hall. And they go all night. Rembrandt Square, a huge, beautiful square. With a park in the center and on all sides, facing the Park, a blaze of different colored lights, electric signs, and some of the most cleverly conceived and modernly decorated Café and Cabaret interiors, you have ever seen. Certainly a most elaborate and novel motion picture theatre. Upstairs, a cabaret so smart, you cannot sit there and believe you are not in Paris.

Outside this huge combination Theatre and Cabaret building is painted a futuristic spasm. Red, green, yellow, purple and black. Inside, a huge auditorium, painted in a similar

bizarre effect. Waiters in red coats, green velvet collars and brass buttons. Name of Revue, "Is Dat Wat." Two Bands. On opposite stages. One, a Jazz Band. The other, an aggregation entirely of women.

You do three cabarets in one night and have one of your best times in Europe. And the Service. Get this. You order a Cognac. A tea wagon is pushed in. Every brand of Cognac on earth on it. A big champagne bucket full of ice. The waiter takes a large champagne glass, puts ice in it, revolves the ice round and round, gets the glass thoroughly cold, tosses out the ice and pours out the Cognac. Ha! Cheerio! And so this is Amsterdam.

The Cinema. Aflame with posters. The Picture, "Three Weeks." In the Cabaret, some great singers and Dancers. Another Jazz Band. A cartoonist on the stage sketches you and tosses over the sketch. You bow. The band plays all the Broadway tunes. The people dance Broadway fashion. Ha! Amsterdam, Holland. Come over, you New York Cabaret Proprietors and learn something.

Holland was not in the War. Their Gulden remains at par. You pay for things in Amsterdam. This is no fishing village. Except the Hotel. There they fish. For Suckers.

Au Revoir, Amsterdam. Another town you could spend some more time in. Great! Now to the Hague. Just an hour away.

Through the train window, more cows and pastures and windmills and dikes and canals. The canals freeze in Winter and every one skates to work and back. And to the theatres and cabarets in the evening.

Now the little town of Haarlem. (You cannot forget New

York for a minute.) On a building, an advertising sign, "À la America." You buy October 10th's Saturday Evening Post on October 14th. In Holland. How is that possible?

The village of Lieden. Great factories here. Dutch boy selling papers and whistling. What? "Tea for Two." Funny? A truck load of Edam Cheeses. And those Edam Cheeses are Cheeses! Yes! Yes!

Now to The Hague.

THE HAGUE

SIP NUMBER 30

POPULATION before the war, 300,000. Now 500,000.

The Hague, the home of the Great Peace Palace.

A beautiful, busy, metropolitan city where everything is right smack up to the minute. You drive up *AANVAN-NIEUNOOSLINDIE* Street. Stop the car and copy down that name. Here, some beautiful houses. A great park filled with water. For skating. Band stand in the center. A private skating lake. For Queen Wilhelmina. The Palace of the Queen. Called "The Palace in the Wood." Also called, "The House of Orange." Here was held the first Peace conference in 1899. And, Sh! A little "Dirt." Here is where the Queen is said to have interned her husband, Prince Friederich (he is a German) during the War. And Oh! The naughty tales they tell about Friederich.

The Queen is away. Your guide is known to the Gate Keeper. You go through the Palace. Fine! The Queen's Dining-room. Paintings that stand out like sculpture, by De Witt. A screen emblazoned with crowns studded with diamonds, pearls and rubies. The Chinese Room. Furnishings presented by the Emperor of Japan. Wall decorations are famous paintings fashioned from leather and feathers. A marvelous effect. These are two of the finest rooms in Europe. The ball room. Entire ceiling and walls

painted by Rubens. Fourteen years to finish them. The Throne here. And in another Ruler's Chair you park your filet mignon. President Wilson was entertained here. The drill grounds of the Royal Holland Grenadiers.

The German section of The Hague. 120,000 Germans. Said to have fled here from Germany just before the War. To escape service. Cannot go back to Germany. And just immediately prior to August 1914, German money began pouring into The Hague and Amsterdam Banks. They claim that this is proof that the Germans planned the War in cold blood. The Germans here buy up the vegetable crops before they are even planted and later ship the vegetables into Germany. They work cheaper than the Hollanders. Keep many Hollanders out of work. Therefore, are extremely unpopular.

The Queen's Cavalry. A practice drill.

And now the thrilling visit to the great *Peace Palace*. Finished 1913. Andrew Carnegie gave the money for the building. All the other nations donated the furnishings. The Great Iron Gates, a present from Germany. Stained glass windows from England. Woodwork from Brazil. Marble from Italy. Paintings and tapestries from France. Bronze gates from Belgium, and so on. Every nation of the world, contributing something. During the war, a joker put up a sign on the Gate. "For Rent." You go through the Halls of Justice. The great Corridors. The Ante-Chambers. The Library. The beautiful Gardens. Fountains. Sculptures. Hangings. Magnificent! A marvelous building.

The League of Nations met here two months ago. Conference now being held between England and Turkey.

Now through the Queen's other Royal Palace. Two hundred rooms. (This Queen should have house parties often.) Also, the new Palace, now being put in readiness for the Princess Juliana. The Queen's only child. Who is said to have a will of her own and does not wish to live longer with her Mother. And Juliana is a sweet roly-poly little cherub. Teasing the scales around 200.

Parliament House. The Old Spanish Prison. Built in 1320. Pictures on wall painted by Prisoners with their own blood. The torture chambers and dungeons. The Iron Room where the racks and stocks were inflicted.

The rack upon which arms and legs were broken. Branding irons, bone stretchers, executioners' axes, the pillory and thumb screws. All the nice pleasant little things that no doubt made the poor prisoners very happy. And Oh! Yes! The Starving Room, just opposite the big kitchens. The victims crouched in here, smelled the savory cooking and passed a most enjoyable fortnight. Before the finish. The Water Torture room, where the famous "drop, drop, drop," treatment was administered on the shaven head. The first day, the prisoner went mad. The third day, he was dead.

The Fish Market. The House of Commons. The Hall of Knights. Opened by the Queen every year, with a great Pageant. The Hague Museum. Two solid rooms of Rembrandts. A room of Rubens. A room of Van Dykes; likewise of Franz Hals and Holbein. All native sons of Holland. The famous Murillo Madonna. You saw the Blue Madonna of Sassaferata in Vienna. And Rafael's Sistine Madonna in Dresden.

Twelve o'clock. Over 2000 bicycles on the streets at one time. Men and women out for lunch. A vegetable

wagon and how polite is this huckster. Even peels the potatoes for his customers. He saves the peelings. Sells them to hog raisers.

Now the House of the Golden Step. Here is where naughty damsels live. The house where more than 250,000 Gulden are stolen annually. The "Guest" hangs his coat on the door and in the panel, is a secret wicket. A hand reaches in and from the coat, the wallet is gently lifted. Cute? Over 80 girls live in this one house. The police have advertised in the papers, warning men to stay away.

Now the adventure of adventures. You drive to *Doorn*. YOU SEE THE KAISER. A small favor to a Dutch guard on duty, and you are allowed to walk in among the great forest trees that shelter the House from the road and take a peep. There he is. The Ex-Kaiser. About 100 yards away. Talking to a Gardener. His hair, snow-white, pompadoured high. Mustache. Van Dyke beard. His left hand (withered arm) in his pocket. A cane and a little black dog. There he was. Guarded, not by German soldiers, but by Holland soldiers. None but his own friends and servitors talk with him. But in magnificent style, he lives. A recent guest describes his visit thus:

"Dinner Sunday night," he said, "was a most imposing affair. Even in the old days at Berlin there was not more ceremony. The ex-Kaiser was in a glittering uniform, with decorations and medals on his breast. The Kaiserin wore a magnificent costume, and all of the staff was uniformed. I sat at the ex-Kaiser's right. Next to me was his stately Lord Chamberlain. The ex-Kaiser looked even younger than when I last saw him, and his white beard becomes him well. He talked with all his old enthusiasm."

The ex-Kaiser may in time become one of the richest men in the world at the expense of the German taxpayer.

Secret negotiations between the ex-Kaiser's lawyers and the Prussian State have been going on for months, and are approaching a conclusion. Landed estates yielding a net income of 250,000 marks a year have already been offered to the ex-Kaiser, so that he may not bother the State with further claims, but the ex-Kaiser's lawyers contemptuously refused the settlement and threatened to fight the case before the courts.

The ex-Kaiser, in addition to all the crown properties in Germany, claims two-thirds of the pictures contained in the Kaiser Frederick Museum and the whole of the Schalk Galleries at Munich with their priceless treasures. Both museums represent a fortune running into 50,000,000 Marks.

The "Morgenpost" is indignant that the State should allow itself to be fleeced by a man who it thinks has no more right to his possessions than millions of Germans who were ruined during the inflation period. While large debts have been wiped out in paper money, the creditors receiving a mere fraction of a penny, the ex-Kaiser will receive, if his claim is upheld, millions and millions.

But he always was a Foxy old Boy.

And now, "Au Revoir Hague."

You take a train for—Antwerp.

ANTWERP

SIP NUMBER 31

ON the train.

More pastures and more cows to a pasture. And here the cows sit down. Very comical. You wonder, are they "on strike." "Laying down" on the Boss as it were.

You buy some chocolate. Delicious! The real rich Holland cream.

Monday, washday in Holland. And they hang it out, same as in the Bronx. Some amusing signs in the train. "Forbidden to smoke." "Forbidden to expectorate." "Forbidden to hang out of windows." "Forbidden," this, that and the other thing. Very funny! The frontier between Holland and Belgium. Now the Customs. Passports.

Antwerp. The great Seaport. American Liners dock here. Great factories. The big Industry is diamond cutting. Diamonds are sent here from Africa and Brazil. Thirty thousand Diamond Cutters in Antwerp. Their greatest patron, said to be the American Jules Oppenheimer, the diamond king of New York.

Great collection also of Ruben's paintings. Museum of old books and letters.

Lively night life. Jazz bands and wide open gambling. Now to Brussels.

BRUSSELS

SIP NUMBER 32

OVER a million people in Brussels. First impression, a great big lively town. Crowds on the streets. Big shops, lights, traffic, coffee houses, sidewalk cafés. And a fine metropolitan Hotel. Little booths and shops opening off the Lobby. Men and women in evening dress going to the Theatres. Everything very expensive. You get a private guide. You tell him you want to see Brussels, inside out. Go places no American has ever been before. He takes you at your word. You see Brussels.

First stop, a Push cart. Old woman selling snails. She dishes them out of hot water and unscrews them from their shells. You never thought you would ever eat snails but you are game enough to taste one. You like it. You eat a dozen. Absolutely delicious.

A little further along, another old woman with a Push cart. She is selling fresh mussels. She cracks them. You pick them right out of the shells, and dip them in melted butter.

Now into the poorer quarters of Brussels. Picture one solid phalanx of workingmen's dance halls and beer gardens. Almost a mile of them. Every one crowded. Everybody enjoying themselves. No whiskey sold in Brussels. Only wine and beer. These hard-working people dance,

make merry and enjoy that wine and beer. Just as we would enjoy it in America. And the strange customs. Men never take off their hats when dancing. And men dance with each other. Same as with women. In fact, more men dancing together than with female partners. The music, the old-fashioned electric Hurdy-Gurdy piano. Coin in the slot. Also three or four singers. And an Accordeon and those Accordeons (as in Paris) surely do moan mean dance tunes. The dancing is just whirling round and round. American Jazz. Nothing else but. A strange cabaret. The artists (?) all women, past 50 years of age. They sing and dance. An old lady about 70, in boy's clothes. A wig and a cigarette. Doing a "Johnnie" specialty. Piti-ful but serious business. They pass the plate after every number. Their sole income. You drink a little wine, drop coins in the plate, talk to a few of the old dames (through your guide) and on to the next place.

The Rue D' une Personne (the street of one person). Smallest, darkest street in the world. Four feet wide. You imagine Frank Belcher and Rapley Holmes chasing each other through here. And a new stunt. These night ladies of Brussels operate little private taverns. Doors locked. You ring a bell. A girl looks through a peep hole and you are admitted. They all know George, this guide of yours. Inside, a miniature Bar and tables. Girls in evening dress. They come over and sit down. You order a drink and they tell you how handsome you are, how they love Americans and it looks serious and you jump up and run out. And into another place, just like it, and through the same performance. Life as it is in Brussels.

Now to the biggest, most luxuriously furnished Tender-

loin Place in Europe. The Oriental Palace. A Turkish Room. The walls entirely of mirrors. The girls sans raiment of any description and each one smiling at you over her shoulder as they dance together. You open more wine. To be a good fellow. And then they put on a show of a certain type and you get enough of that and run out for air and into another place.

Yes Brussels is a wide open town. The widest open in Europe. Now the Moulin Rouge (every city has its Moulin Rouge). Brussels' largest cabaret and dance hall. Girls in droves. One stops and begs a cigarette. Expecting to be asked to sit down. Another comes and sits down without being asked. The Band plays "All Alone." A bottle of wine and you dance. No harm in dancing. And you chatter in English and the girl chatters in French and George tells each of you what the other says. And you have a marvelous (?) time. Now they throw confetti. The lights go low. A big windmill of colored lights is set revolving. You dance again. With a red and green searchlight playing on you. And this Baby can dance. A girl about 18. Not unattractive. But just a little Gold Digger. Also, very thirsty. Bebe says to you (in French), "Will you give me some money for to-morrow's soup." You give her twenty francs. She is not satisfied, wants more. You say, "If you don't mind I should like some soup, myself." Bebe wants flowers now. You buy zem. Now Bebe wants perfume. You buy zat. Then what does Bebe say? "Ta Ta!" of course. Leaves you flat. Then others come over and "try" and fail and get up and leave. You must look like a live one. But you are as cold as a Jewish Landlord.

You freeze up and snow over all of them. Therefore, the "leave-taking."

Next day, sight-seeing. The real things of Brussels. The Grand Square, Market Place and City Hall. Built in 1300. Bombarded twice by Louis XIV and Napoleon. The House of Dukes, 1698. Now a Branch of the National City Bank of New York. (You can't get away from home.) The home of Victor Hugo. Here he wrote *Les Misérables* in 1852. The "Stocking" Exchange (as George calls it). Belgium has had a strange history. Belgium was Spanish, 160 years. Austrian, 40 years. French, 16 years. Dutch, 60 years and almost German. Now the famous statue of the Mannekin. The little boy who has stood in this niche in the wall for over 500 years, and performed the certain astonishing feat that has amused the entire world. The Mannekin has been knighted and decorated by Kings. Great honors of State have been conferred upon him. Playfully, he has been dressed in the Royal uniforms of every court. His wardrobe occupies an entire room in a museum. On fête days, he is arrayed in dress appropriate to the occasion.

The statue of La Petite Gabrielle, the woman who published an independent newspaper against the Germans and was shot by them because she would not tell where the paper was published. A milk cart drawn by a police dog.

The Palace of Justice. Cost \$10,000,000. Most magnificent Court House in the world. Here are tried all the law cases, large and small. Lawyers striding up and down in their wigs and gowns. This colossal building, seized by the Germans and used for a Barracks. They ravaged it. Tore off the great grilled doors. Confiscated all the copper

and bronze. Tore all the leather off the chairs. The curtains from the windows. Removed the bronze statues of famous jurists. And 14 years, it took to construct this building. Its dome, over 300 feet high. Two floors underground.

Here is some intimate data on the late War. Germany marched through Waterloo. The Belgians flew to Malines. There defended Antwerp for 5 days. Kept the Germans back for 18 days. Belgium had 40,000 men against a million. Now comes one of the most interesting lights on the entire war. And something not generally known. *When the Germans got to Dixmuth, the Belgians opened Dams and flooded lands with water, drowning thousands. And this, they say, is what really won the war.* If the Germans had passed here, they would have gotten into Ostend, Calais, and all over France and England. The Germans had guns that shot 80 miles.

The King of Belgium had his residence at La Palpupa. Living there on a farm. The entire country of Belgium is 60,000 miles in circumference. The Germans occupied 50,000 square miles of it.

Germans took possession of the City of Brussels. No shots fired there, because the Belgian troops had evacuated. Belgium had a German Governor. Every time the Germans needed money he raised the Taxes. One hundred thousand Belgian families left their homes for Holland, England and France. The first year, the Germans sold all these thousands of homes, with furnishings. But the Belgians, after the Armistice, gave these houses back to the people who owned them. And if the persons who bought them from the Germans objected, they were put in jail.

The Conservatory of Music. The Square de Sablens. Before the War, the Palace of the Duke Neurenberg, who ran away and left it just before the War.

Notre Dame la Victore. The oldest church. Built 940. The museum of Art. Rubens' pictures. The old palace where the present King Albert was born. Now the Bank of Brussels. The Royal Square. A square of fashionable hotels. The Germans gutted them. Now, business houses. The Palace just purchased for the King's son, the Duke of Brabant, who will occupy it after his marriage.

King Albert's great Palace. Before the Germans came, the King sent all the furnishings to France. Queen Elizabeth turned the Palace into a Hospital for all soldiers alike—Belgians, French, Germans. The Germans respected the Palace. Did not harm it. The Queen is a professional nurse. Her Father was a physician. Before her marriage she assisted him in his private hospital in Bavaria. Opposite the Palace, the beautiful Royal Gardens. On the other side, the House of Parliament.

The oddest picture gallery in the world. The Musee Wiertz. The old home of Wiertz, the "Mad Painter" of Belgium. Wiertz died poor because he would never sell a picture. At his death he wanted all of his paintings to go to Belgium. The government offered to pay him for his works. He would only accept enough for food and clothes. He painted, day and night. Unceasingly. From 1800 to 1864. The son of a policeman. Eighty-two pictures in the collection. All that there are in the world. And they are priceless. His genius was colossal. Yet all his paintings are wild. One huge canvass depicts Napoleon as a Devil, eating up women. Wiertz seemed to be the master

of every kind of art. Animals, nudes, groups. He painted everything equally brilliantly. Some of his works are so gruesome and daring, they are enclosed in a boxed-up compartment. Viewed through a peep hole. One painting of a woman, raped. When her baby is born, she goes mad. The painting shows her cutting up its body and boiling its arms and legs in a pot. Another. Napoleon in Hell. Wiertz hated Napoleon. Of all the Galleries in Europe, this by far, the most unique. A cabinet containing all Wiertz' old brushes and paints and palettes. His guitar, lantern, cape. It is all so real and intimate, this gallery. In Wiertz' old home. The very rooms that he worked in. And from which, never a painting ever saw the outside light. One has the feeling of having known and admired him personally. An odd experience. Whether one likes pictures or not.

Now the Park Cinquante Tower. The Arch de Triumphe. The Museum of Antiquity. The Exposition Building. Here, the Horse Shows and Motor Shows are held. The Boulevard Brand Whitlock. Named for our War Ambassador. A boulevard of the finest mansions. Then acres of wooden huts, which the Belgian Government forced the German Prisoners to build after the Armistice, for destitute Belgians. The National Shooting Gallery. A huge structure where the firing is done through the rear windows. At targets in a field, beyond. It was here that Edith Cavell, the English Nurse was shot by the Germans on December 10, 1915. Edith Cavell in her capacity of nurse, assisted soldiers to get over the border back to their armies. She was tried by the German Governor of Brussels and sentenced to be shot. One soldier (Ramler) refused to fire. They

shot him next. Here is the spot, to which came the King and Queen of England. To pay tribute to the memory of this brave woman. It is in the records that the last words of Ramler, the martyred German soldier, were, "Vive la France." It is further established that every one of this firing squad deliberately "missed." That Edith Cavell was killed by two shots fired from the revolver of the officer in command.

Now to the great Japanese Tower, marking the entrance to the King's Summer Palace. This Tower, resembling one Pergola on top of another. Goes high into the air. The stairs to the top, lined with Japanese art glass windows and finest carvings. All the magnificence of Japan. This tower, one of the great novelties of the world. It was a part of the Japanese Exhibit at the Brussels Exposition, 1910. And was bought and moved to the Palace by King Leopold II. Uncle of the present King. The Germans captured it and occupied it as an Observation Tower. Leopold also bought the Chinese building at the Exposition. Moved that to the other side of the Road. A veritable Chinese Palace. Exquisite furnishings and art objects.

Now to Horticultural Park. Largest green houses in the world. Like a village. Here are stores, churches, schools. Entirely for the gardeners and caretakers and their families.

And the Summer Palace, itself. Built by Marie Theresa of Austria (Mother of the gay little Marie Antoinette). Occupied by her, when Austria ruled Belgium. Here Napoleon I lived with his second wife, Marie Louise of Prussia. King Albert has every known tree planted here. The villa of the ex-Empress of Mexico, Charlotte, Daughter of Leopold I, and Aunt of present King. The Empress,

now in her 88th year. Said to be insane. Her husband was the Austrian Emperor Maximilian II of Mexico, 1870.

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. One hundred fifty feet high. Of bronze, representing nine provinces of Belgium. A flame burns at this tomb night and day. And now to Waterloo.

WATERLOO

SIP NUMBER 33

MADE famous by a gentleman named Napoleon. A motor trip of one hour through the Avenue Louise. The Forest of Brussels. Bois de Cainbler. Through the Forest of Sois to the Village of Waterloo.

Wellington House, former home of the Duke of Wellington. The gentleman who defeated Napoleon and handed him the well-known "Raspberry."

Then to Mount St. Jean, where Wellington had his headquarters.

Next the "Leon." A great statue of a Lion, that looks toward France to defend Belgium and Holland. The Lion on the same spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. The Pyramid and the foundation of this statue made out of the ground of the "Sunken" Road where Napoleon lost 10,000 men. (Read "Les Miserables.") Two hundred twenty-six steps. One hundred thirty feet high. The Lion rests on top. Weighs 28 tons. Twelve thousand soldiers buried here in one cemetery. Mostly French.

The Farm House where Napoleon had his last breakfast before his defeat.

A great panorama, inside a building which shows the Battle with the position of each army.

Back to Brussels and Au Revoir. Another wonderful city. Another wonderful time.

On the train.

A dowager gets into your compartment. Looks like Flora Finch of the movies. An old maid school marm, in appearance, but Oh! Quite Peppy. Out comes a cigarette case and she offers one to you. You never can tell. In Europe, the Grand Duchess looks like her cook.

The Boat from Antwerp to Harwich. Over the English Channel. Yoi! What a night! What a crossing! A terrible experience. The boat looped the loop, stood up on its hind legs and "thumbed its nose" at you. No one could sleep or even stick in their berths. Dishes were swept off the dining tables. Port holes smashed. Great gobs of water poured over the deck. Washed off a couple of sailors. Never can you forget that night. The first time you ever gave up the Ghost. But the morning came as mornings always do and off the boat and onto a train bound for London thence to Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH

SIP NUMBER 34

AND what a corkin' city, Edinburgh. A great time here. Glorious days and jolly flings at night.

The chance meeting with an old cab driver. On Princes Street. A great character. Old Bill Harvey. He spots you first and hails you. And you get in. And all along the route, his quaint chatter and his congenial companionship. A treat uncommon. "And there, sir," says he, "is one o' the best Public 'ouses in all Scotland, where ye can go Sir, when ye are dry and get a nip that hits the spot, Sir." And could any hint be broader than that? And did you ever snap into anything with greater enthusiasm? One of the best Pals in all Europe, Old Bill. Driving a Hack about Edinburgh for 35 years. Driven many Americans. President Wilson and James J. Corbett and Bishop Potter, he says. And Bill knew everything and the history of everything backward.

First to old Edinburgh castle. High on a hill. Right in the center of the city. Over a thousand years old. Mary Queen of Scots lived here. James I was born here. Now the Barracks of the famous Scotch Greys. The troop of 1000 "six footers." All mounted on grey horses. A gun, fired from the parapet each day at 10 o'clock. Soldiers wear long plaid trousers, instead of kilts. The old Jeweled

Crown of Mary, Queen of Scots. The Chamber and the Window from which James I, when a baby, was lowered in a basket by a rope to be Baptized a Catholic. In spite of John Knox, who ordered that he be baptized a Protestant.

The grave of John Knox (no relation to Arthur Knox, the illustrious legal luminary of New York). He gave us our "Presbyterianism" in 1572 (and the reason for the present Morgue-like condition of Scotland on Sunday). The "Heart of Mid-lothian" the spot where Effie Dean was imprisoned. The George Herrott School, where 300 poor boys are educated, fed and clothed each year. And this school has turned out some of the greatest men in Scotland. The High Courts of Scotland. Lawyers called "Advocates." They walk up and down in long black robes and white wigs. The Judges of the Courts are Lords.

The Home of John Knox. The Home of the Marquis of Queensbury. The illustrious gentleman who wrote the rules for the Prize ring. The old White Horse Inn, where Robert Burns entertained his friends and the place "White Horse" whiskey is named for. The Prison for Debtors. (God forbid that they ever have one in America!) Holyrood Castle, the Scotland City residence of King George and Queen Mary of England. The Queen here just a week before. The Duchess of Hamilton's Drawing-room. Some marvelous old French Books. The Dining-room. For the Knights and the Ladies in waiting. The West Drawing room. The Throne Room. The two great chairs of State of the King and Queen. Done in red and gold. The Evening Drawing Room. The Morning Drawing Room. In here, Ladies of the Court worked the Tapestry for 12 chairs and pre-

sented them to the Queen in 1923. The Queen's Waiting Room. Queen Victoria's breakfast room. Now used by King George as an Audience Chamber. And here, painting of Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland in 1306. Robert the Bruce's skull lays here in a gold box. His heart in Melrose Abbey. His body in Dunfermline Abbey. You know the story of Robert the Bruce and the Spider. One day, as Robert rested on a couch, he observed a spider, caught in a web in the rafters. The spider was trying desperately to escape the web. He tried again and failed. He made a third effort and this time succeeded. Robert the Bruce had just lost two battles against the English. He took a lesson from the Spider. Made a third stand against the enemy and returned victorious.

The Bed of Bonnie Prince Charlie, 1633. His prayer chair. The personal dining table of the late King Edward. The Coronation Chair of Charles I. Bed of Mary Queen of Scots. The basket in which James I was lowered from the window. The Powder Closet where Charles I powdered his wig. And many other beautiful, wonderful relics of by-gone pomp and splendor.

Now the Robert Bruce Monument. The school that King Edward attended. The old Carlton Prison. The Statue of Abraham Lincoln. In a cemetery. Erected in 1885. A copy of the statue in Boston, depicting the negro on his knees, thanking Lincoln for his freedom. The Park where American Soldiers were encamped during the war. National Museum of Antiquities. The Pulpit John Knox preached from. Suicide Bridge from which many persons have jumped into the river. The Dog Cemetery where all the dogs of the Scottish Armies are buried.

Fettes College. Where all the youths, 12 to 16 years of age, wear high silk hats and carry canes. The Cathedral of St. Mary's. Sir Walter Scott's magnificent statue. A wonderful Church Spire built over it. The Gladstone Statue. The First Masonic Hall. Oldest in the world, 1326. The cradle of Masonry. Bobby Burns and King Edward were members of this lodge.

A drive through the residential section. Beautiful homes, but entirely lacking in embellishment. All, of the same gray stone. Row upon row of the same architecture. Many radios in Edinburgh. Women carrying baskets of fish on their heads. Selling from door to door. And now lunch time.

Old Bill Harvey touches his battered hat and says, "What Hotel, sir?" "Hotel, my foot. Where do *you* lunch?" you exclaim. "Take me there." And he did and it was wonderful. A dandy little "Pub" up a side street. Sam Duncan's Place. Upstairs in a private room. With an open grate and a wood fire. You have a feast. Imagine! Jugged hare, steak, kidney, oyster and Lark Pie. A bottle of stout. Oh! Is this dandy atmosphere? And over on that wall. A scream of a sign.

"Free to sit. Free to think. Free to have all you can drink.
When enough, Free to go, But free to stop an hour or so.
Use no language in this room, That you would not use at
home.

Come frequently, pay honorably, part friendly.
Drink moderately, be good company, go home quietly."

Isn't that a whiz bang bit of philosophy and on the wall of this old "Pub"?

And then you sat back over a bottle of Stout and Old Billy regaled himself. "For 35 years I drove the Aristocrats," said he, "and if I told you all that I know, about one half the population of Edinburgh would be in the Divorce Courts." (Ha!) "Once," he prattled on, "a gentleman and a Lady rushed up to my cab all out of breath and pointing to another cab approaching on the run, told me to get them away from it quick. Well, I was driving a mighty frisky nag at that time, and I give her the whip. Round and round the Town we went and finally we lost the other cab entirely. The gentleman then, all excited, told me to drive them to the station. He presses a 10 pound note in my hand and they run for a train. Now, just listen to this. Two years after, up comes the same gentleman but with *another* lady. I at once recognized him, but was too smart to let on. We drove around and around again. Finally, we went into a 'Pub' to have a bit of Scotch, leaving the Lady outside. And the gentleman broke into a grin and says he, shaking my hand most off, 'Do you remember me?' and I says sly-like, 'You bet I do,' and then he tells me that I saved his home from being broke up, that other time 2 years back; and that now he and his wife (the lady outside) had become reconciled and he owed a whole lot of his present happiness to me, and this time he slipped me 20 pounds." And that is old Billy Harvey, a great coachman, a great guide and a great companion.

Now for a novelty and something you never before heard of. "Dog Races." Greyhounds, trained to run like horses. You see the 190-yard Dog handicap on the Powderhall Grounds. There are 42 heats and then the Finals. And all the atmosphere of a Race Track. Owners. Trainers.

Bookmakers. About 20 Bookmakers with the old familiar black boards, erasers and chalk. And did they know their business? Out of the several hundred dogs, running in these 42 heats, they picked the winner. Yes Sir! The favorite won. And this was a great sight. These lean lithe, long-legged and beautifully graceful greyhounds. Trained to perfection. Going down the track like a streak of lightning. And they handicap them. Chart their workouts. Clock them in every heat. And a "dope" sheet is published, same as for horses. Future events are "The Miner's Derby." And the "Mile Handicap." If you lived in Edinburgh, you would never miss these Dog Races. And now a quick jump to a football game. Old Bill leading the way.

The game, "Association Football." Very tame. Scotland is the Home of Football. You want to see a native game but the crowd is disappointing. Evidently not a society patronage. None of the American "Rah, Rah," or excitement.

Now for a "Scotch and Soda," in the famous "Old Coach Inn," and here Old Bill again did himself proud. Yarn after yarn, and you are screaming yet. He is crazy about our own James J. Corbett. Seems to know Corbett's entire life history. Said he was a Bank Clerk and that his father was a clergyman. (You didn't know it.) Said that Corbett was in Edinburgh 30 years ago and he met him and shook hands with him. And he is the finest man in the world to-day, and then you and Old Bill went back to Sam Duncan's and sat down for another little visit. And Old Bill got so tight you were afraid to drive with him any more. Just had to shake his hand and bid him good-by, right in this old "Pub." And you say to yourself, "I hope

I meet this old stager again sometime," and you mean it. Bless his old Scotch heart. You love him. And now to your own devices.

You hear something astounding. American Flappers, dames and dowagers, get ready to scream and cry over this. In Edinburgh not a single woman with the least powder or rouge on her face. Not a single cosmetic shop in all of Scotland. A rosy cheek in this country can only mean a blush and that starts another exhilarating pastime of making cheeks rosy.

And the Male Bon Ton of Edinburgh; those Bowler hats. You think they wear them for swank. Oh no! To shed the rain. Yes!

And this Scottish sky does leak.

You wander about. Find the brightest streets. Where the crowds are. Looking in at all the Pubs along the way. Having a gorgeous time doing nothing. A cagey Brother is selling song sheets. You stop to buy and he informs you he saw you at the Dog Races. Fine! Like an old friend. You stop and chat. Buy more song sheets. All Jazz tunes from Broadway. Some laughs out of these when you get back. You do some other shopping. A colored feather for your bowler. And now for a show.

You buy a paper. "Harry Kemp offers Scotch Broth," at the Theatre Royal. Fine! You go. And they have two shows. One at 6:45. The other at 8:45. Just a noise, it was. But some familiar tunes and funny gags.

Ah! And some winsome lassies. And this and that and that and this and a great ending to a great day. Au Revoir. You are off to Glasgow.

GLASGOW

SIP NUMBER 35

OH! What a disappointment was Glasgow. You spent a week in Glasgow that Sunday. Not allowed to open an oyster there on the Sabbath. And a cemetery at midnight is a wild cabaret compared to Glasgow. No shows. No restaurants. No movies. No music. Nothing, but sit in the Hotel and drink. And to arrange even this, you must give the Headwaiter your overcoat and a hundred shares of steel. Or you can go for a sweet innocent bus ride.

Hop on the first Bus that comes along and go to the end of the line. You strike up an acquaintance with a Toppy old boy, in the seat in front. He plays guide for you, but doesn't know he is doing it. You ask him what all the places are and then he tumbles that you are an American visitor. And the balance of the way, he doesn't let you miss anything.

The Docks. Steamers from here to Manchester, Liverpool and Belfast. The great distilleries of John Buchanan and Sons. A brigade of Boy soldiers. Other youths, every one with a bowler hat. Radio stores aplenty. Up Queen Margaret Road. Fine homes. West End Park. Selling flowers at a cemetery gate. People buying them to put on graves. Quaint one-story Boulder houses. Fattest, shaggiest, wooli-

est sheep you ever saw. Big billboard on a Scotch hillside. "Abbey's Salts." A marvelous private shooting Lodge. The Laird's Castle in the offing. "Drug store Cowboys." (Loafers.) Here, they call them "Corner Trout."

Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army. Doing business on the sidewalk. A reminder of Columbus Circle, New York.

Miles of factories and distilleries. Glasgow, a dirty city because of the smoke. "The Dixie Jazzboes," advertised at a theatre, but not open to-day. Grumpelier Golf Club. Sheep grazing in and out among the players. A beautiful, pastoral picture. An old lamplighter lighting the street lamps. Kid in the Bus behind you whistling, "Charley My Boy." Woolworth stores. "Nothing over 6D" (12¢). The smug little suburb of Shettleston. Crowds of lovely old folk and prim young uns. Coming out of church. The ride ends. And Oh! How lonesome are you, and Oh! How you wish for just a movie to go to. You turn a corner. See crowds of people running. Fine! You run too. Some excitement at last. What? The Trossachs. A troupe of Russian Dare Devil Horsemen. Coming into Glasgow to give a show. But next week. People, all on edge. The slightest little excuse for excitement. They welcome it. And now nothing to do but go back to the Hotel. They are having what they call "High Tea." Tea with some dainty bit of food and a sweet. You grab the "High Tea" thing. Far from your idea of a party but here you meet a young Scot and you swap yarns. He had a regular monologue.

"Sandy and Jock, two Scotchmen," says your friend, "were having an argument. They are calling each other stingy. Sandy to Jock: 'You were too stingy to give yer

Lass a middle name.' Jock: 'And ye are the kind of Sport who buys a Lass a Tuppenny drink and then wants to take her home and squeeze it out o' her.' Sandy: 'You hid your Mother-in-law's false teeth to save on the Grocery bill.' Jock: 'You wouldn't give a friend the sleeves out o' yer vest.' Sandy: 'If ye owned the Atlantic Ocean, ye wouldn't give a sick clam a gargle.' Jock: 'Ye have cut your finger nails so short, ye couldn't pick up a restaurant bill.' Sandy: 'And when yer little lad was 5 years old, ye used to give him a Six pence to take his medicine. Then when he fell asleep, ye would steal it back again. And the next morning, whip him for losing it.' Jock: 'Is that so? And you give yer Lass Sixpence to take her medicine. And then when she has saved 2 shillings, ye take the 2 shillings and buy her another bottle.' Sandy: 'And ye make yer lad save a shilling each week. And he goes over to the corner in yer kitchen and drops the shilling in a "bank." Very nice, The Bank is yer Gas Meter.' Jock: 'And yer Lass had a cold, and when the cold was cured there were still 3 cough drops left and ye said to yer wife, "Such extravagance will never do. The lass must go out and get her feet wet." ' Sandy: 'And ye won't eat bananas, because ye hate to throw away the skins.' Jock: 'And ye are too stingy to buy yourself an automobile.' Sandy: 'Well, any Lass can be gay in a Rolls Royce Coupe. And in a Taxicab, she can be jolly. But the Lass worth while, is the Lass who will smile, when you takes her home in a Trolley.' Jock: 'Sing a song of money. Sandy hid his cash. Left in trousers on a chair. Which was very rash. But his wife, she saw him do it, And when she heard him snore She helped herself to sixpence. There wasn't any more.' Sandy:

‘Jock, he stole a kiss from a village maid. And then jumped on a train. The girl neither raved nor tore her hair. For she had his watch and chain.’ Jock: ‘Is that so? Well I suppose ye would have committed suicide if it were yer watch and chain stolen. And to commit suicide, ye would come in to borrow my gas.’ Sandy: ‘And ye, when we send yer night shirt to the Laundry, ye stick a pair o’ socks in the pocket, thinkin’ the’ Laundry won’t notice it.’ ”

And after these little pleasantries, you entrain for Belfast. Your first real peep at “The Emerald Isle.” And all your life long, you have wanted to see Ireland.

BELFAST

SIP NUMBER 36

AND you had some time getting here. The bonehead who sold you the tickets and made up your trip for you, messed them all up. The wrong railroads. The wrong time table. You were dumped off the train in the middle of the night at Dumfries. Had to sit in a cold station from 11 till 2 in the morning. Then change again at 5 o'clock for another train. And change again at 6 o'clock at Larne for a boat to cross St. George's Channel. Fine!

But never mind. Here is Belfast. And instead of the funny musical comedy Hick town you expected to find, this is a real city. You are tickled pink over Belfast. A beautiful city! Fine streets and shops and everything right up to the minute. This, the North of Ireland. Still under British Rule. Dublin and Cork, in the Irish Free State. Everybody in good humor here. And the brogue, a scream. You start laughing at the Hotel Desk. The clerk, a typical Colleen, with hair a true brick red. You tell her you want a fire in your room. "Two shillings extra, for a day fire. Three shillings for a night fire," says she. Is that funny?

Then into the Hotel Bar and some more of that marvelous brogue. A decidedly winsome Bar Lass. Then up to see the town. A laugh a minute. A ride to Glengormly. Mag-

nificent estates all along the way. Jaunting cars. Vine covered houses. A lovely little green world. All unto itself.

Fort Willow Golf Club. Greenhouses. Estates that look like Feudal Castles. (And these castles, not run down.) A beautiful lake, Bellevue, the great play park. One thousand eight hundred steps to climb to get up to it. A fine café. Belfast castle, the Irish estate of Lord Shaftsbury. A great name in England. Chichester Park. Great gates and a long winding drive to another castle.

A football game in a beautiful green common. A funeral passes. Coachmen and footman in gala livery. A Cinema. Syd Chaplin in "Charlie's Aunt." Tobacco factories. "The News," oldest paper in Ireland, 1787. A great Mill is closing. Out pour the workers. Scores of children among them. Some look no more than 8 years old. No Child Labor Laws in Ireland. Up Glengormly way. You wouldn't have missed it and your first impression of Ireland is "immense." Now a trot around the streets. The Pubs, the Coffee houses, the shops.

One Pub had the tables enclosed in little private stalls. You cast a wise glance at them and say to the Bar maid, "Just wait until I go out and get a Colleen and come back." And she was hurt. "The stalls, sir, are for noontday, sir. For gintlemen to talk business undisturbed, sir." And you are properly squelched and you raise your hat and Bounce.

Now for dinner. You stop a chap and make inquiry. "There is a good place yonder, sir." And you say, "I don't want a good place, I want a real *Irish* place where Tourists don't go." And he sends you to another place where they sit at long tables and the food is grabbed up and thrown at

you. And you have a great Irish dinner and great Irish company and you love it.

Now to a show. The Hippodrome. The show opens with a familiar melody, "Oh Bebe be Mine." The brogue, funny. And the comedian (?) who impersonated an American. If he is an American, you are an Eskimo. Then to some more Pubs. A dance hall. And you call it a night.

Au Revoir Belfast. Another Dandy little town no one should miss.

To Dublin. Train stops at the Ulster Border. Customs examination. And now you are reminded that Ireland has been split up. This is a different country. The Irish Free State. All your life you have laughed at Irish wit and thought the Irish, funny characters. And always you wanted to get over here and meet them on their native heath. You just sort of had a warm spot in your heart for Ireland. So a great thrill you are getting out of this jaunt. To Dublin.

DUBLIN

SIP NUMBER 37

THE Real Ireland where the Mick throws the brick and spits upon his hand and slaps his leg and says, "Begorrah." And now you meet him face to face and all that comical Irish brogue and humor, is not one whit exaggerated. So this is Dublin.

A big, fine-looking city, this capital of the New Irish Free State. But somehow, it hasn't the big citified airs of Belfast. They have had a lot of fighting and dynamiting and trouble here. You see the "4 Courts" that the Free State Soldiers bombarded in 1921. The "blown up" Customs house. And bridges and all the other signs of the recent Civil War. And then to Dublin Castle. Now the Free State General Offices and High Courts.

The Statue of Daniel O'Connell. Ireland's Liberator. And Ah! This is an event. You are now passing Guinness' Brewery. Where the famous Stout comes from.

Phoenix Park. 7 miles long. A marvelous Park. Beautiful gardens. A Zoo. Crowds promenading and some horse-back riders. The Regal Palace. Now the home of Tim Haley, "Governor Gineril," of the Irish Free State. The Polo Grounds. Fine Club House. A Foot-ball game. Plenty of pep to Dublin.

The shops. Radio Concerts on sidewalk. Woolworth stores.

Two old maids sit opposite you at luncheon. The brogue! They talk about Maggie's new baby and Maggie's husband, "What a foine lad he is, so he is. And a foine job, has he, with the Ford Otty-mo-bile business. And a lucky girl, Maggie. And the baby, the darlin'. The dead spitten image of Maggie's Aunt Kate. And there was a woman who could do a day's washin'."

And the food in this plain little Irish eatery, steak and kidney pie. Veal and ham pie. Mutton and kidney pudding. Braised sausages and chutney. Calf's heart. Harricut mutton. And some iced Guinness. (Brewed just around the corner.) Was that a party? Rather!

Now a peep into the Dublin Pubs. All barmaids. And all hand out the Blarney. The Pubs, open from "Tin to Tin." Real Irish whiskey. Some of it, white. You drank it. Better to get whatever was going to happen to you from Irish Whiskey, than to risk what might happen if you asked for "Scotch."

The drive out Blackrock Road. Along the Irish Sea. For 5 miles to Kingstown. Castles on both sides of the road. With long driveways. Lodge houses. Beautiful woods. Scores of modern bungalows going up. Dublin is recovering. And this, a fine thoroughfare. Just like some very select neighborhood, in a town like Cincinnati.

A funeral procession. This Brother must have been somebody. Four black horses to his hearse. The great Dublin Horse Show grounds. Both sides of the road. Here, just a few weeks before, Thomas Meighan, shot some film, for his great Picture, "Irish Luck." The ride to Donny-

brook Fair. Sign on a building "Kilmore Abbey School for Girls. Conducted by the Benedictine Dames!" ("Killmore Dames—Benedictine." But you always did have a divilish moind.)

Eden Park Golf Club. (How Bobby Jones would like this one.) Plenty of life in Dublin. But rather harmless. No wild Irish Roses or anything like that. At least you don't see them. A Pub. You are tired. You step in, your head drops and you steal a wee bit of a doze. A soldier passes. He tiptoes over and tickles you on the nose. And he and his friend chuckle. You wake with a start and don't look very pleased over it. Later he comes over and apologizes. "Ye see, Sir, I had a bit of a drop too much, sir. Out cilibratin with a Pal. I am sorry if I disturbed yer doze. I am that, Sir." "Quite all right," you say. And great Scot, if he had not tickled your nose, you would have missed your train.

Au Revoir, Dublin.

Now to Cork.

Pass thru Kildare. You have heard of Kildare. A Race Track here. And the town of Ballybrophy. Boys yelling papers, fruit, candy, coffee. And so rich, the brogue here, you don't get a word of it. Delicious.

To Cork.



SIP NUMBER 38

10 O'CLOCK at night. Every light out. You take a walk. Pubs all closed. No dance halls. No promenading. The deadest town imaginable. A night-watchman in front of the Post Office. Points to different buildings that were blown up in the recent strife. You want a cup of coffee. No restaurant open. You want

a walk. No lights. You go back to the Hotel. A bottle of Ale. Some sandwiches.

But Hark! What is that? Not really? Yes, you hear a Jazz Band. Impossible! But you follow the sound. And sure enough, a dance hall, here in the Hotel and Oh! Cork Society! (You shouldn't laugh. The funny little frocks. The trick Tuxedos.) For an hour you watch. You are still screaming over it.

Next morning, the supreme moment has arrived. You go out to kiss the Blarney Stone. You wait for your car. An Englishman strikes up an acquaintance. Wants to know where you have been. And here is the Champion Long Distance Crêpe hanger of the world. He will not ride in a Jaunting car. "Too bumpy." He didn't like the trip to the Pyramids in Egypt. "Camels too dirty." He did intend to go to America, but understood it was "Too cold." He didn't kiss the Blarney Stone. "Too difficult." He wouldn't have a drink. "Too early." He didn't go to the dance last night. "Too tired." You want to slip him a bichloride of mercury tablet and put him out of his misery. You would go and kiss the Blarney Stone if you broke both your legs and had to be carried there on a cellar door. And you meet many people along the way like this Englishman. Something always wrong. Always a reason why they shouldn't do it. One couple, no matter how exciting the day's sightseeing, when 5 o'clock comes, they just must go back to the Hotel and rest before dinner. At dinner, the service was all wrong. The food was terrible. They didn't think a show was worth while. They had had a strenuous day. They just believed they would go up and go to bed. "Goodnight!" But you! You are a rarin'

tearin' optimist. If there is a hole in the doughnut. You have never seen it. You can just go out and kick a hole in the sky anytime of day or night. Just bite the stars. Move the moon. You never get enough. The world's wild-and-woolly— See-the-good-in-everything kid. That's you. And that reminds you of P. B. Littlehale's definition of a Pessimist and an Optimist. The Pessimist is a guy who thinks that every woman is bad. The Optimist is the Bird who hopes it is true.

Here goes to kiss the Blarney Stone. Your driver is a great character. A running-fire of Irish wit. He tells you of a famous American. Says his ancestors lived in Westmeath. Near Dublin. One of his great, great Grandfathers, in 1648, owned a great tract of land. The law was that the eldest son, if he didn't become a Protestant, should hand the land over to the second son. The second son became a Protestant just to get the land. Then went back to the Catholic Church. His friend said, "William, that's a strange thing ye are after doin'," and William answered, "I would rather trust me soul to the Divil, than the property to me Brother Tim."

And this driver is a character, a real son of the auld sod. His name, Mickey Duffy. As you spin along with Mickey Duffy to Blarney Castle, he tosses out some rare yarns. A story about Tom Moore, Ireland's famous poet and song writer. Tom Moore used to don his old clothes and take long walks. One day he stopped on a bridge, and looking down into the River Avoco, he began to compose a song. A tramp stepped up to him, thinking he was another tramp. And Tom told him he was making up a song. About the water. The tramp said, "If that's all that's troublin' ye,

that's easy." Tom said, "Well, if it's so easy, will ye help me out with it." And the Tramp said, "All right. Ye start off." And Tom begins, "There's not in this world, a valley so sweet, as sweet vale of Avoco, where the bright waters meet." And the tramp came quickly back, "If you had to walk 30 miles on bare feet and sleep every night without blanket or sheet, you wouldn't give a damn where the bright waters meet."

And now for some of the sights along the way. Beamish's Brewery. St. Finbarr's Cathedral. The University College of Doctors and Engineers. George Washington Street, the street of Cork's finest homes. And now the beautiful River Lee and the Village of Inniscara. Scenes, no words can describe. You have heard the old song, "Sweet Inniscara, my home by the Lee." And the old Mill. And a wonderful Girl's College, here. Perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. Girls are taught farming. Poultry, pig and cattle raising. Butter making. Everything that enters into running a farm. When they graduate, they are sent all over Ireland to teach other Farmers' daughters. In Ireland, girls do men's work. Another echo of the War.

Now thru a lovely poetic lane of great drooping beeches. Trees as green you have never seen. And the sweet air. The glorious natural panorama of hill and dale and lake and waterfall. Ireland is not exaggerated. Truly rural and truly beautiful. Mickey tells of how he drove Judge Cohalan of New York City. Over this same route. And of the many other Americans. And says Mickey, "And how the Americans do go after the Irish Whiskey. And half of them, by 2 o'clock, they are lifeless, so they are."

Heigho! What is this? Away off here in Ireland, a gay company of Fox Hunters and with all the ultra Long Island duds. Red coats and silk hats. And would you have liked to go with them? On they trot, merrily. Now a quaint Pub. A sign, "Paddy Flaherty's Whiskey."

A Health Resort. St. Ann's Hydro. The place, Mickey says, "Where they make young women out of old. And good natured ones out of bad tempered ones." A natural spring here and women come from all over the world to take the baths. And this subject of women started a long train of conversation. You surely learned about women from Mickey.

"A woman is like a train," says Mickey. "She often gets off the track. Like a Time Table. Liable to change without notice. Like an otty-mo-bile. Often runs people down. Like a lamp. Often flares up and has to be turned down. Like a banjo. Often picked on. Like a cigar. Inclined to be puffed. Like a stove. Often needs a new lid." Hal Ha! Not so bad, this Philosophy of Mickey Duffy's. And some more. "A woman," says Mickey, "is afraid of a roach. She'll scream at a mouse. But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house. She'll take him for better. She'll take him for worse. She'll split his head open. And then be his nurse. And when he is well and can get out of bed. She'll pick up a teapot and again bust his head."

You just sit back and laugh your head off. And you turn and ask Mickey Duffy, this uncanny Philosopher and Poet, if he is married. "Indeed I am not," says he. "I've been ailing and that is why I look that way." And pressed for why he was not married, he tells this. "Ye see, Sir, I was in love once. And I went, I did, to the gal's Father

to ask her hand in marriage. And says that old man, 'Well me lad, do ye think, ye can support a family?' And spoke I up and said. 'Yes, sir, I think so.' And says he, 'Well ye want to think good and hard. There are 9 in this family.'"

And Mickey has some eloquent definitions of love. "Love," says he, "is the banana skin on the doorstep of Romance." "The sugar coating on the cake of trouble." "And," he continues, "it's very well to have your fun, but when you take a wife, it's just as well to recollect, the job's a job for life."

Oh! A great Philosopher, was he. And you just sit back and take it all in and keep him going. "Well now, Mickey, tell me. What kind of a girl do you like?"

"I want a girl who is good and pretty, not so blame good that she cannot be witty, I want a girl who is saving and thrifty, but not so stingy she cannot dress nifty. I want a girl who can talk well, of course. Not one who talks till she talks herself hoarse. But she don't have to be a pippin, a peach or a pearl, what I want is a regular girl." And there is some wisdom in that.

"Well," you say, "do you know such a girl?" "Yes," says Mickey, "I do." "Tell me about her," you say.

"Sam's girl," says he, "is tall and slender; my girl is fat and low. Sam's girl wears silks and satins; my girl wears calico. Sam's girl is swift and speedy; my girl's demure and good. Do you think I'd swap for Sam's girl? You know darn well I would."

Now, you think you will spring something new on Mickey. "Well," you say, "how about the young lady from Natchez, who fell in some nettleweed patches? With a

heart full of gloom, she sits in her room, and scratches and scratches and scratches."

"And what about, the young flapper from Mopher, who went to ride with her chauffeur. They found her remains, scattered wide o'er the plains, but nothing to show for the chauffeur."

Then Mickey tells you a story about a woman who came to Cork one Summer. "This lady and a friend decided to go fishing. They took the boat and rowed quite a distance out to sea, and as the fish were not biting very well, the woman was trailing her hand in the water. Suddenly she pulled her hand into the boat and cried: "Oh, I have lost my diamond ring!" Just before they started toward the shore one of the men hooked an exceedingly big fish and they had fish for dinner. Suddenly the woman who had lost the diamond ring bit on something hard. She clapped her hand to her mouth and—What do you think she found? "The ring," you exclaim. "No," says Mickey, "a Fishbone."

And Oh! What an Epigramist is Mickey Duffy. Here are just a few of them, that you jotted down on the back of an envelope. And some real Philosophy in these. "What good is Alimony on a cold night?" was one. Another, "Don't go around with a married woman unless you can go 5 rounds with her husband." Another, "You can string beans and kid gloves but you can't bull frogs." Another, "Many an automobile ride has put many a girl on her feet." And he kept right on. Absolutely a scream! "The eagle is a wonderful bird, but it takes the stork to deliver the goods." "If your hand itches, you're going to get something. If your head itches, you've got it." "Some fellows must have a lake and moonlight, but just give me

a good vestibule." "I may not be much on the gift of gab, but I am a riot in a taxicab." "If an apple tempted Adam, what a peach could do to me." "Let the world roll on. Paper will always remain stationery." "You're a million miles from nowhere, when you are only holding her hand." And on and on he chattered. This Mickey Duffy, Reconteur, Epigramist, Philosopher and authority on women.

You pass a cemetery. And this time Mickey Duffy had some funny Epitaphs to spring on you. "The daisies grow o'er Michael Brock. He turned the corner in the middle of the block." "Beneath this mossy stone lies millionaire McFickel, he's just as dead as if he'd never had a nickel!" "And here lies Miss Minnie McSlade, thru traffic she carelessly strayed. She had rather bad luck and got slapped by a truck, so they put her to bed with a spade." "The moon shines down on John Smith's tomb, the mournful breezes blow. But John sees not the moonshine now, and he always loved it so." "He didn't cross at the corner and a street car met him half way, so the piece they played at his funeral was, 'The end of a Perfect Jay.'" "Beneath this stone lies Thomas Field; couldn't see thru his dirty windshield." "Here lies the body of a man who died, when he tried to flirt with a Moonshiner's bride."

And you motor on. Here, an Insane Asylum. Over 2,000 inmates, and you wonder if they are the old women who have gone insane, after coming out of St. Ann's Hydro and finding out that they had not been made Flappers.

Now the last lap of the journey. Up the beautiful River Martin. To Blarney Castle. Your hour of triumph has arrived. You are face to face with the Blarney Stone. After having been accused all these years of having kissed it,

you are, at last, to "make good." Old Blarney Castle, built in 1500. Set in a fairy dell. A region of enchantment. The entire country-side bristling with legend, tradition, song and story. One could spend days, listening to the tales of its wonder-romances. The Castle, a great high, feudal type of building. Ancient gray stone and boulders. And one is out of breath, long before reaching the top. The stairs are the original hewn rocks. Ticklish business treading in and out of their steep, winding passages. And the Blarney Stone, is on the very topmost turret. The first glimpse of the old Blarney Stone, you get a shock. To really kiss it, you must be an acrobat, a contortionist or a very brave person. The stunt is to lie down flat on your back, and grasp two iron bars. Then two strong men take you by the feet and lower you down a shaft head first (on your back). You come to an outer projection and that is the Blarney Stone and you Kiss it. The next time a man tells you he kissed the Blarney Stone make him stand on a stack of Bibles and swear to it. Otherwise he did just what you did. Stooped over, wet his fingers, touched the Blarney Stone and kissed the fingers. Now you feel better. You have told the truth.

But, a great experience. A Poet said about it: "There is a stone there that whoever kisses, O, he never misses to grow eloquent: 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber, Or become a member of Parliament; A clever spouter he'll soon turn out. An out-an'-outer, to be let alone. Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him, Sure he's kissed the Blarney Stone!"

Under the castle are miles and miles of caves, said to be full of Badgers and Foxes.

One legend is that the then possessor of Blarney Castle, Lord Clancarthy, was required to surrender his Castle to the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth as a proof of his loyalty, and tho professing his willingness to do so, always evaded by some plausible excuse. Hence, the term, "Blarney" for a plausible tongue. And another story is that Cormac McCarthy, a descendent of the Kings of Munster, chanced one day to save an old woman from drowning in the lake. She told him to mount the steps and kiss a certain stone in the wall, and he would be endowed with a golden tongue, which would influence man or woman, friend or foe, as he pleased.

Au Revoir Blarney Stone. You came. You saw. You almost kissed it. The world is yours. For now you have the "Golden Tongue." What a lover, a speaker, a salesman you should be from now on. You think of Andrew Mack of "Abie's Irish Rose," of his great charm and flowing wit and you wonder if this is how he got it. Frithiof Ericson tells you this story of the two Jews who Kissed the Blarney Stone.

Abe—"Business is poor, but I'm a good salesman. I kissed once that Blarney Stone." Ike—"Phooy for you, you are a good salesman, how do you make it out?" Abe—"Well last month I was down in Alabama and I sold 50,000 yards of white goods to the Klu Klux Klan. Me, a Goldstein, sell 50,000 yards of white goods to the K.K.K.!" Ike—"Phooy, I kissed dat Blarney Stone too. I am better a salesman than you. The other day I sell a suit of clothes to a woman for her husband who is *dead* and a *two pants* suit!"

Now the drive of drives. The drive to the gorgeous Lakes of Killarney. Famous in song and story.

Up Inniscara Road to Inchebella. Then to Ballingery; thru the Pass of Keminigh; on to Glengariff, and a little "Mick" luncheon at Roach's Hotel. Up 1200 feet of beautiful hillside thru a tunnel and on to Kenmore by Windy Gap and there, some glorious Irish mountains, with just beyond, the Lakes of Killarney.

Spend the night at Killarney Hotel. Drinking in the beauty of the lakes. And here, some of the quaintest characters in Ireland. You just laugh your head off. Beautiful, beautiful, those lakes. About 123 of them. Here and there, great rocks and adorable islands.

See Maciguddy Reeks and the purple mountains. Win-cross Abbey. Ross Castle and Dinich Island. Then drive to the Gap of Dunhal. A great little adventure here. A two hour ride over the mountains on a donkey (and the donkey will never be the same again. With those twin humps you left on his back, they could ship him to Egypt and hire him out as a camel).

The famous "Echo." Holler here in Dunhalgad and you can hear the Echo for several minutes after. Go back to Killarney on a boat. A glorious trip. Delicious memory food for the rest of your life.

Back to Cork and on the way, the snug little Irish Village of Shandon. The famous "Bells of Shandon." Others have heard *of* them. You have *heard* them.

A quaint old church. St. Anne's Episcopal. A still quainter old Sexton. You are just "Guinnessed" enough to conceive the darn fool idea that you would like to have the bells played and, Mickey Duffy being in a like state, you decide it would be a good idea to look up the Sexton and have him open up the church and play the bells. You found

him. He came. You made him a proper present and up you all climbed to the rafters of the old church. And there you heard the sweetest music of your life. The whole village turned out. The old fellow played first, "The Bells of Saint Mary's," then "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," Tom Moore's "The Minstrel Boy," "The Bluebells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," and "Dear Old Pal of Mine," written by your old Pal, Gitz Rice. And Oh! Was it sweet and beautiful? Imagine old church chimes playing such selections. The soft, mellow tones, ringing out upon this peaceful little country-side at mid-day. What a poem of inspiration and loveliness. Never will you get the same kick out of music again. And if you hadn't been, Ahem!—in a mischievous mood, you would have missed it. The glorious, beautiful "Bells of Shandon." Played especially for you. A rich experience.

Back to Cork, thru "Lover's Walk," and "Sunday's Well." Beautiful, winding, birch-shaded roads. Glorious estates along the way. No, they don't exaggerate Ireland. As a Home-land. And Oh! The fun of the next excursion. The ride about Cork in a real Jaunting Car. The old driver on one side. You, on the other. Shaking up and down. Rattling along. And what a "Wag" was this driver. What yarns he tossed out to you. It is Wednesday afternoon. All the business is shut down. What they call "Early closing Day." To give the workers a Holiday. And here is a laugh. Wednesday is also Funeral Day. The people line the sidewalks and watch funeral after funeral go by. The Hearse goes first, but empty. The coffin is carried by the friends of the departed who work in shifts. And you wonder if a coffin ever has been dropped, and hit those Irish cobble

stones so hard that the corpse came to life and pushed off the lid and sat up. And if so, how far did the pall-bearers run and did they ever come back? A coachman and footman on every carriage. And they wear white bands on their high silk hats and white sashes around their waists. Half the town follows the hearse and carriages on foot. For miles around the town. A sort of parade, before they go to the "Cimitery." Your old coachman tells you of the Jews in Cork who trade under Irish names. Rosenstein is "O'Toole." Greenberg is "Murphy." Paddy's Market. Stalls up and down both sides of the street. Buy anything from a needle to a saxophone. The old jail where McSweeney, late Mayor of Cork, started his famous hunger strike. Patrick Street, the street of shops and restaurants and promenading and a very peppy street, too.

English troops, now leaving Ireland. The troops England left to guard the Free State Coast. According to a five year agreement and now expiring. And the withdrawal of those troops will be a severe blow to Cork. Their presence here meant a revenue of \$100,000,000 a year. Cork will endeavor to start new enterprises to offset this loss.

But get ready to laugh. The great industry of Cork is a concern known as the "Ford Motor Company of Detroit, U.S.A." Manufacturers of the well-known knick-knacks by that name. Ford has a great plant here. A huge wharf and a crane that reaches out into the Irish Sea. He employs over 2000 people. Pays the highest wages in Ireland.

Au Revoir Cork. Goodbye Ireland. Another Country that got into your Heart. You will come back again some day.

You take the good ship Killarney. Across the Irish Channel to Fishguard. In Wales. A great consignment of thorobred Irish horses on board. Hunters. Some of them consigned to New York.

Another great character. The Irish steward of this ship. The boat starts rocking. All the dishes do a shimmy around the table. You get an old lady's soup across the way. She sticks a fork in your coffee. The Steward says, "The champagne of motion." A page brings him a wireless. "I knew it," he says, "'cause the lad had a broad cast in his eye." And you kidded back and forth and would have kept it up all night if another accidental "Comedian" hadn't happened along and stolen the spotlight. Oh Boys!

A dame about 45 and weighing 45 plus 200. She had a souse aboard that even you were envious of. A beautiful, blazing, bacchanalian bun, which together with the rocking of the boat, gave her the appearance of a top spinning. And Oh! Was she playful? She leaped about like a tuna fish. She spun first on an elbow and then on an ear. And for an encore did a back flop across the saloon and thru the door and far out on the deck. And would have topped it with a Charleston with old man Neptune, if any wave had been strong enough to have lifted her overboard. You and the Steward and 7 under-stewards, took a flying leap for her. And there were 9 broken backs before you got this gay old party back into her cabin.

Then the fun began. She wanted to kiss all the Stewards for saving her life. "Oh me darlin'," said she, "and ain't he the beautiful lad for savin' me life. Come, let me kiss ye, ye good-lookin' divil, ye," and you all ran. Then she

begins a 10 minute yell, "Oh Steward, I want th' Stheward. Oh! Stheward." No one would go near her. Finally you decided this was too good to let pass. You borrowed a Steward's coat, put it on and walked automatic-like into her room. "Yes, madame, what can I do for you?" "I want a brandy," says she, "I want a brandy. I'm dying. Ye can see that I'm dying. Oh! Blessed be to Jesus, run fetch me a brandy." "Yes, madame," say you and beat it. You pass thru a lane of passengers and crew. In convulsions. A boy runs and gets you the brandy. You take it to her. "How much is it?" says she. You don't know, but you say "2 and 6, Madame." "I won't pay it," says she. You start to walk out. She grabs you. Knocks over the glass. Pulls you down on the floor. Jerks your hair. Screams, "2 and 6. It's a damned outrage. I won't pay it. Tell the Captain he is a blankety, blankety Robber. I want a man. Send me a man." And no bum ever shot out of the Biltmore as fast as you out of there. And thank Heaven you reached the end of the journey early next morning. The kidding you were getting from those passengers and that crew was terrible. And what a rough passage over that channel.

Off early at Fishguard. A train, thru Wales. A stop at Cardiff. The big town of Wales. The former home of Lloyd-George.

And now to look at another map. It is time to move on, again. You must tear up more Capitals.

But just then, something happens. A Cable! The Cable tells you, you are spoofing yourself. That you might not know it, but you are taking the next skiff back to New

York and the United States of America. And the boat leaves the next day. The bubble bursts. You pull your silly head out of the clouds and drop down to earth. 10 different kinds of tornadoes have hit you while you were gone. So you go to the boat. And take two loads aboard. One load, the baggage. The other load, nobody's business. 4 porters bring up the rear. And thus it was that "Lord Helpus" sauntered onto the ship. The more refined passengers, fainted. The others, laughed.

Then you disappeared. It was Saturday, 5 days later, before anyone saw you again. The greatest miracle of all the great miracles of all time has come to pass. You have quit the "Embalming Fluid." Yes sir! *Sworn off. Cold!* You have taken the Pledge. Not a snifter the entire trip.

You do believe that now you are on the well-known "Wagon." But no one believes it. You go to your Club and say "No." And your Pals fall over backward. Friends come to your home. You say "No," and they shriek "My God," and jump out of the window.

You don't know how it is going to end. You are acting so strangely. Instead of sleeping all day, you sleep now at night. Instead of resting the tummy against a mahogany counter, you rest it against a mahogany desk. In your hand is a pencil, instead of a glass. You go home to dinner and eat it instead of drinking it.

And now the voyage is over. And you had a good time.

And let us hope that those who followed you had a good time.

And wasn't it funny, that after all this tornado of fun, you got "Purified" right at the finish. With miracles like

that happening, the Countess Cathcart may yet be President of the United States.

And now Au Revoir—Europe.

The Tale's told—you tuck away your trusty Remington Portable and shout—Hello! Old New York!

*Be it ever so mortgaged, there is no
place like home.*

(Turn this page and read the final warning.)

WARNING

*AND now that this one has been
quaffed and finished, I must remind
you, dear children, of dear Mr.
Volstead and warn you never, never to let your
minds drift to cocktails again.*

For remember, it is all right——

*For the Greek to be fond of Oozoe and for
the Turk to like Kin Hee——*

*For Nations have more liberty in their
tastes across the sea.*

*The Irish may have whiskey. The Italians
may have wine,*

*Good Beer may flow a-plenty near a place
they call the Rhine.*

*The English, and the Scotch can quaff their
brandy, ale and grog,*

*And Holland Gin has always been, their
boon in storm and fog.*

*The Russians may have their Vodka and
the Frenchmen have Champagne——*

*But we people in America must be satisfied
with——*

RAIN

*Yours Till Niagara Falls,
BRUCE REYNOLDS.*

